

GOLD
KEY

THE JETSONS

NOW ONLY 12c

10041-311
NOVEMBER

The JETSONS



by HANNA-BARBERA



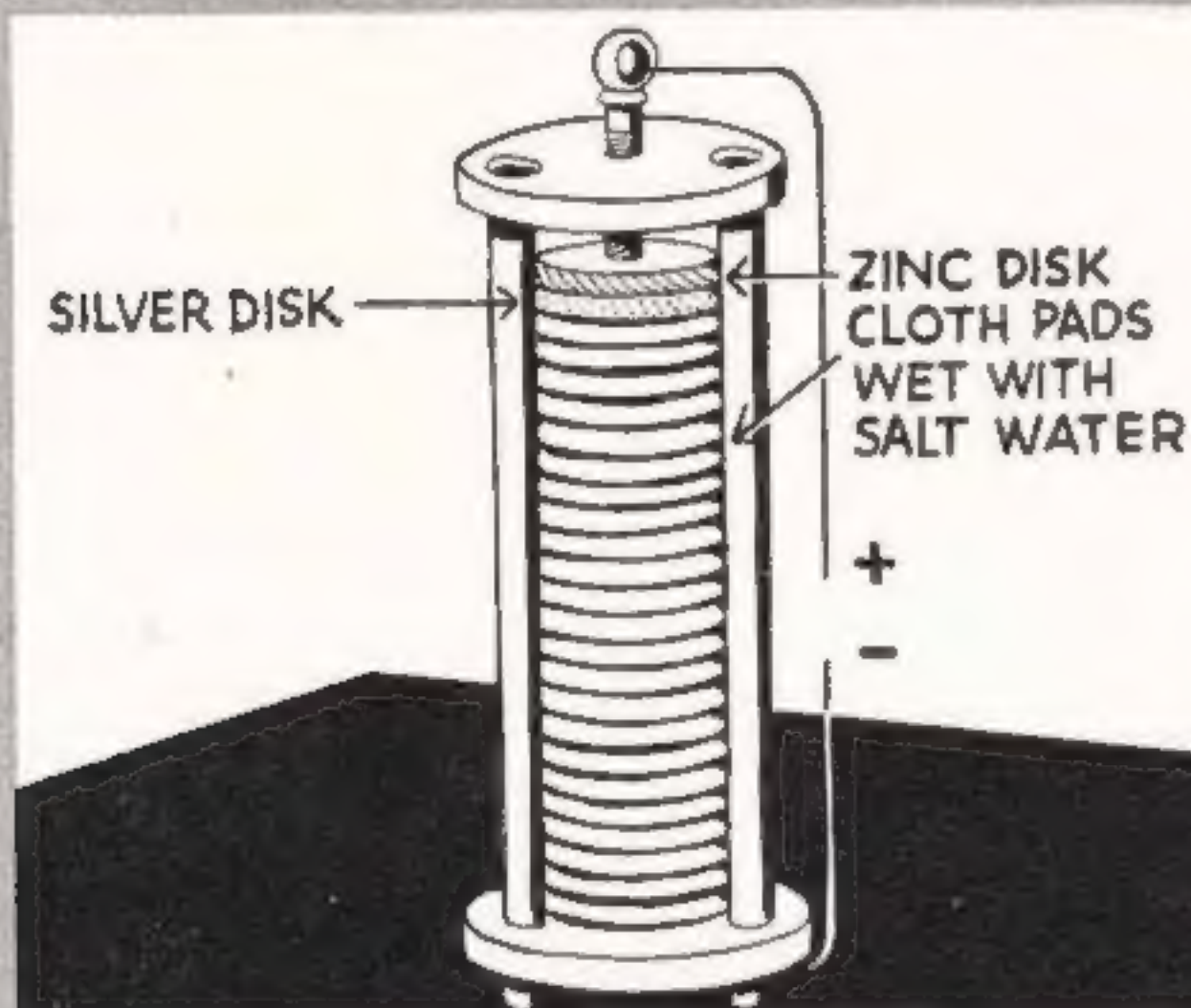
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ELECTRICITY

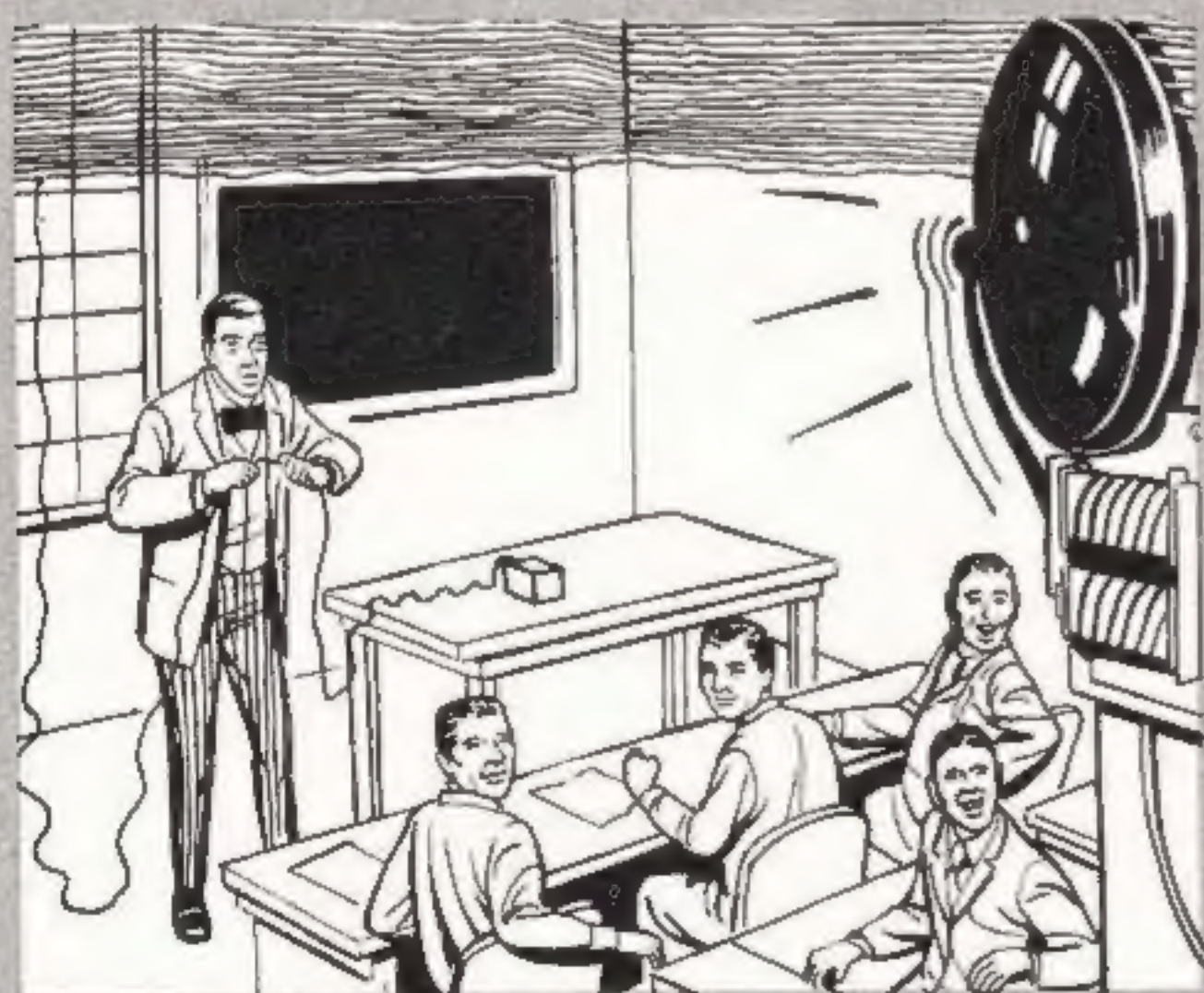
NUMBER 3

THE ELECTROMAGNET

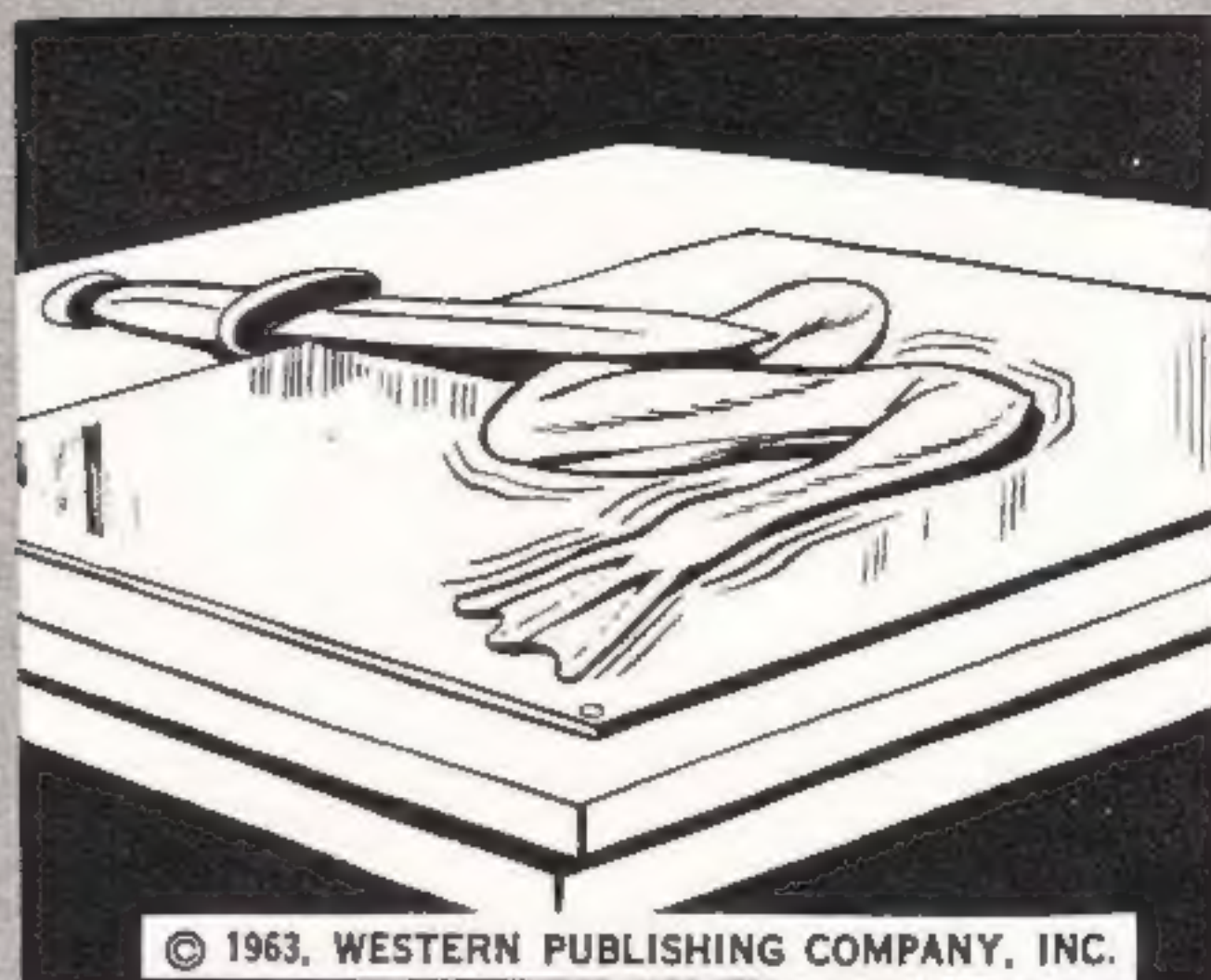
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



Volta then built the first practical electric battery (1800 A.D.) and named its current "galvanic," honoring Galvani's discovery.



Henry also constructed a bell-ringing telegraph, with a mile of wire strung around his classroom. An electromagnet rang the bell.



Alessandro Volta, of Pavia, Italy, showed that whenever a moist substance (frog's leg) touches two metals, current is generated.



In 1830, young Professor Joseph Henry made electromagnets by winding insulated wire around a horseshoe-shaped iron bar.



In 1843, Samuel Morse and Alfred Vail sent their first distance telegraph—Washington to Baltimore: "What Hath God Wrought?"

WINNING BACK FATHER

TAKE THAT!!

ELROY! THOSE ARE
YOUR FATHER'S
TROPHIES!!

SPLAT!



I KNOW IT!
"DOWN WITH
THEM," IS
MY MOTTO!

ELROY!!?!



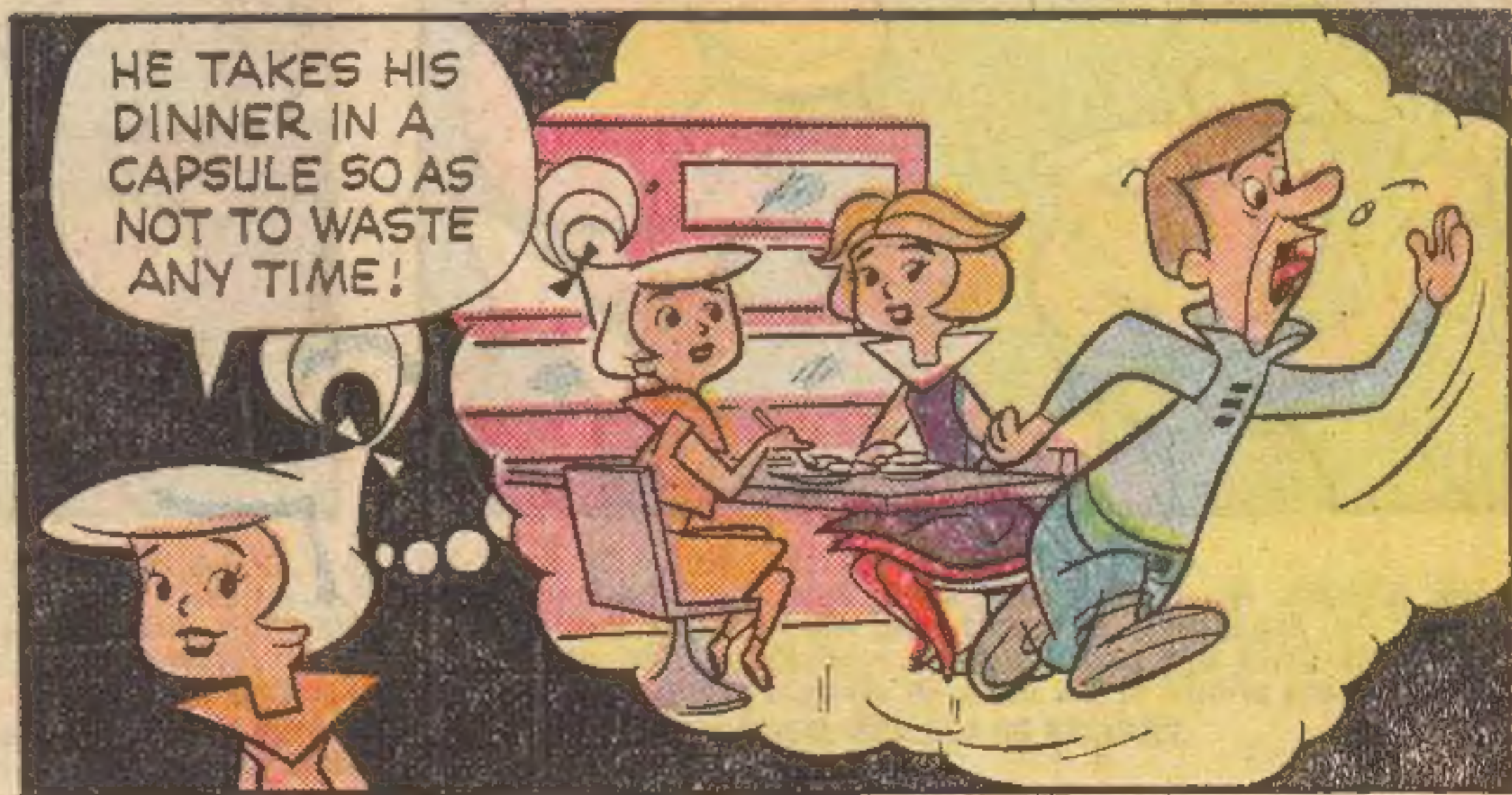
WHAT ELROY MEANS IS THAT DADDY
IS SO BUSY WINNING TROPHIES THAT
HE HAS NO TIME FOR *US*!

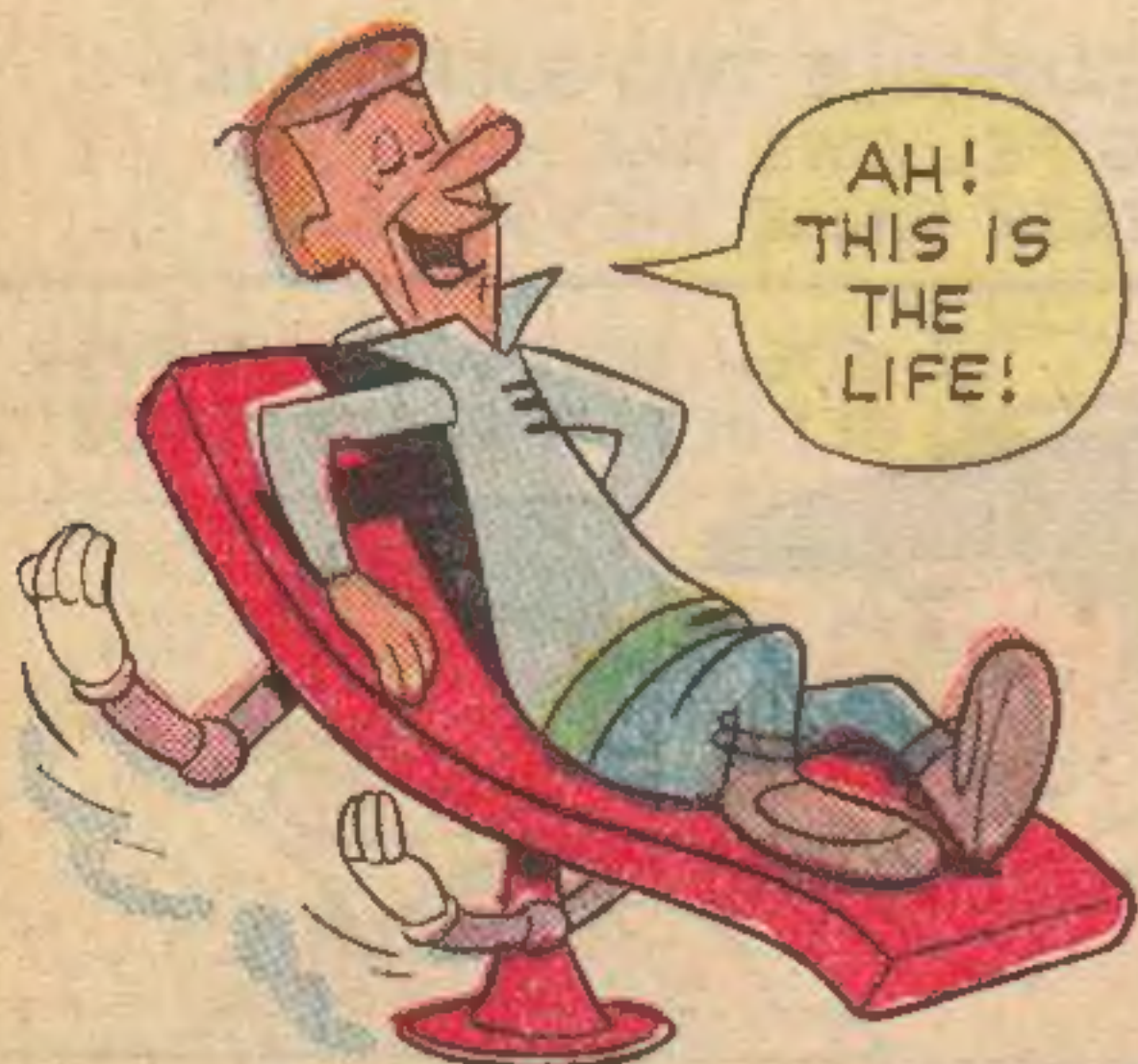
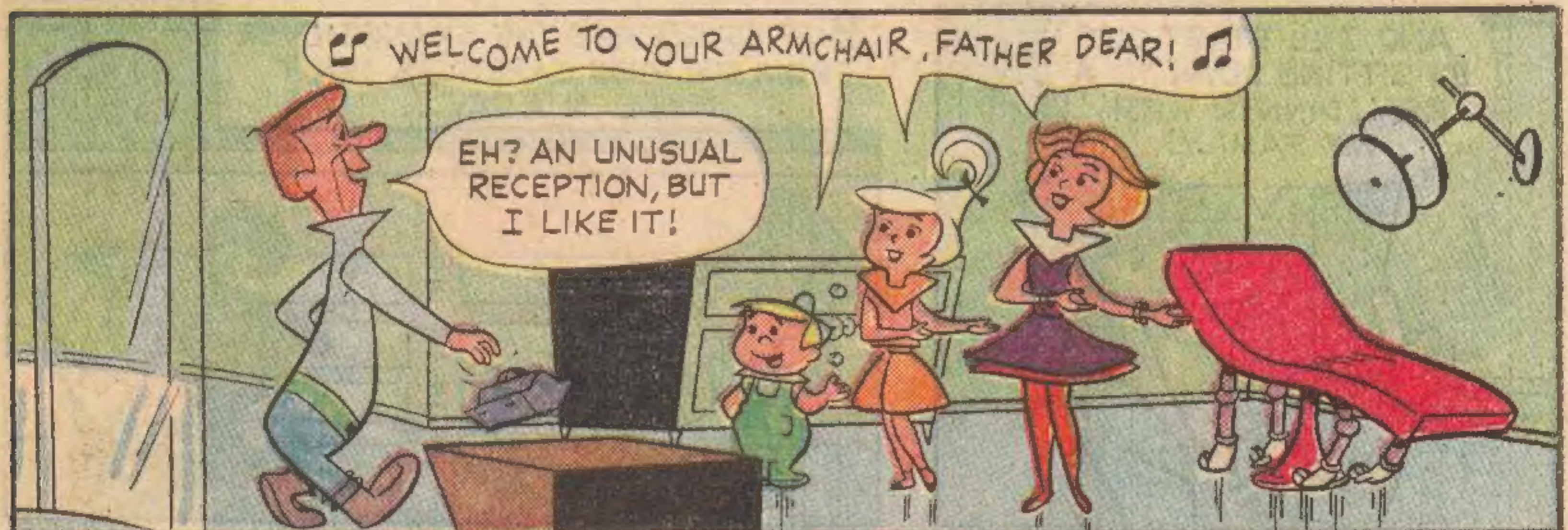
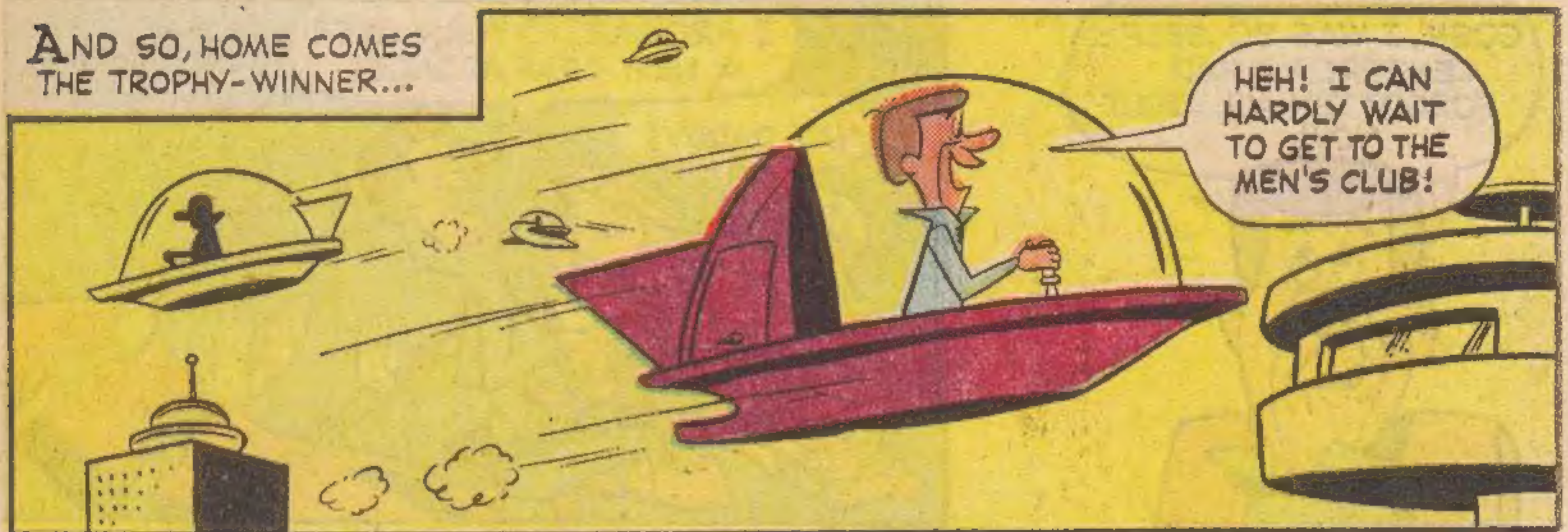
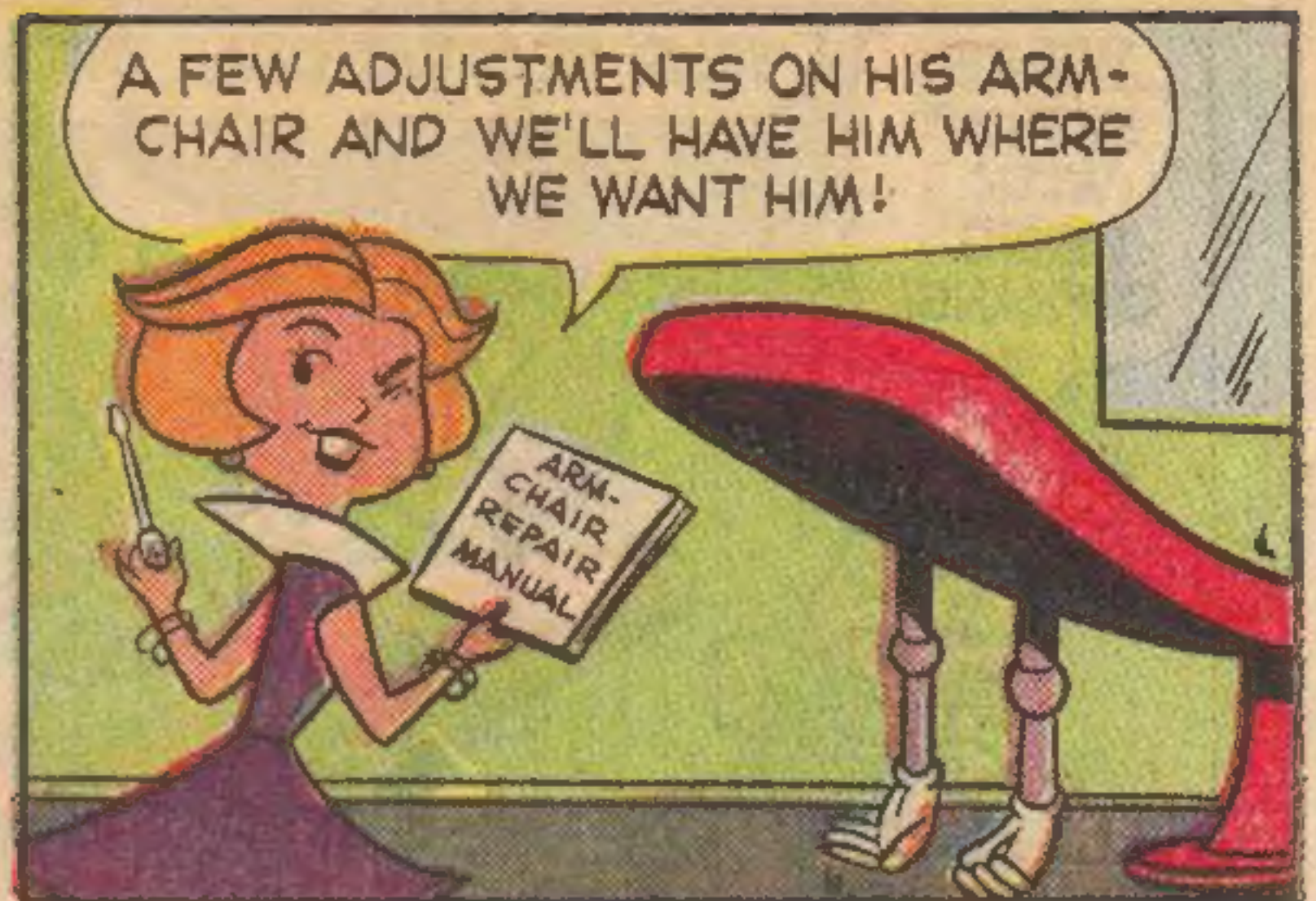
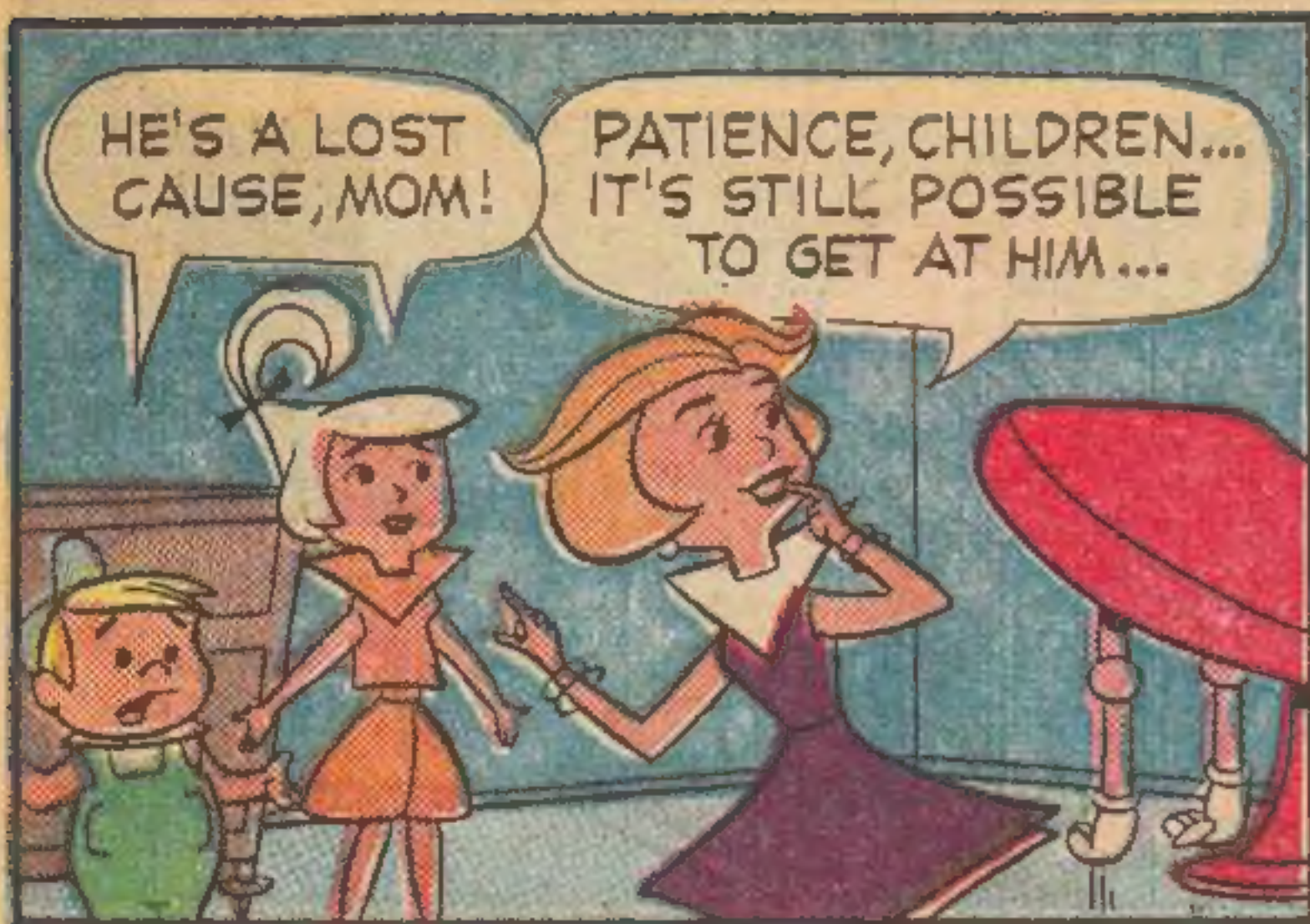
HMM...

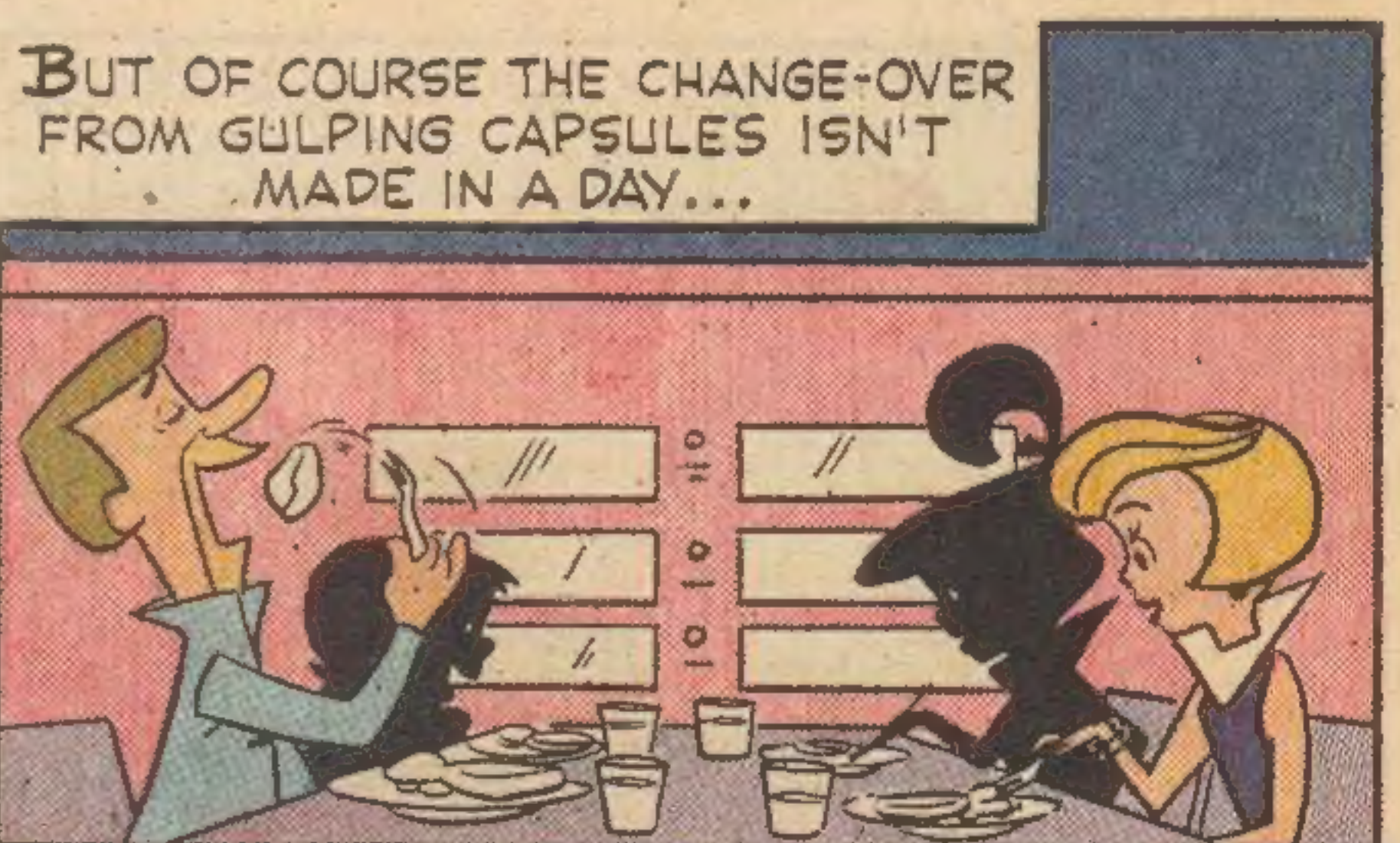


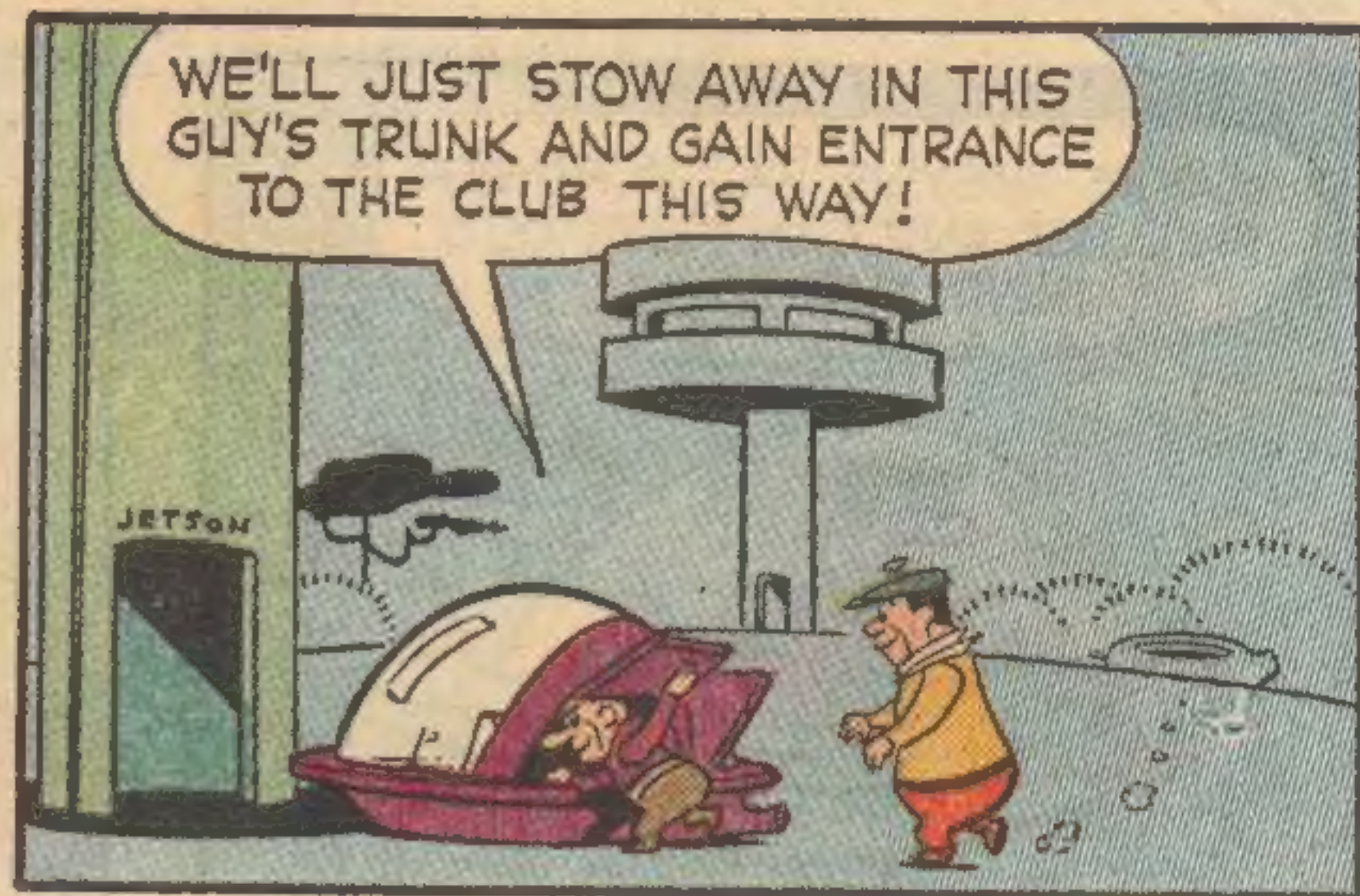
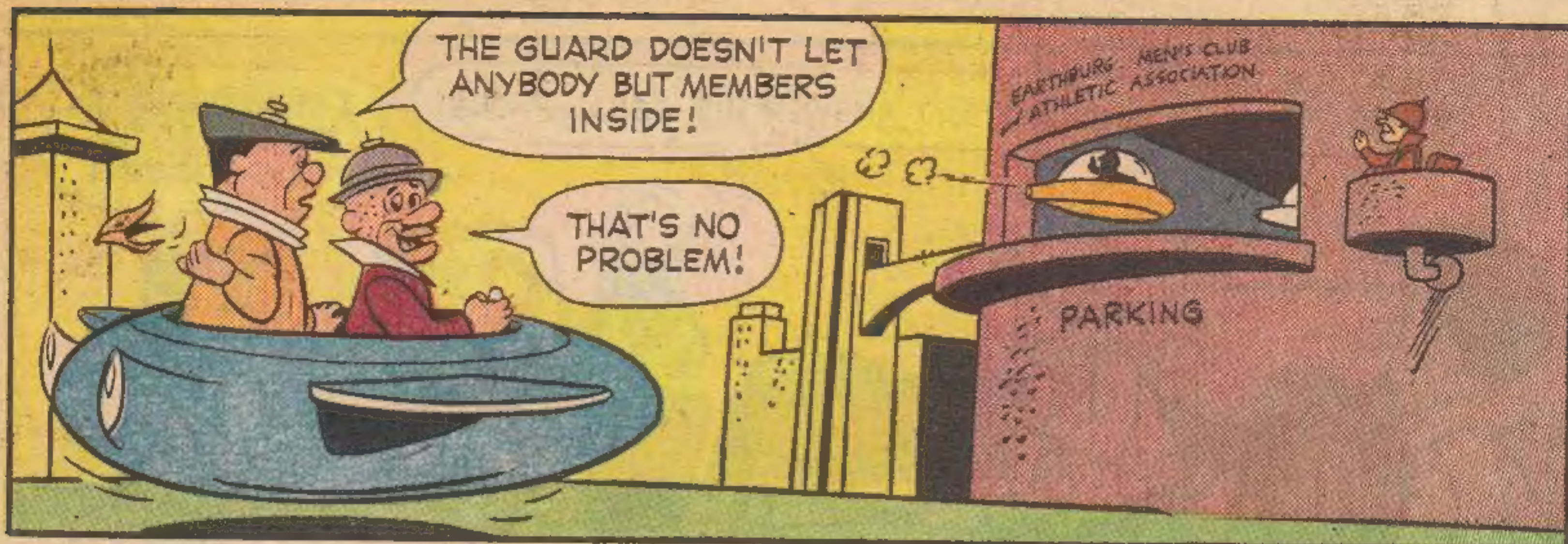
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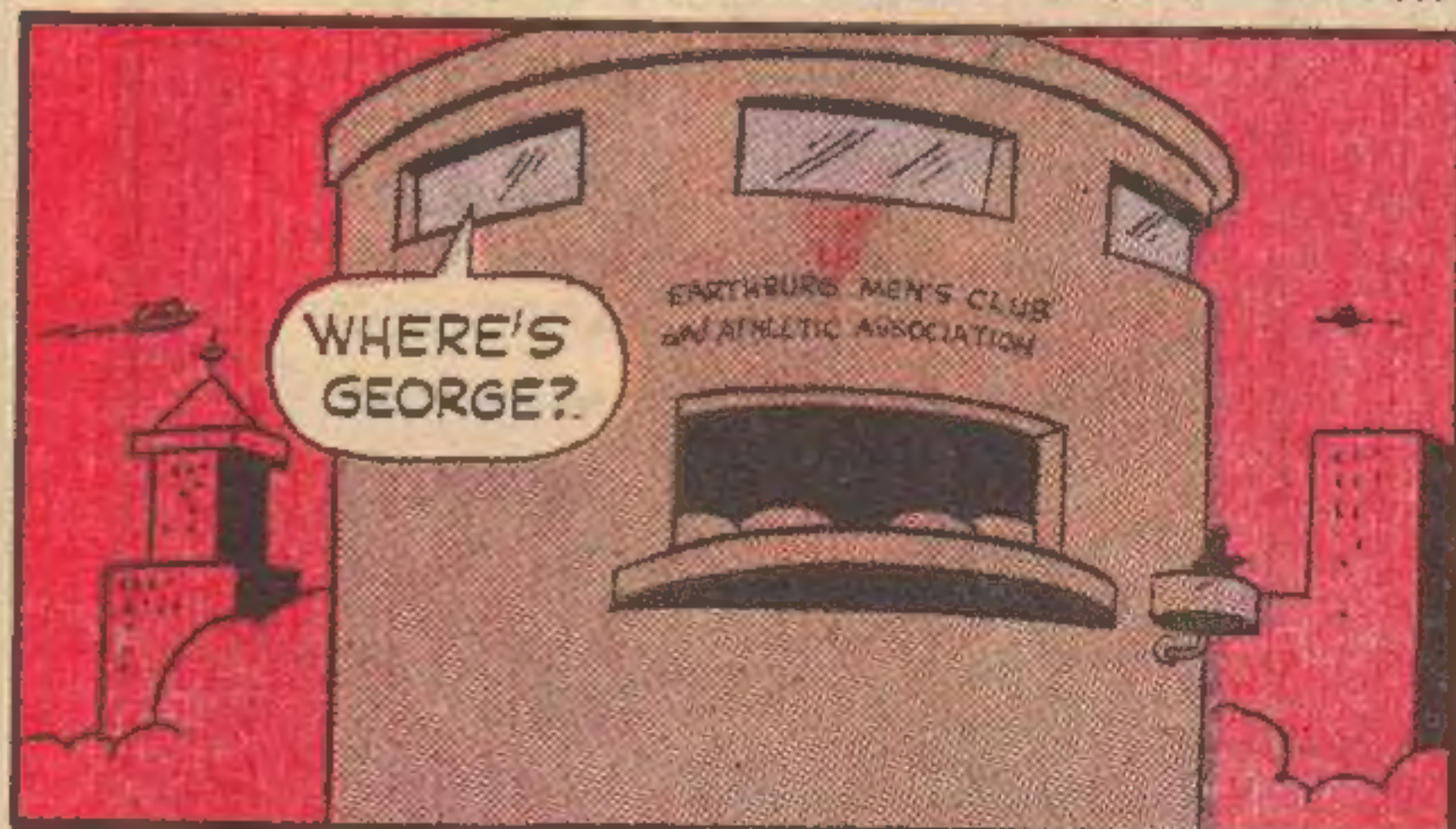


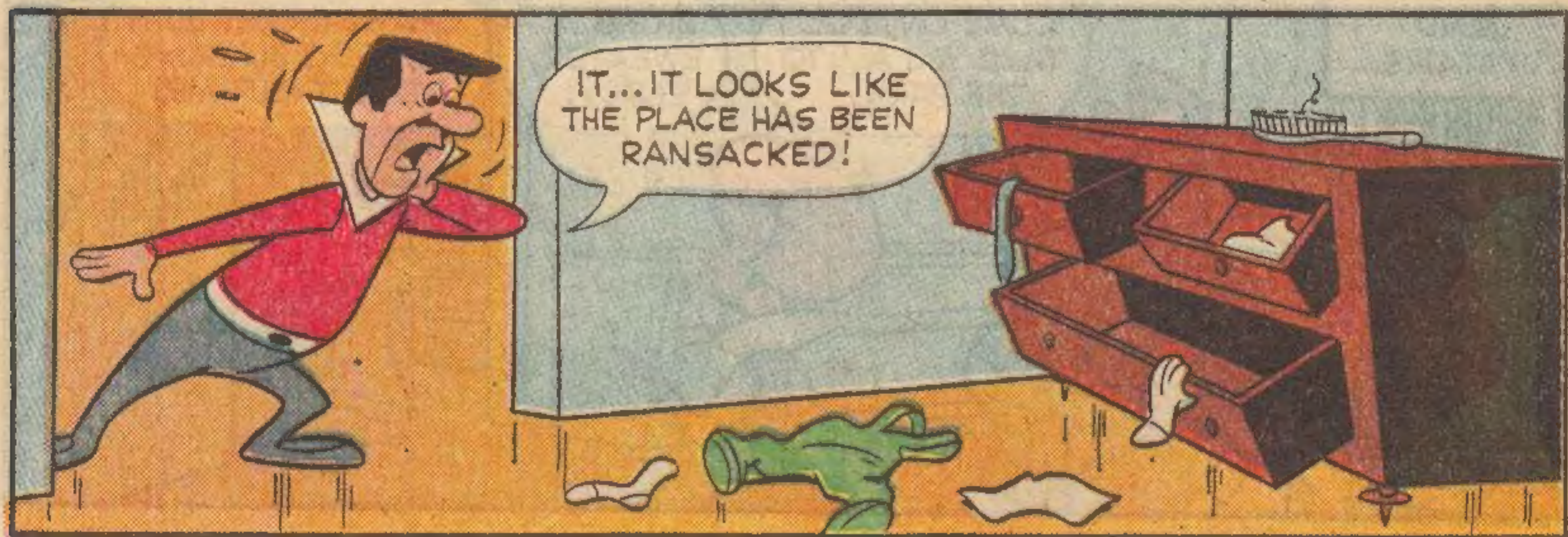
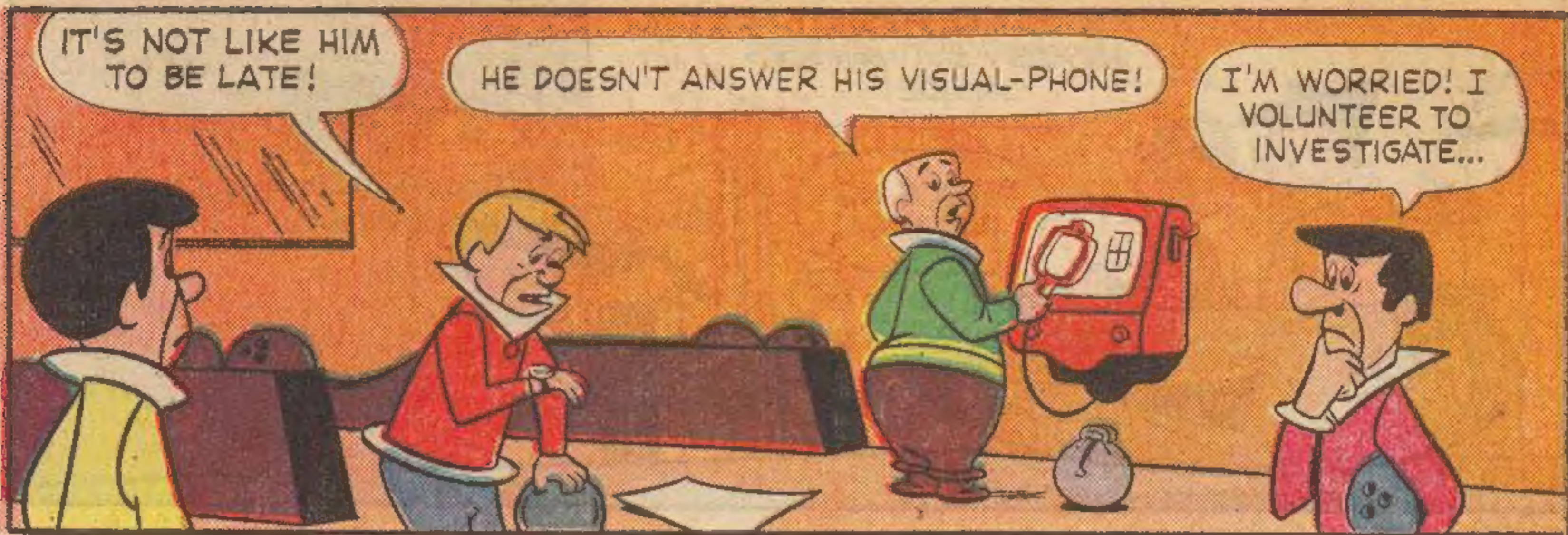


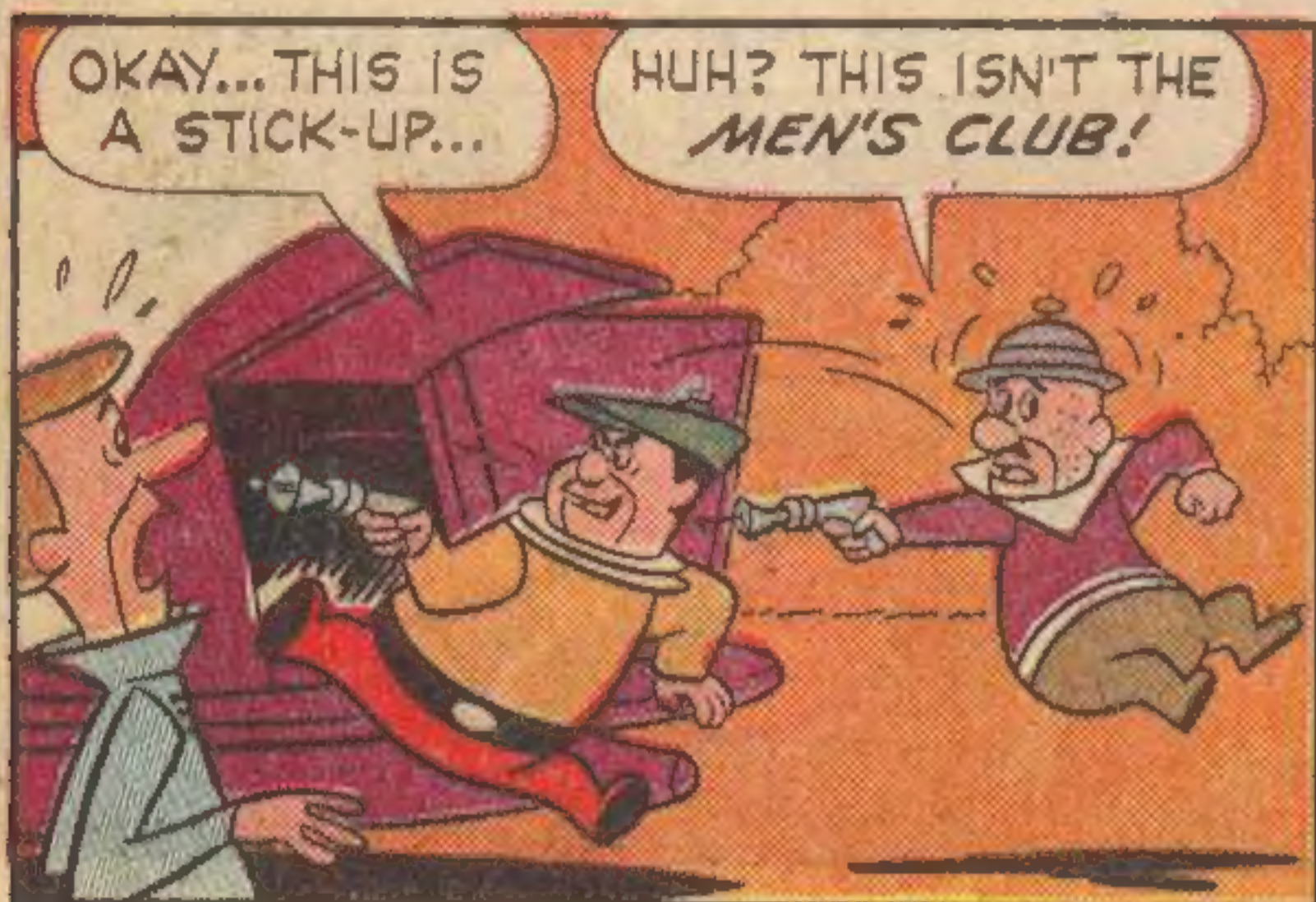
AND SO, A FAMILY IS REUNITED...

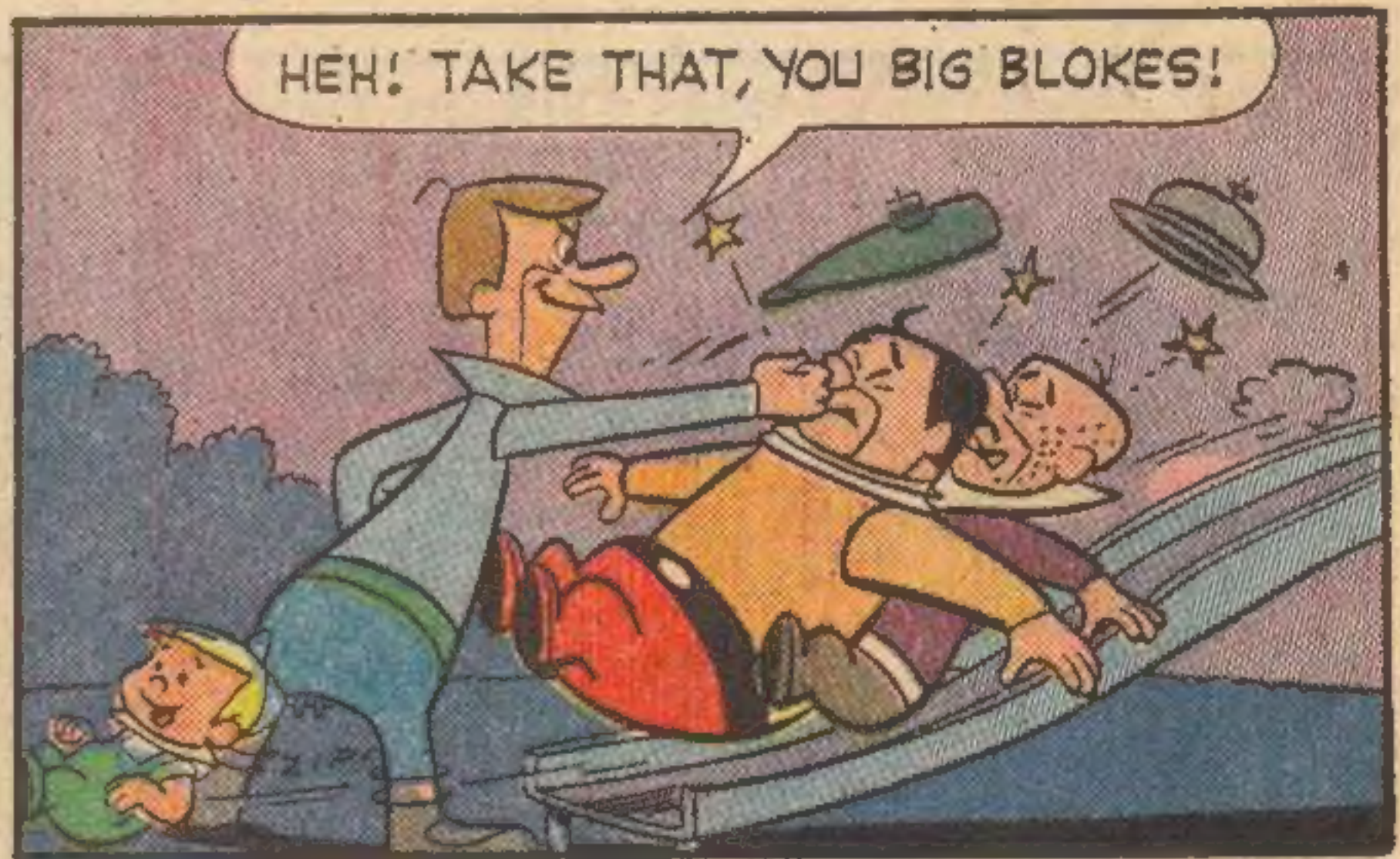


BUT THE FAMILY'S GAIN IS THE TEAM'S LOSS...



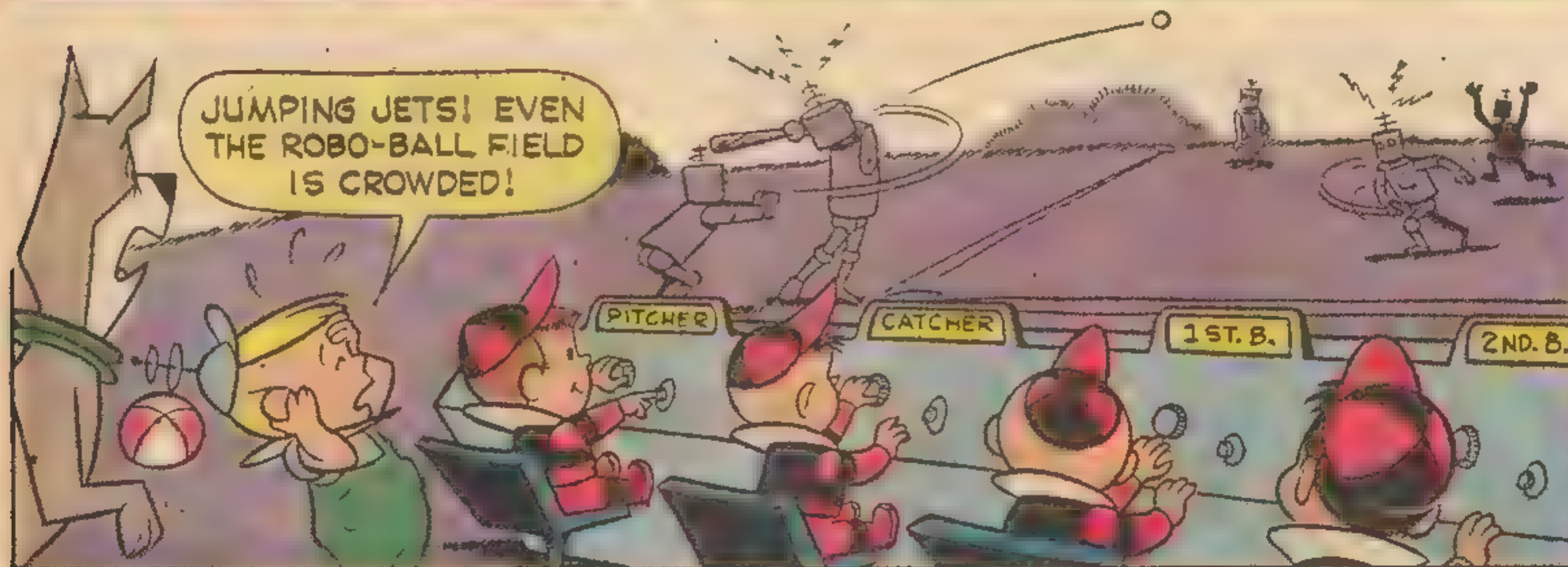
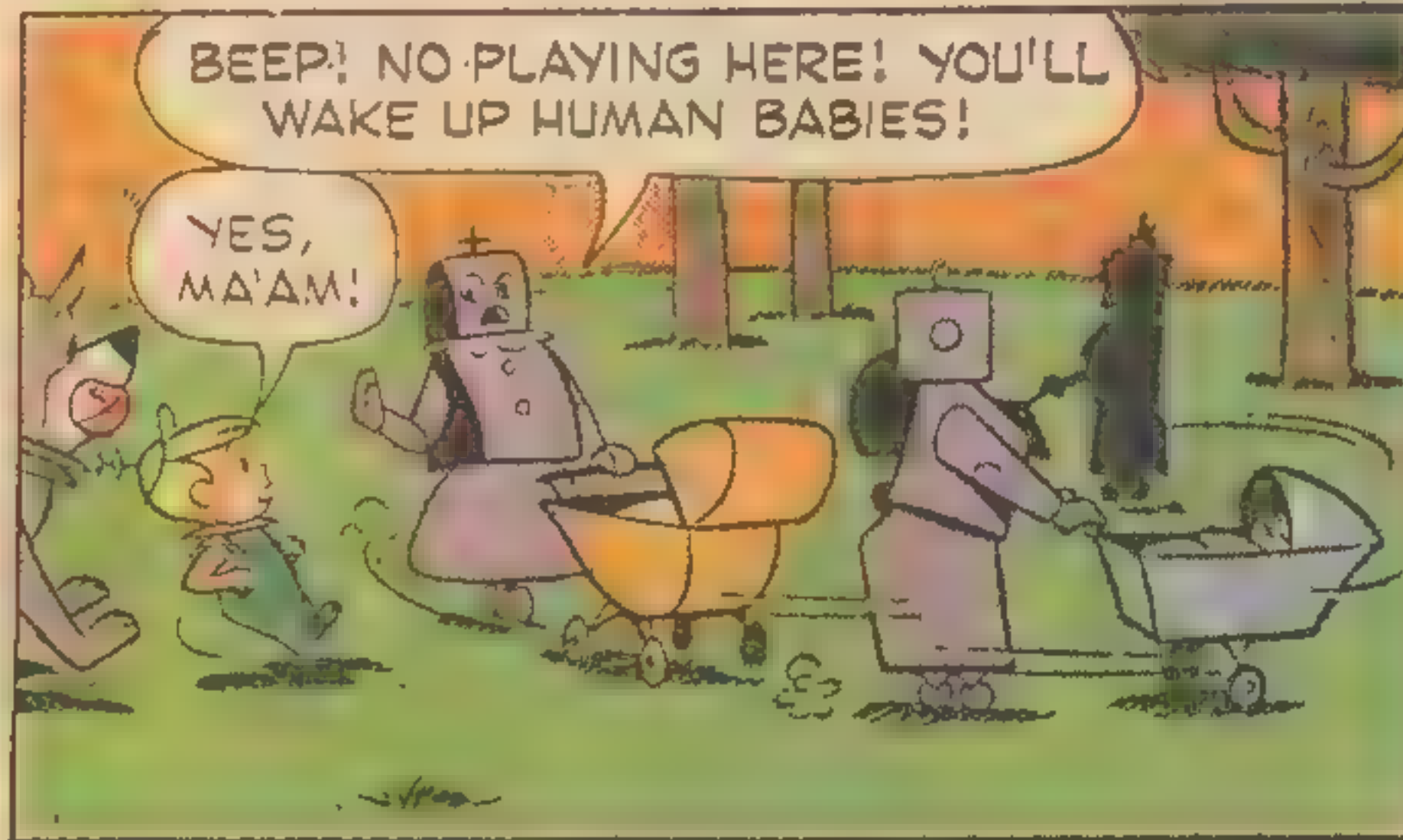
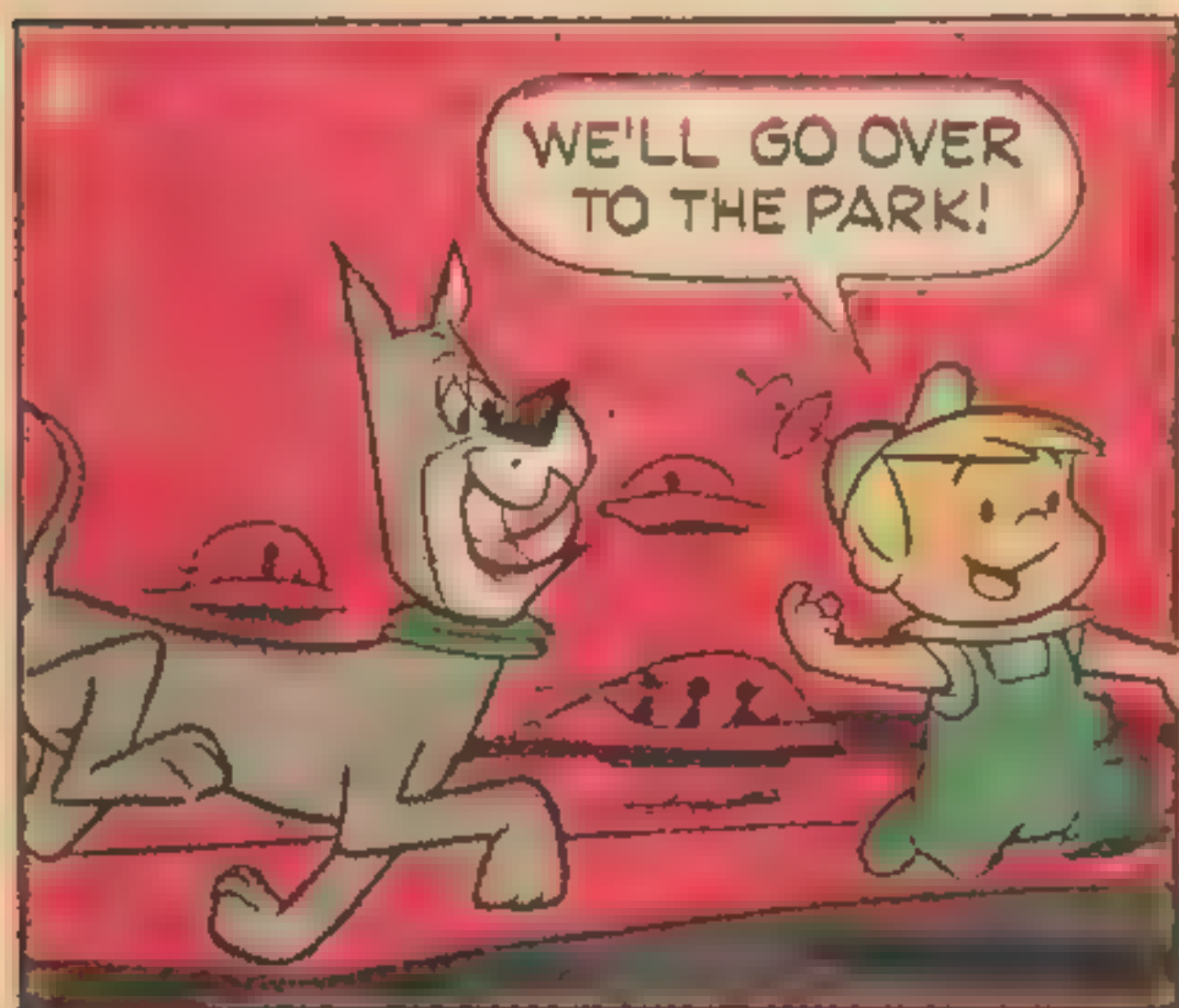
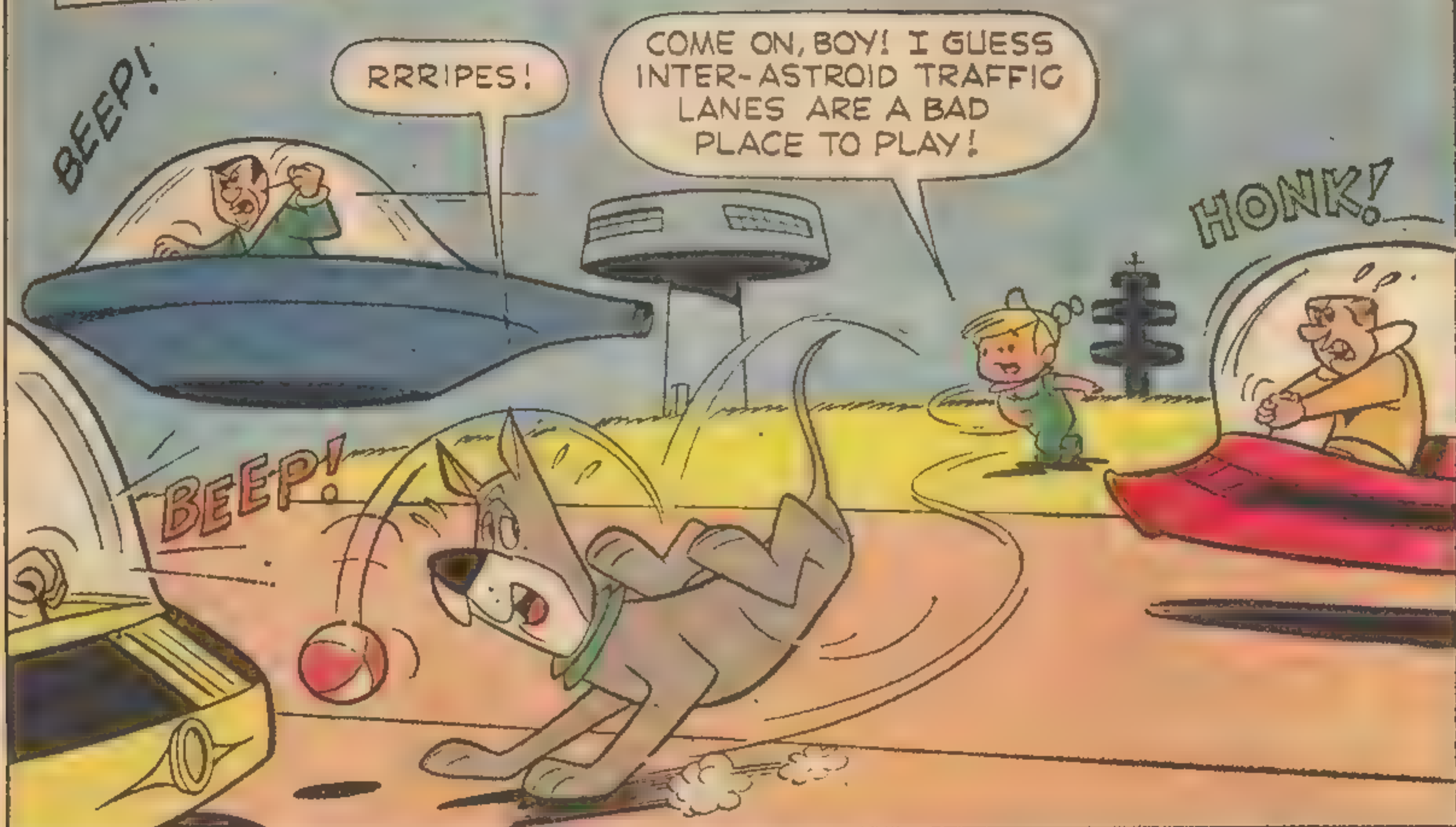


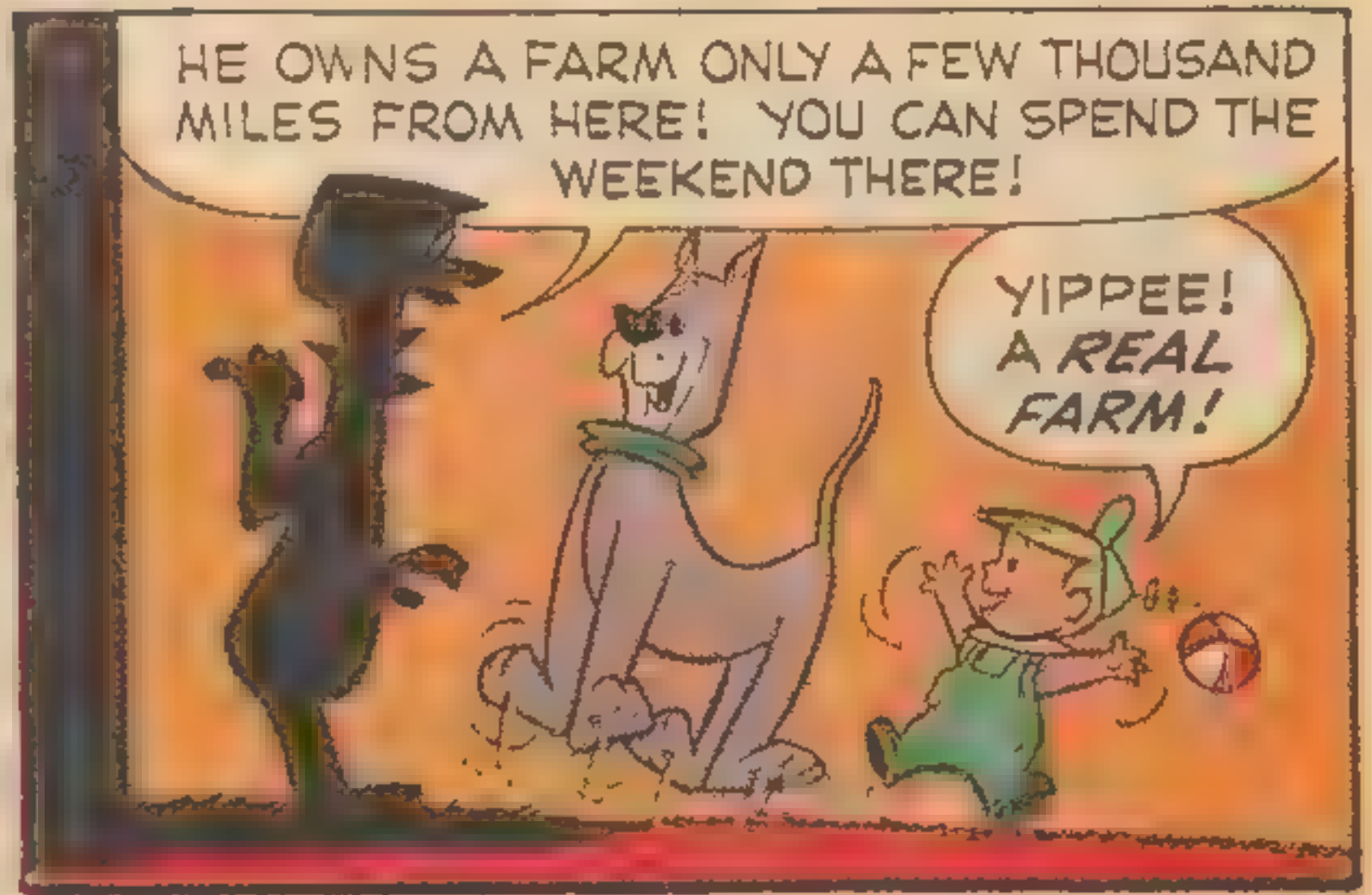
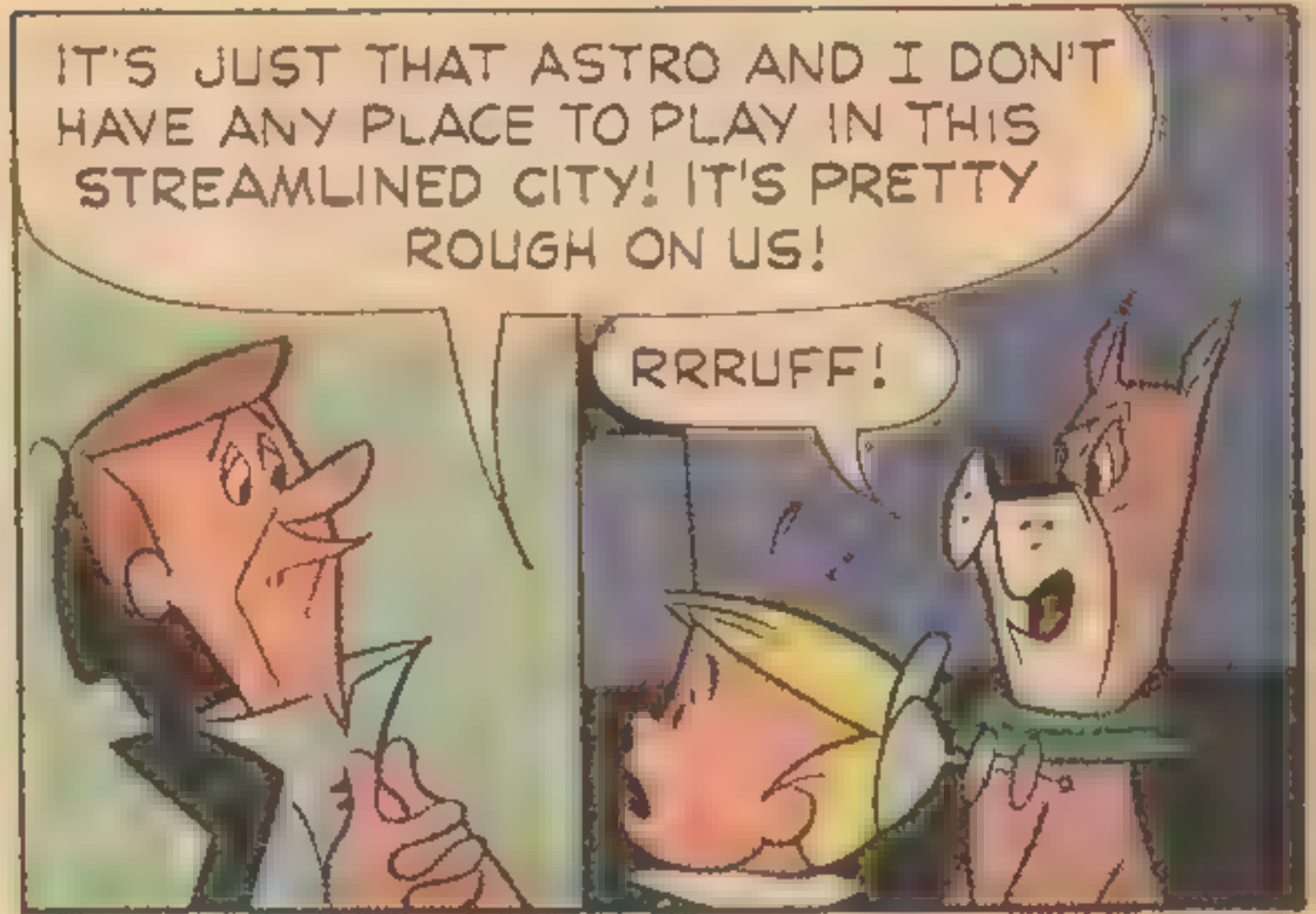
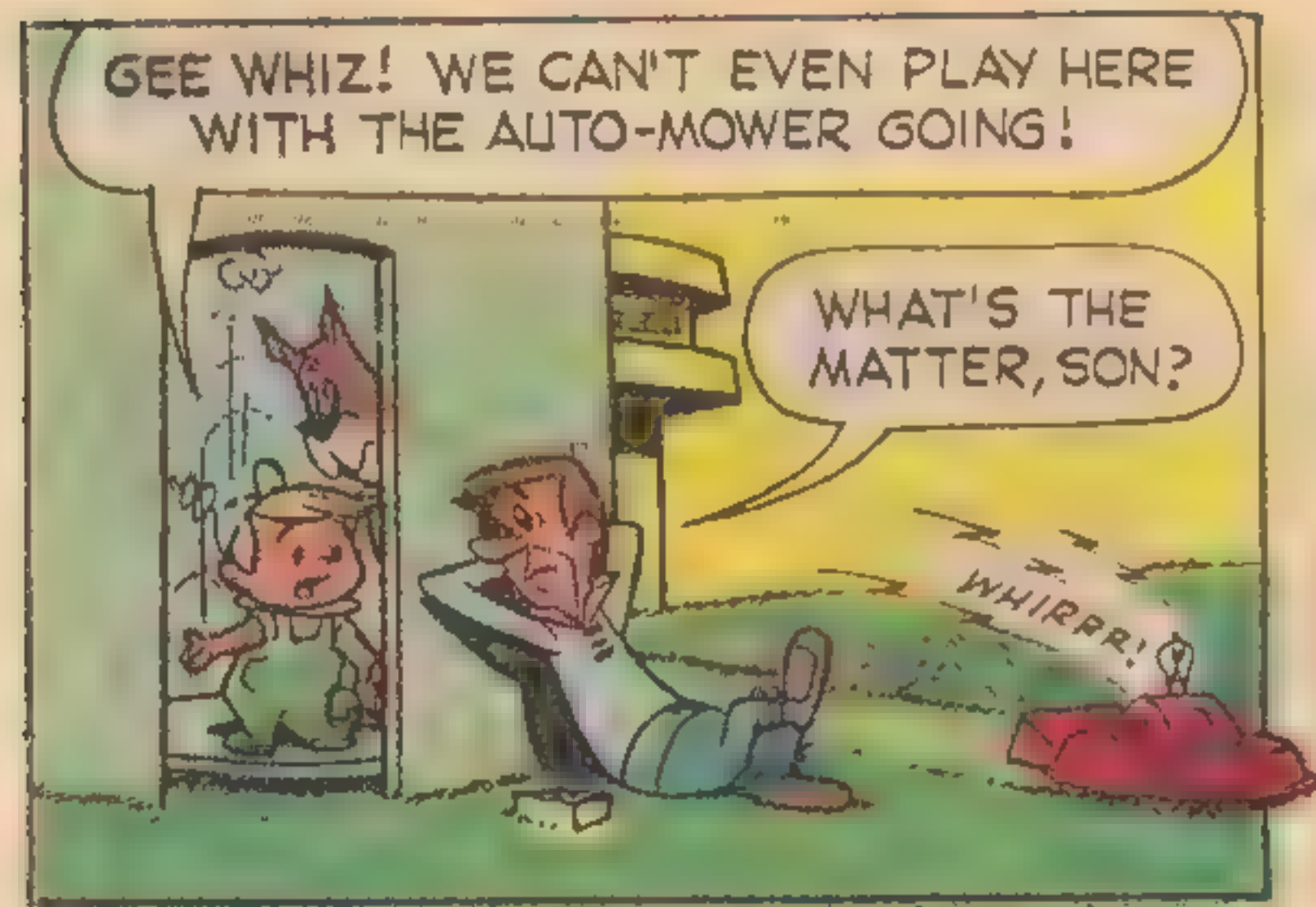
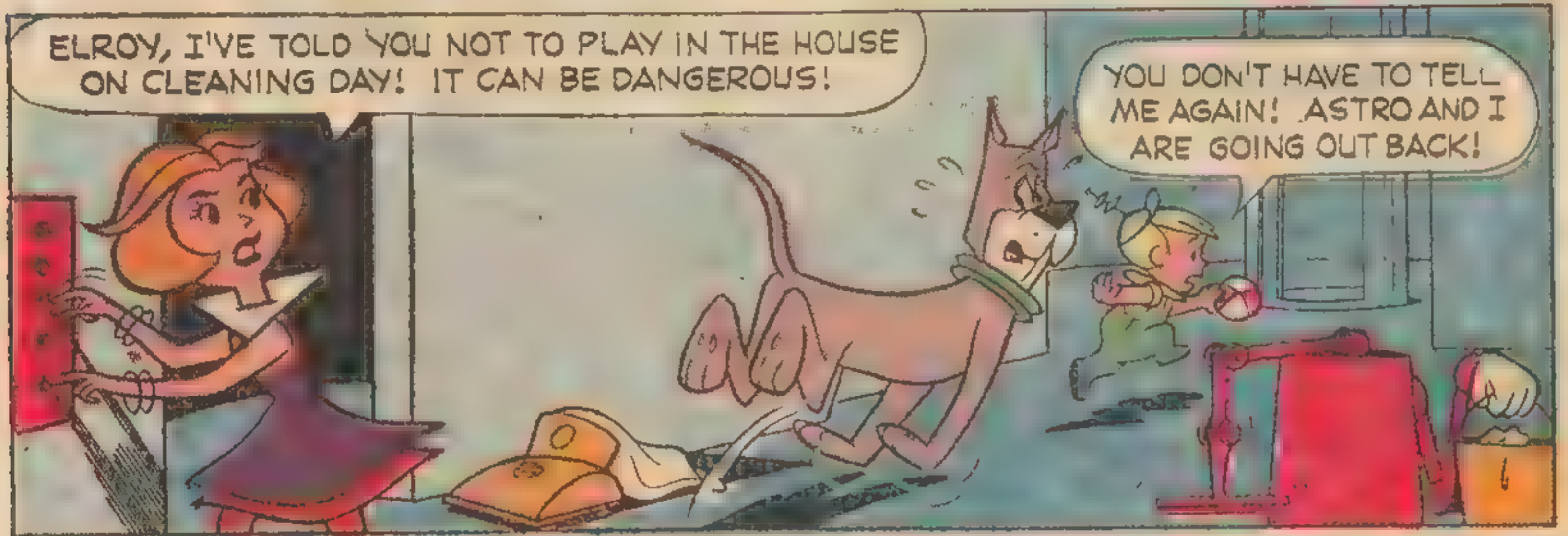
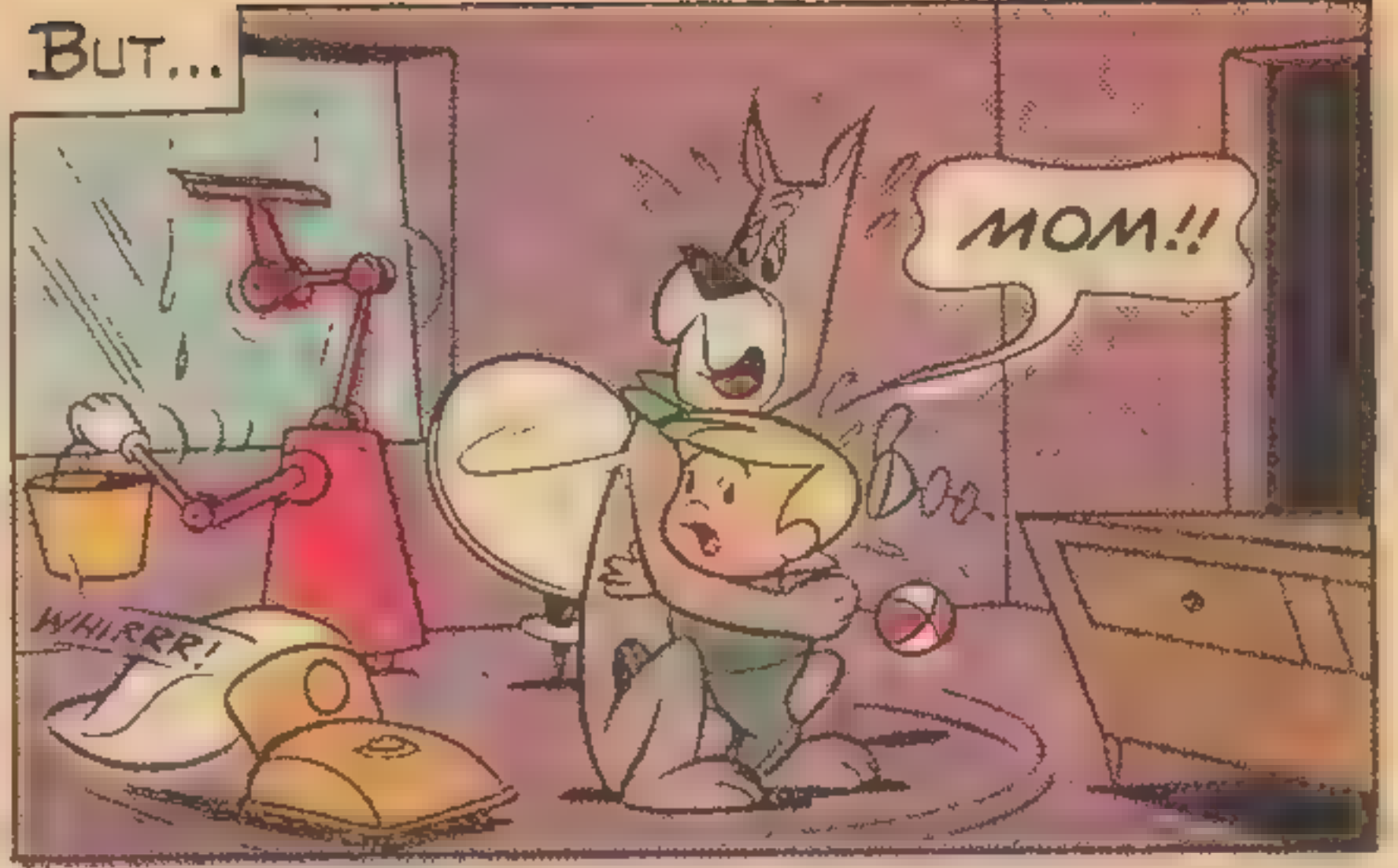
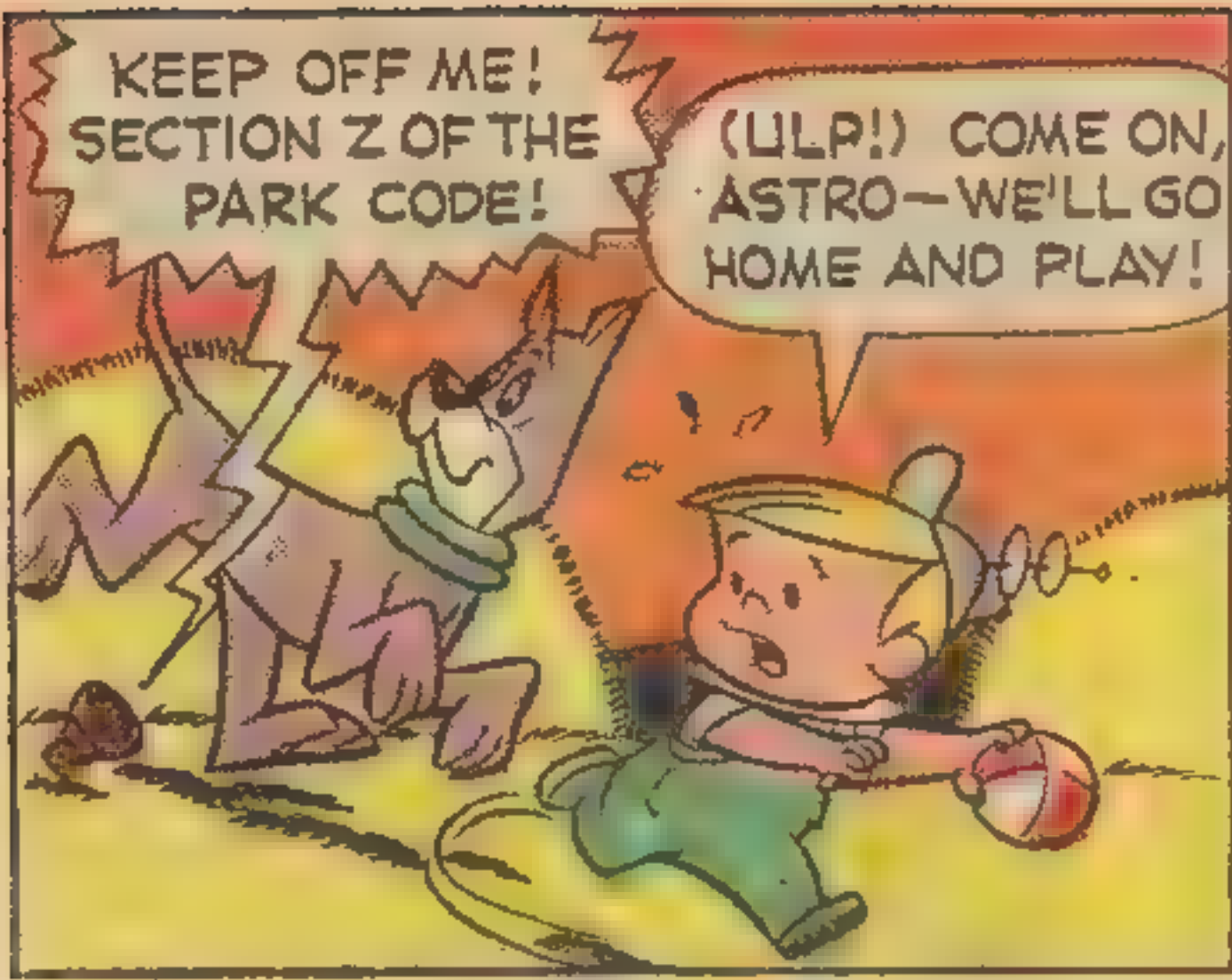




Hanna-Barbera
The **JETSONS**

The NO-PLACE-TO-PLAY-DAY

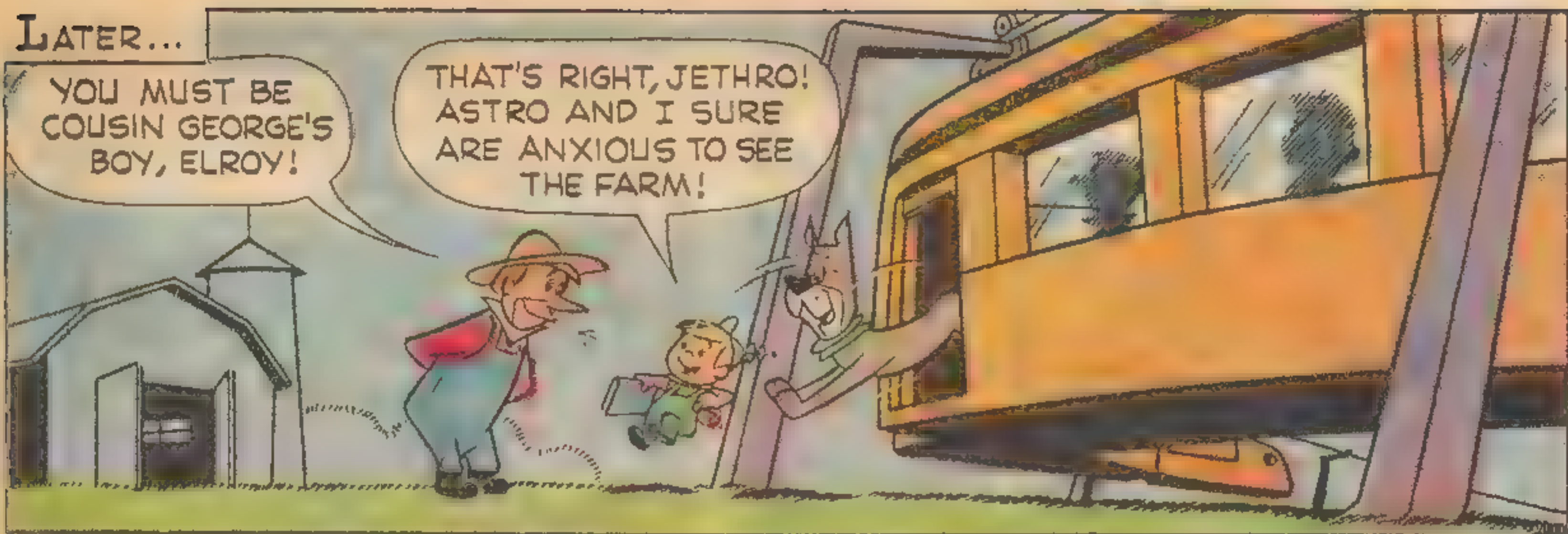




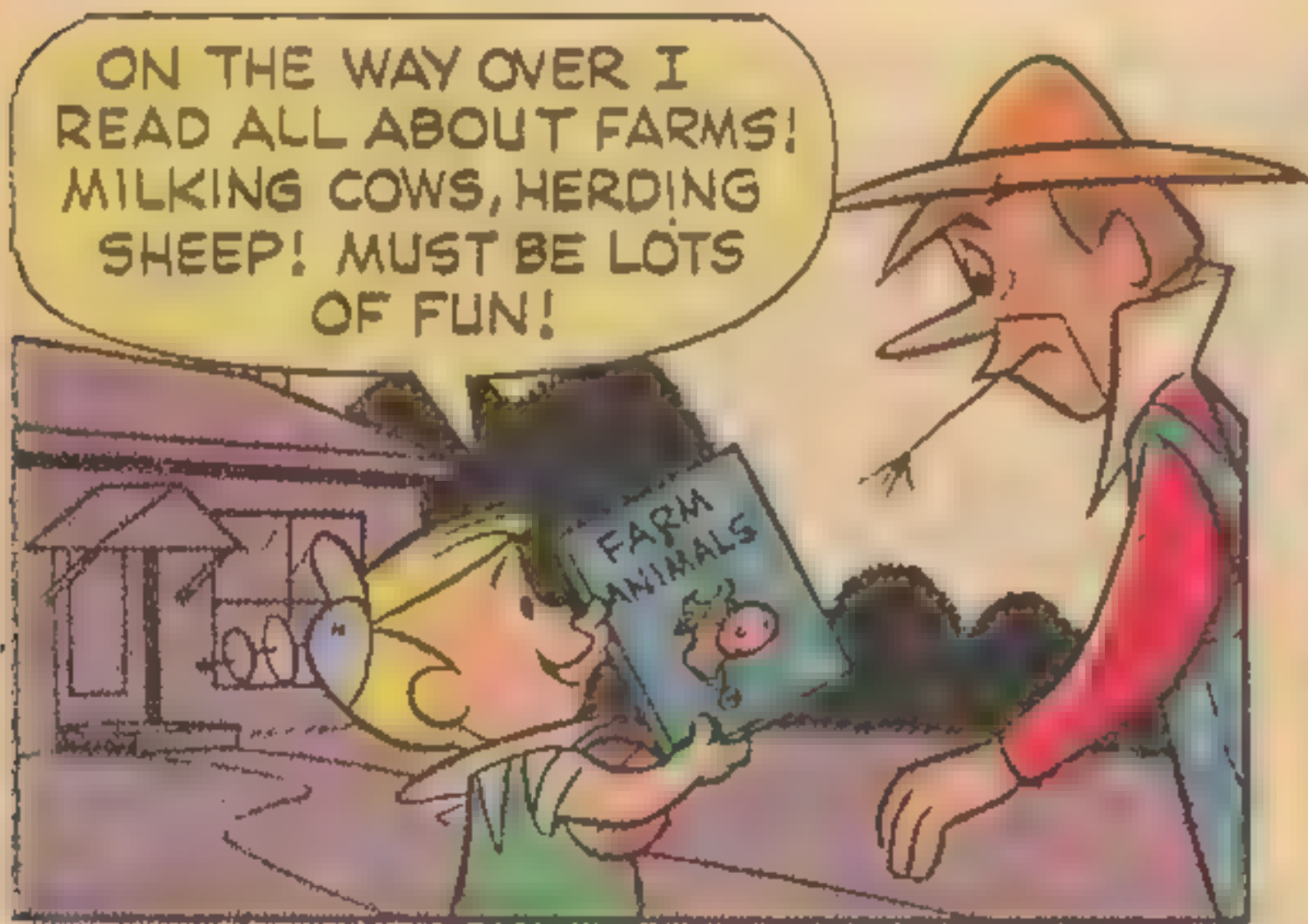
LATER...

YOU MUST BE
COUSIN GEORGE'S
BOY, ELROY!

THAT'S RIGHT, JETHRO!
ASTRO AND I SURE
ARE ANXIOUS TO SEE
THE FARM!



ON THE WAY OVER I
READ ALL ABOUT FARMS!
MILKING COWS, HERDING
SHEEP! MUST BE LOTS
OF FUN!

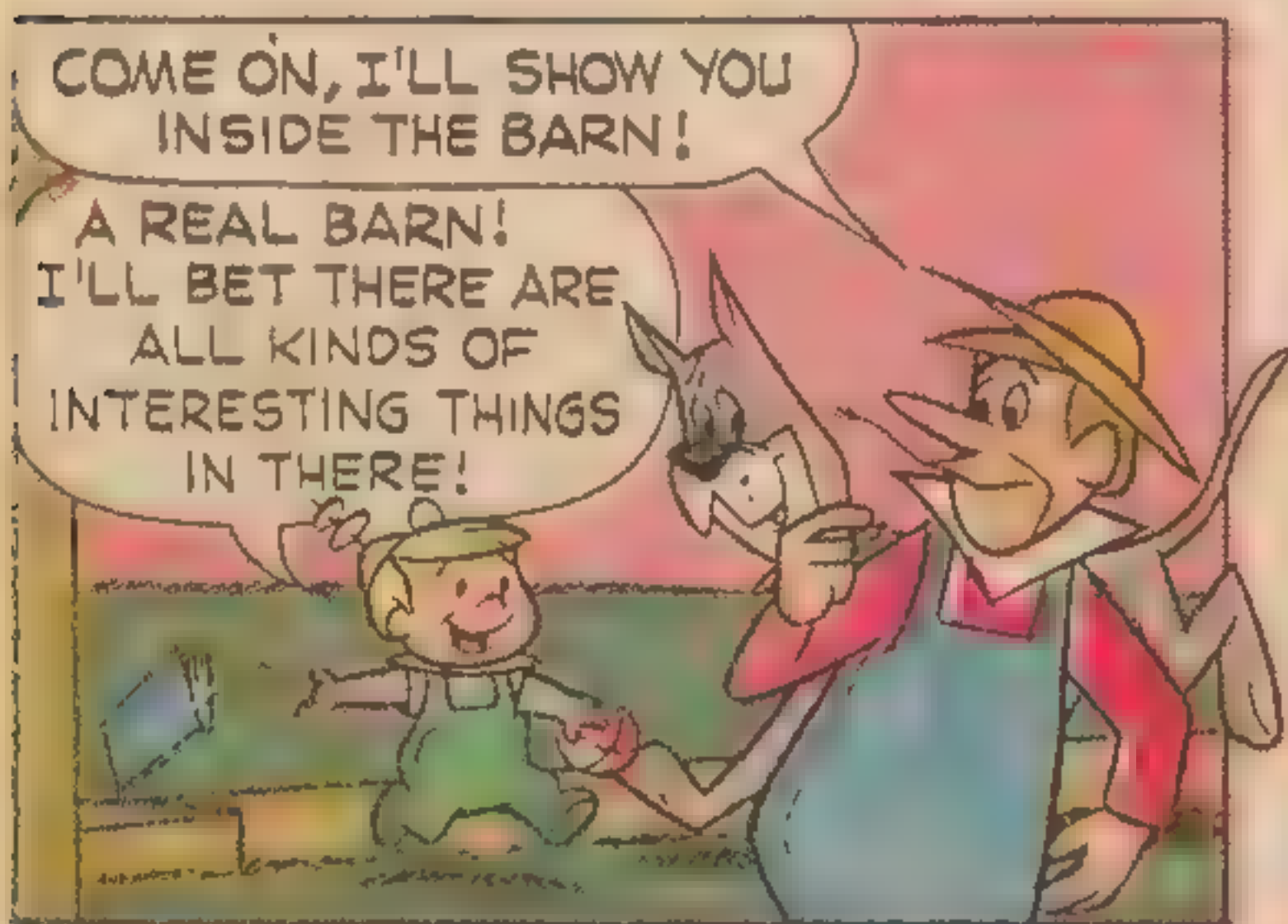


AFRAID THAT BOOK IS A
LITTLE OUT-OF-DATE, SON!
WE'VE GONE MODERN
AROUND HERE!



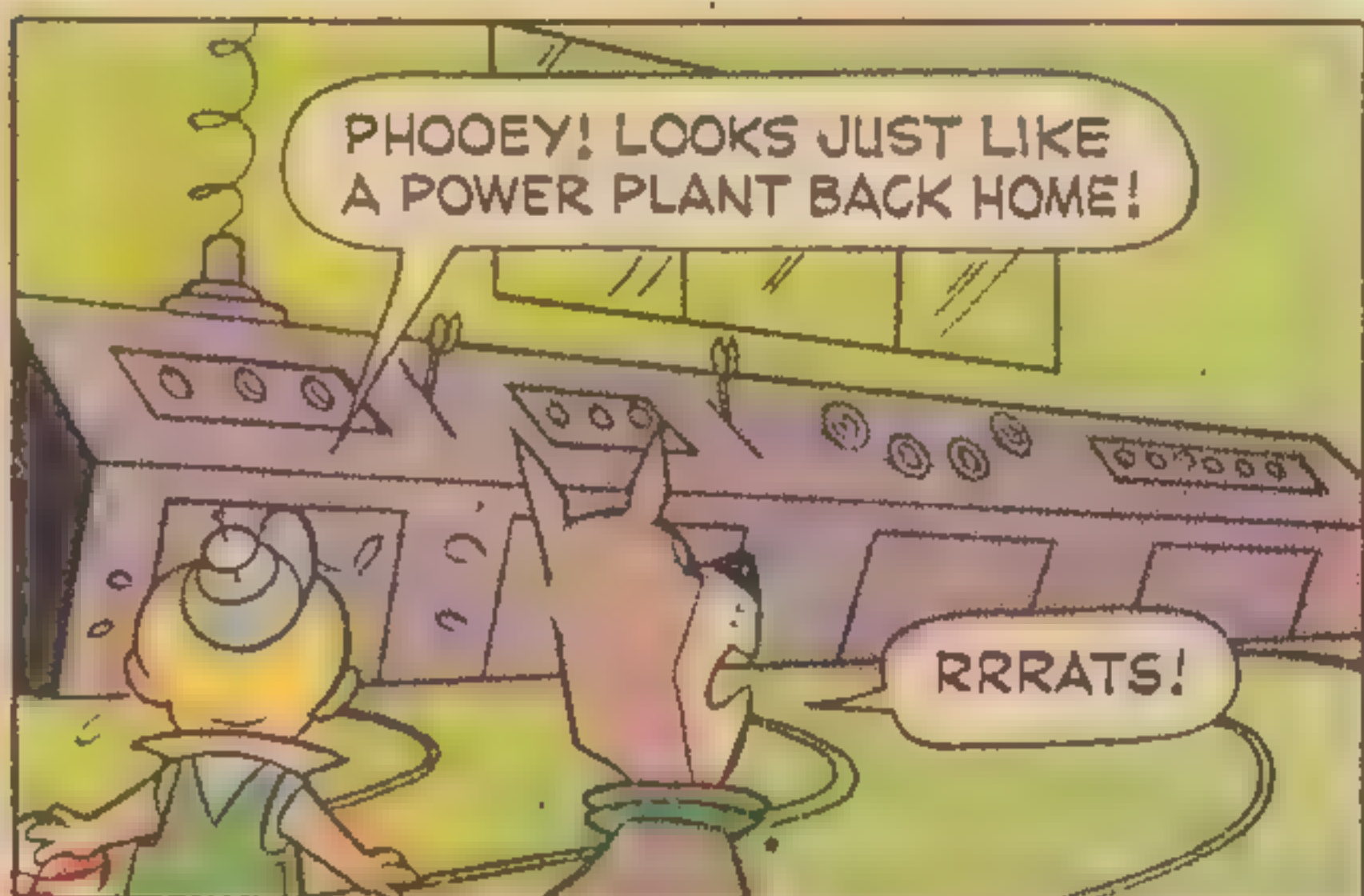
COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU
INSIDE THE BARN!

A REAL BARN!
I'LL BET THERE ARE
ALL KINDS OF
INTERESTING THINGS
IN THERE!

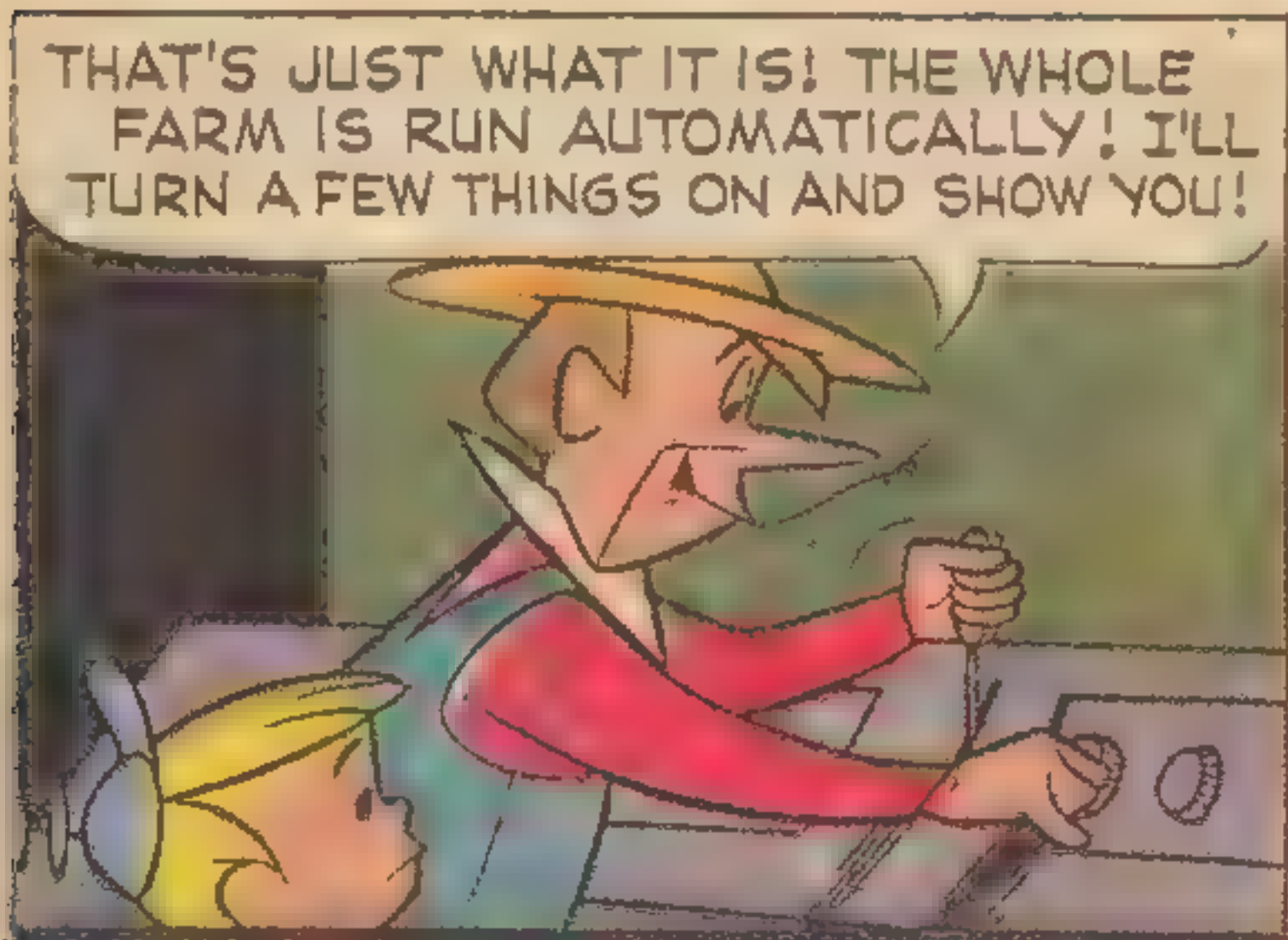


PHOOEY! LOOKS JUST LIKE
A POWER PLANT BACK HOME!

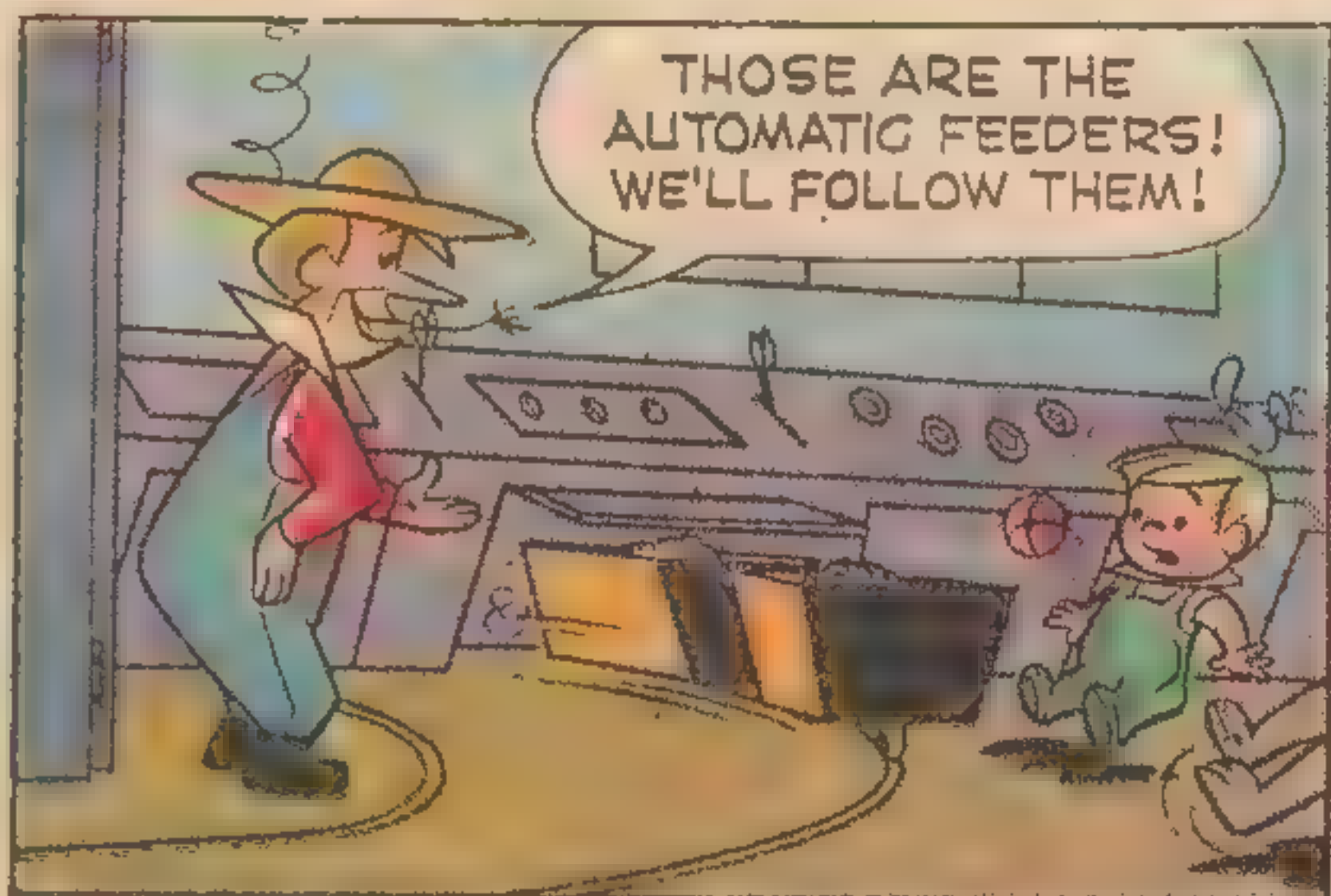
RRRATS!

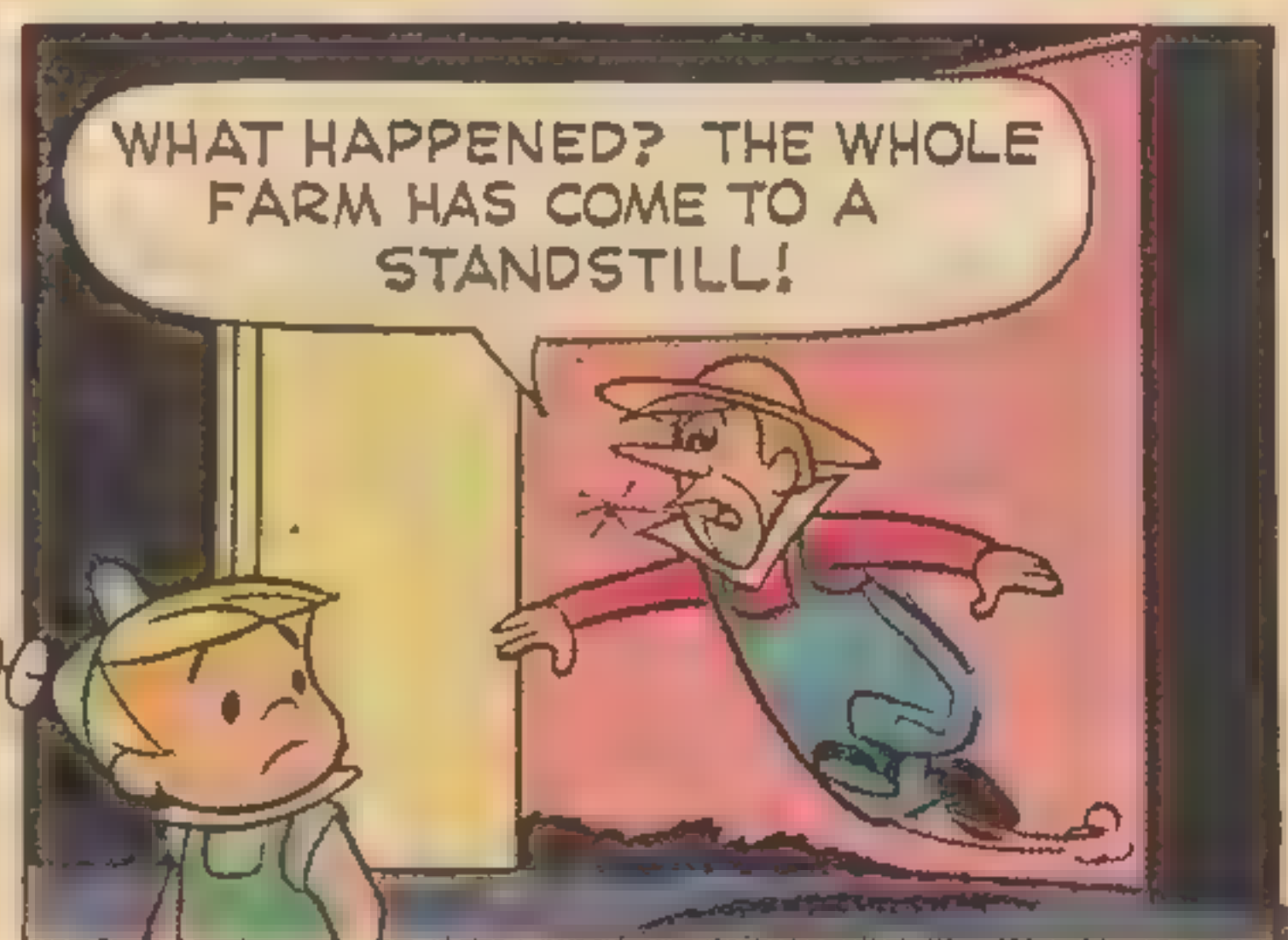
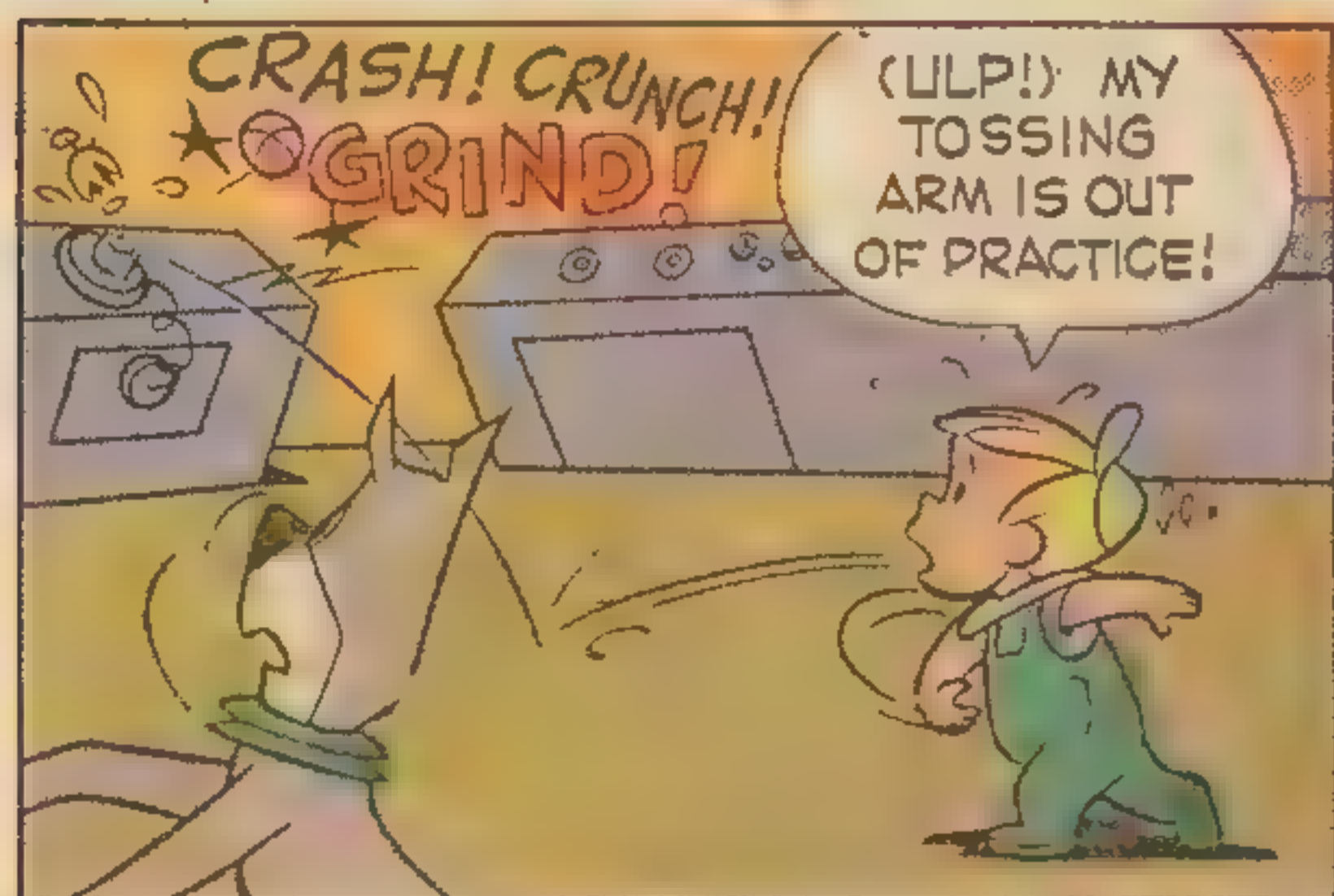
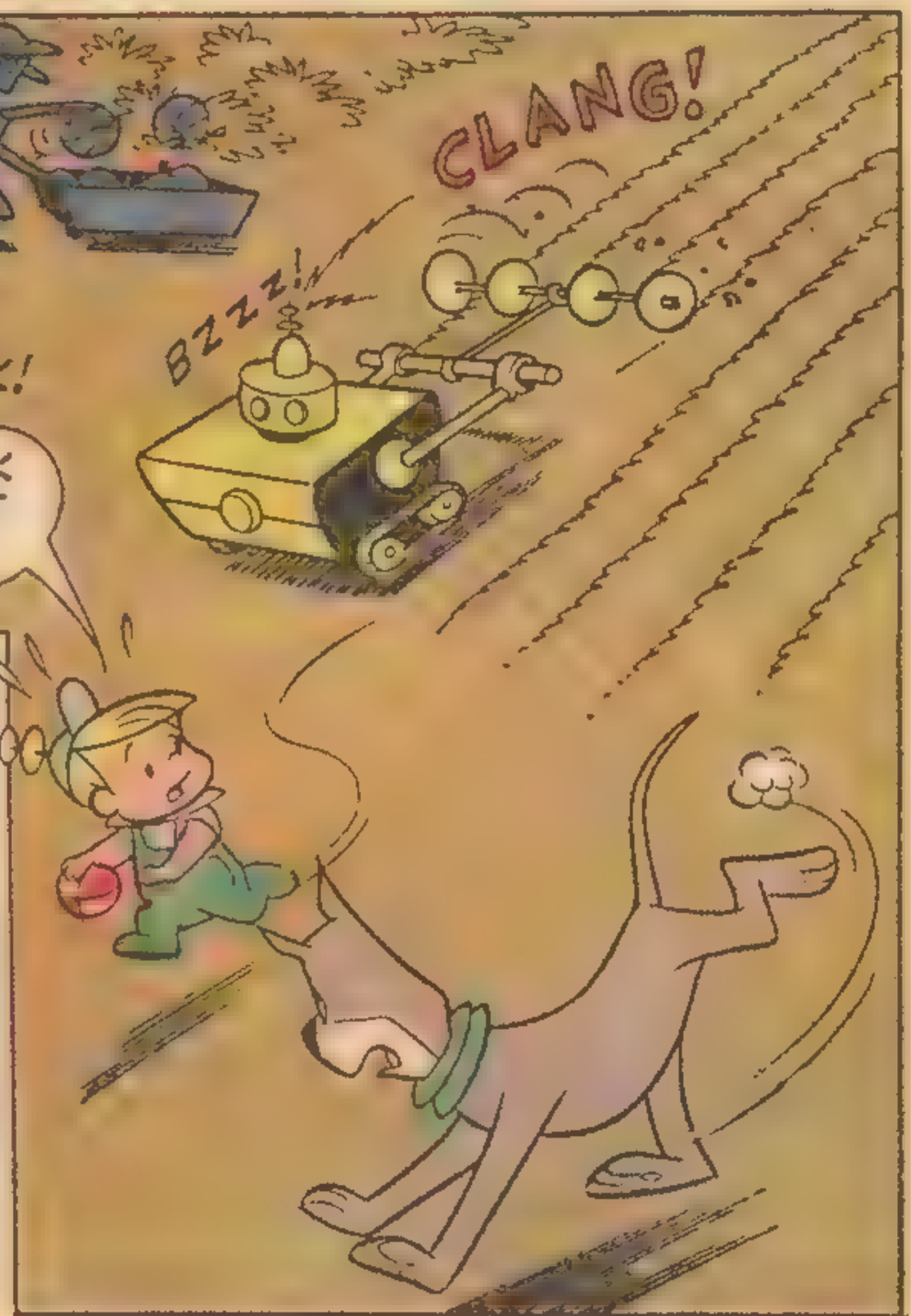
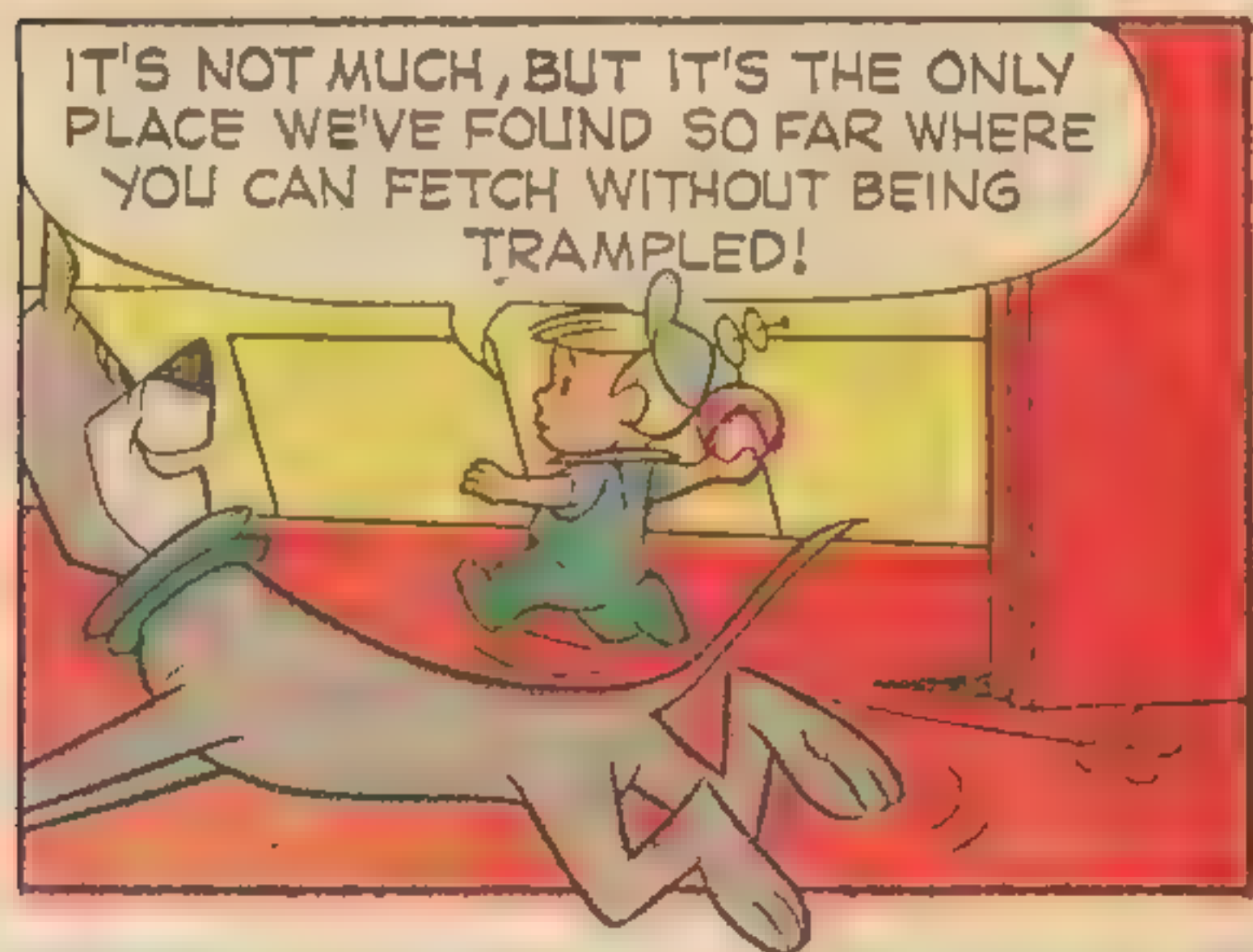
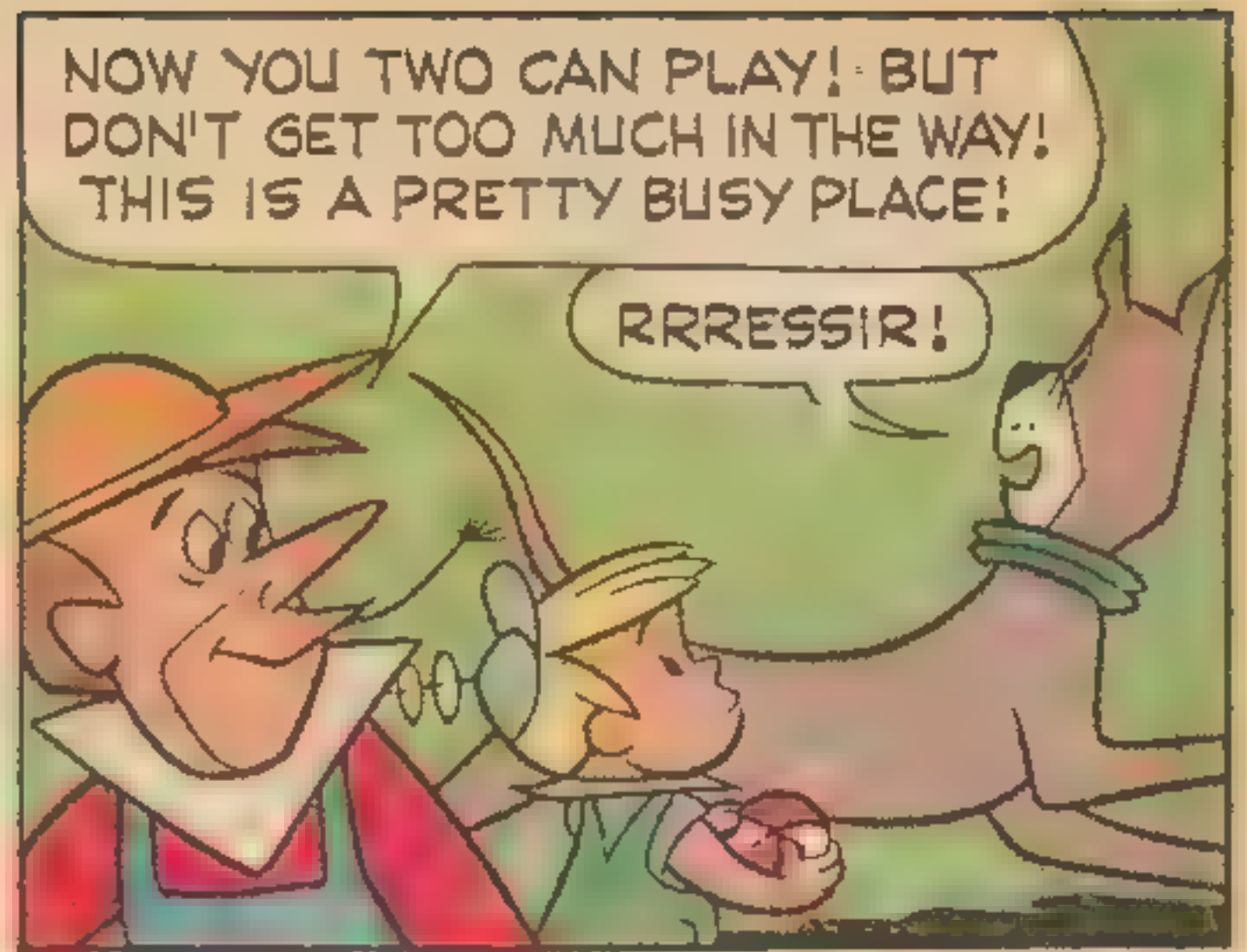
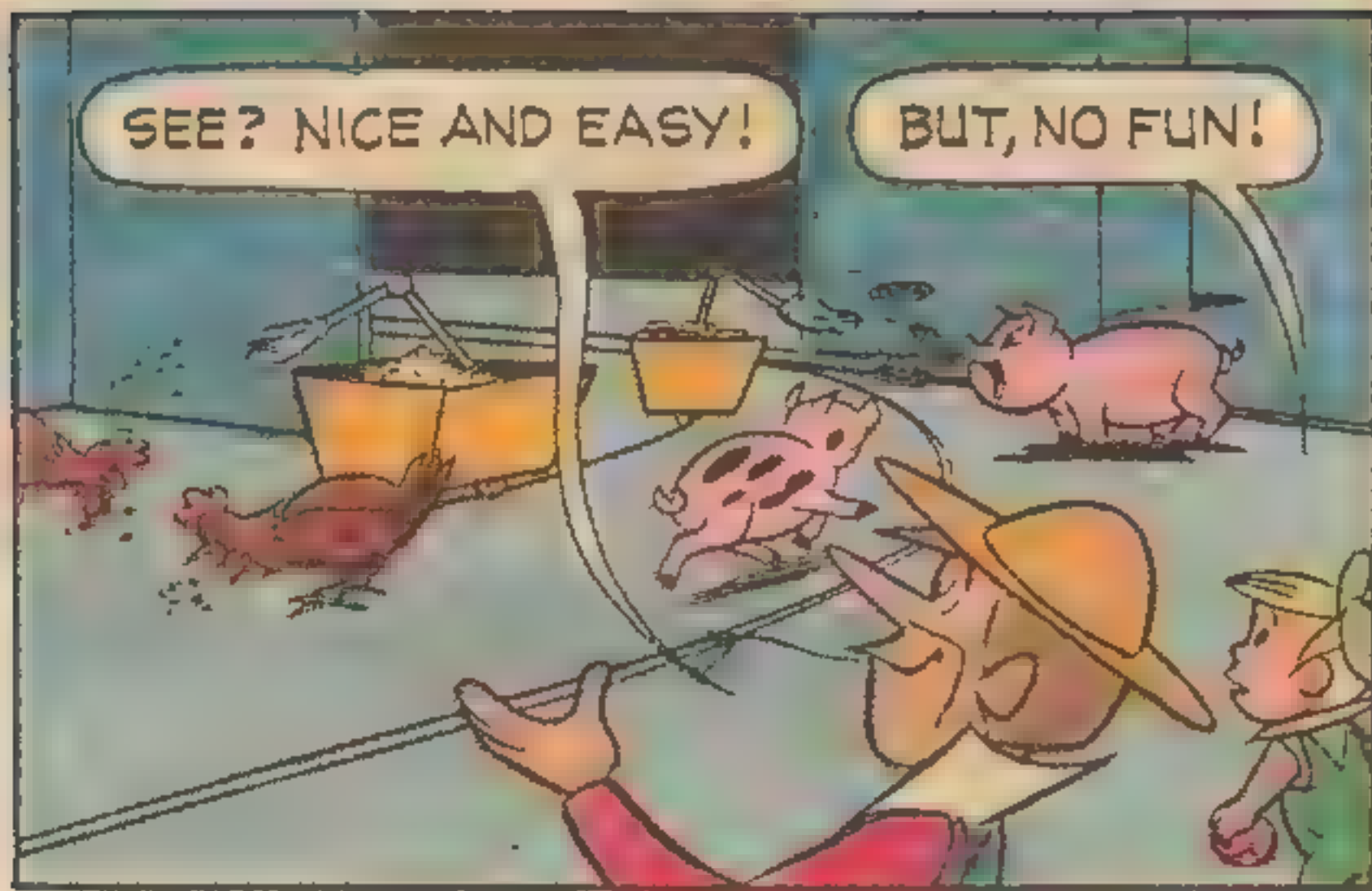


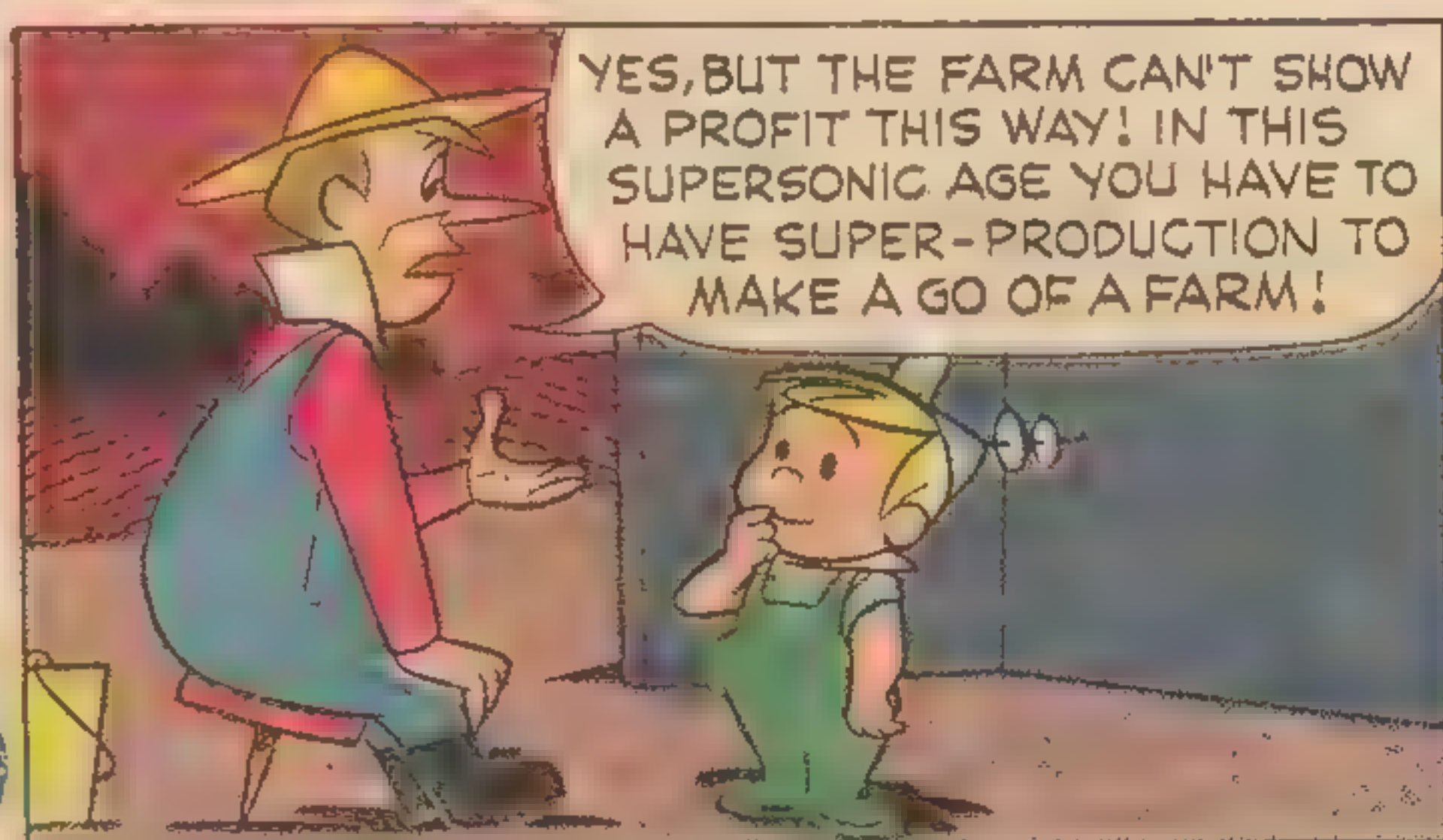
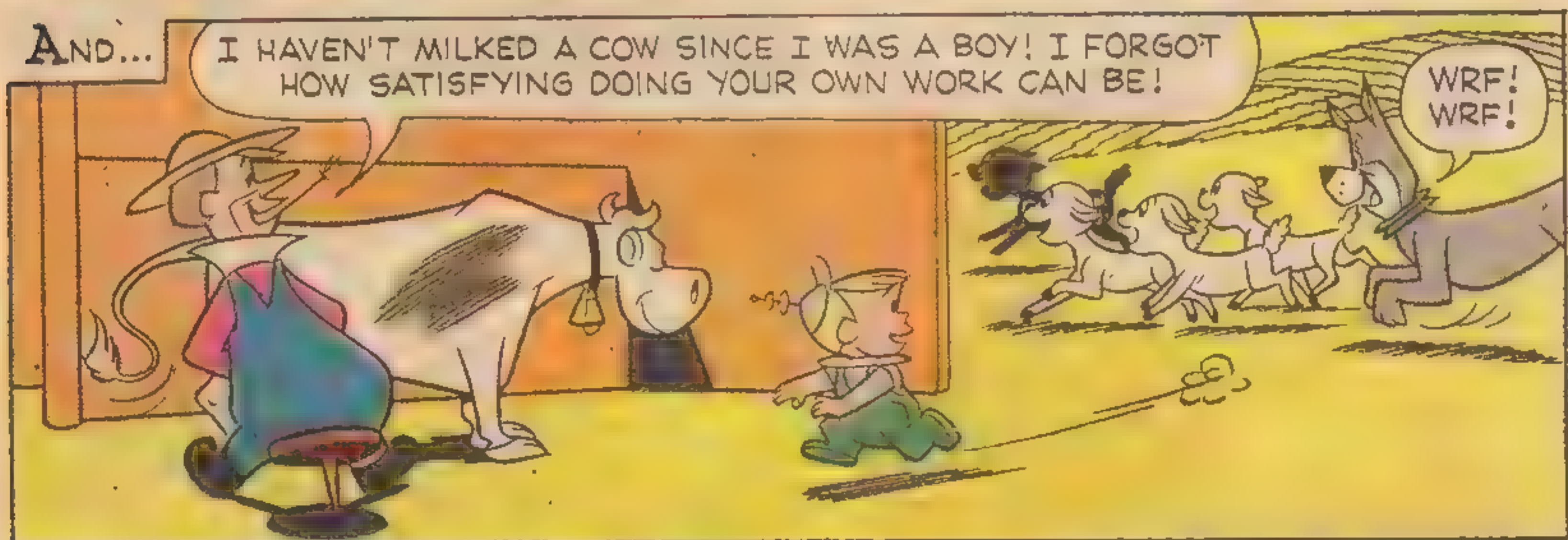
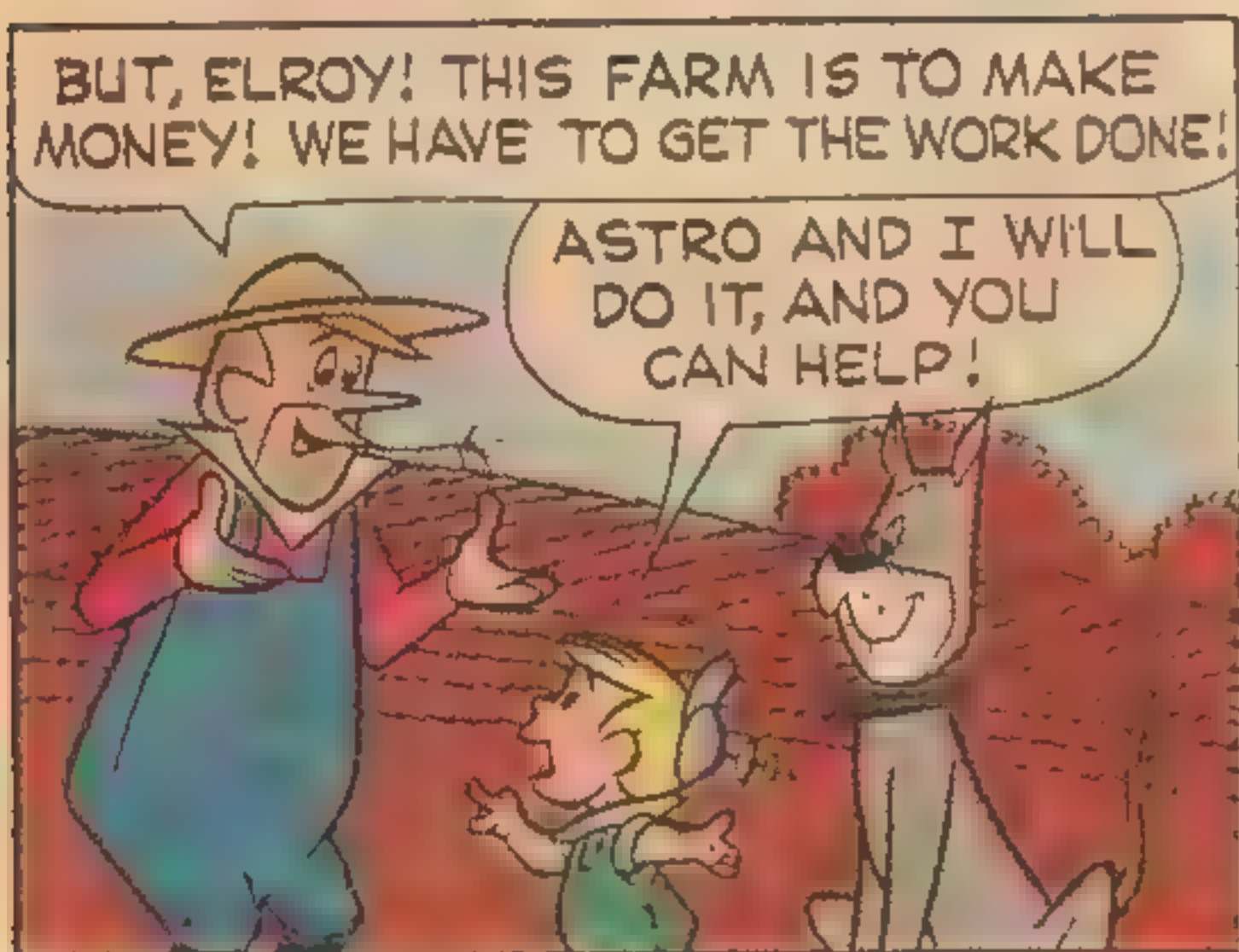
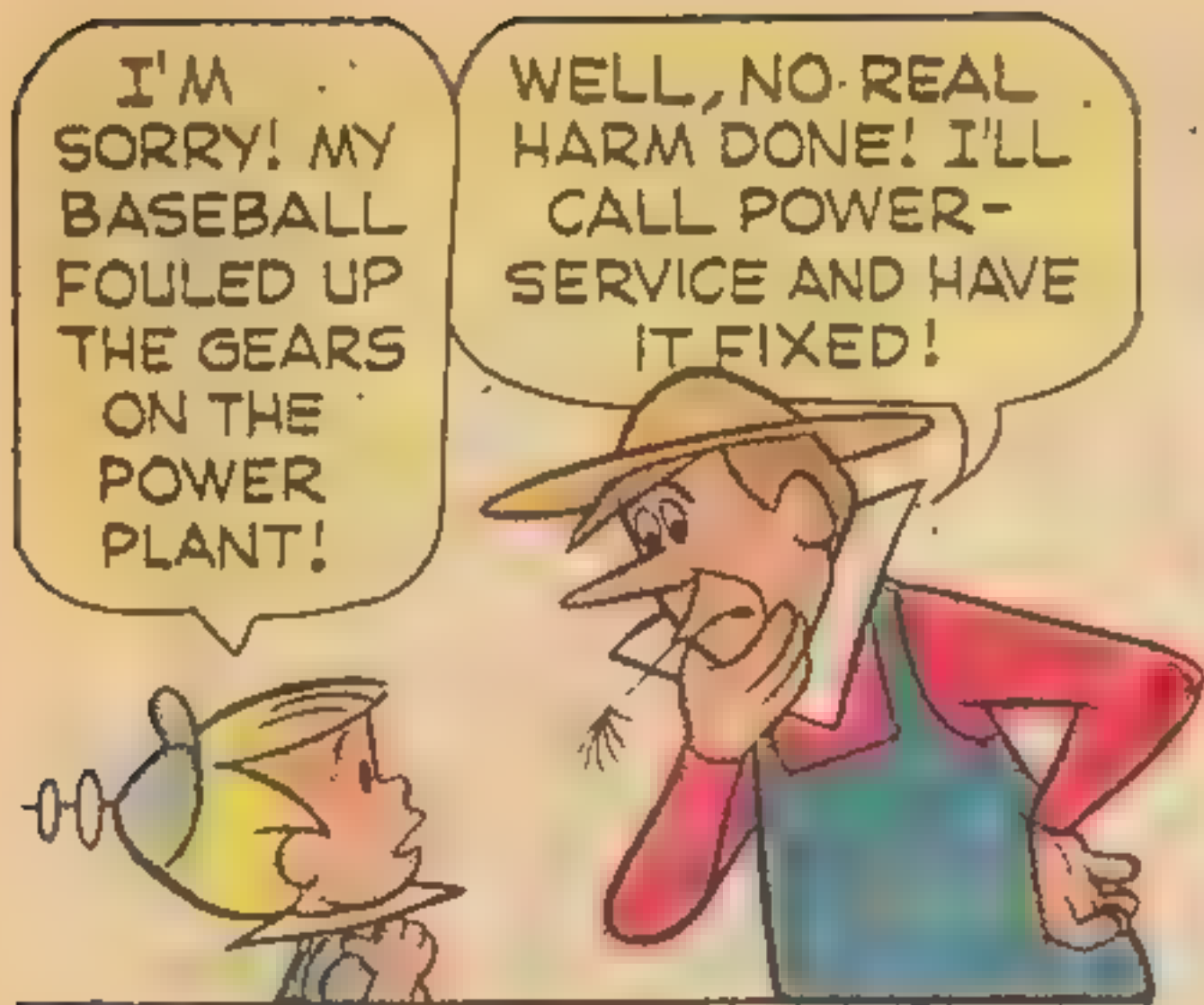
THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS! THE WHOLE
FARM IS RUN AUTOMATICALLY! I'LL
TURN A FEW THINGS ON AND SHOW YOU!

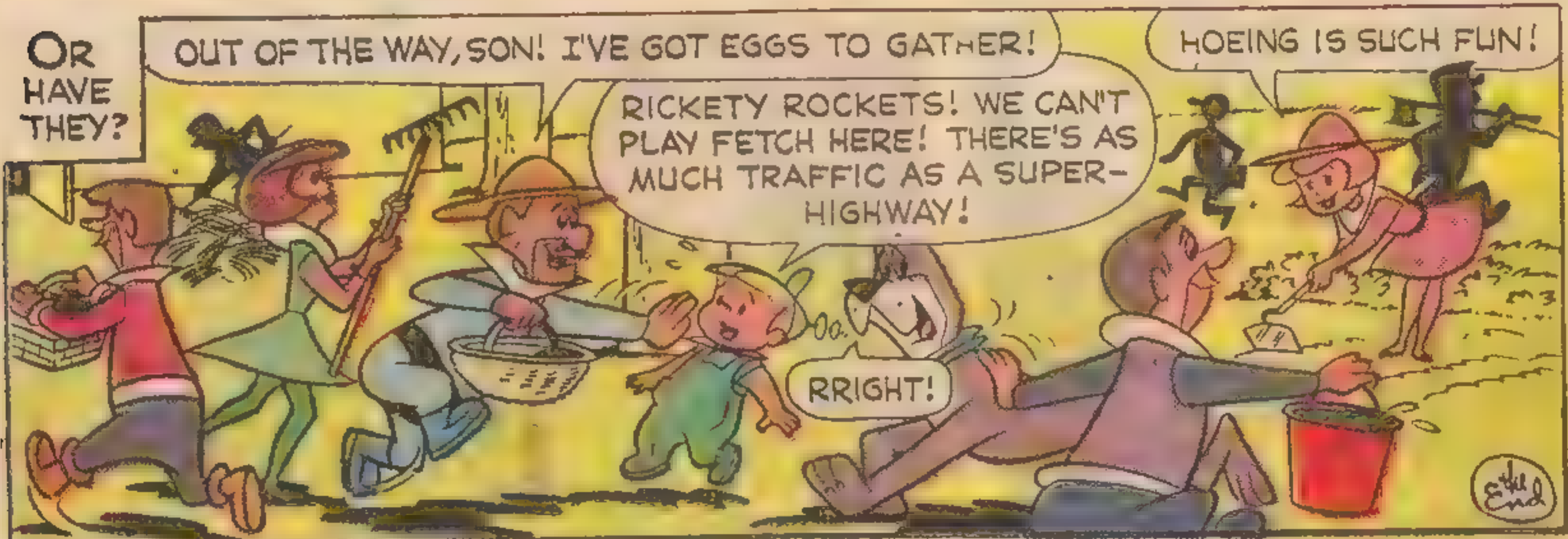
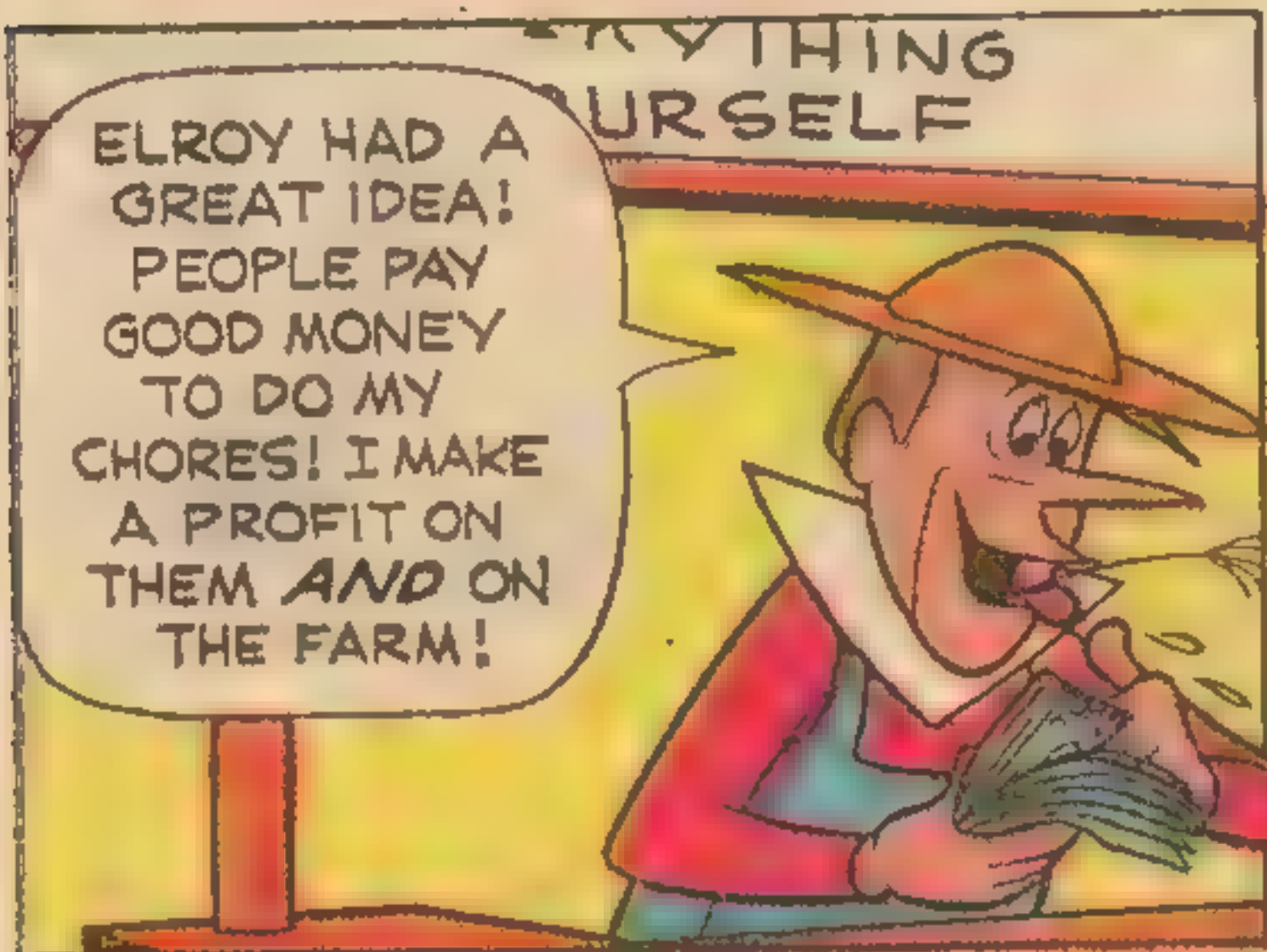
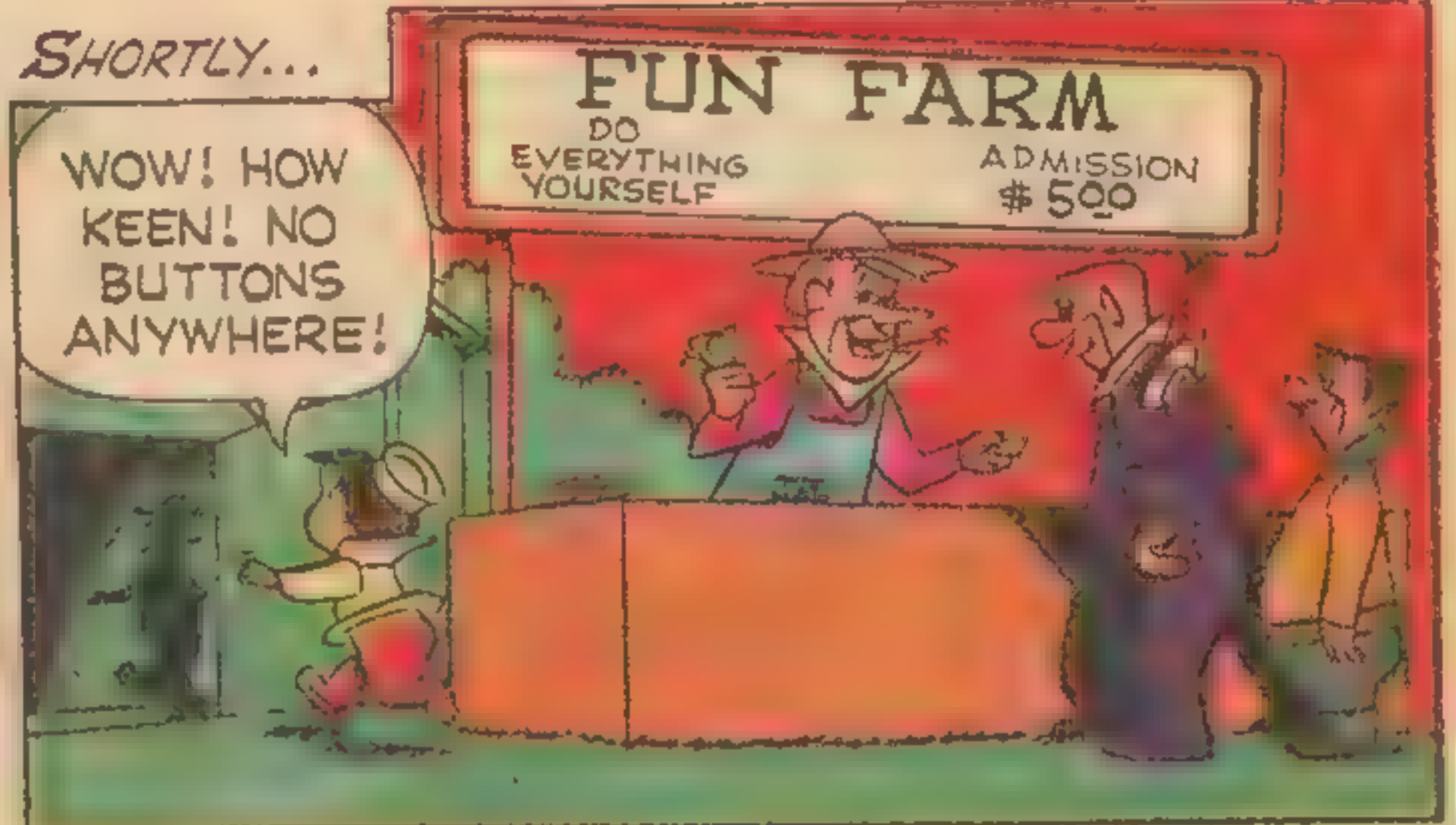
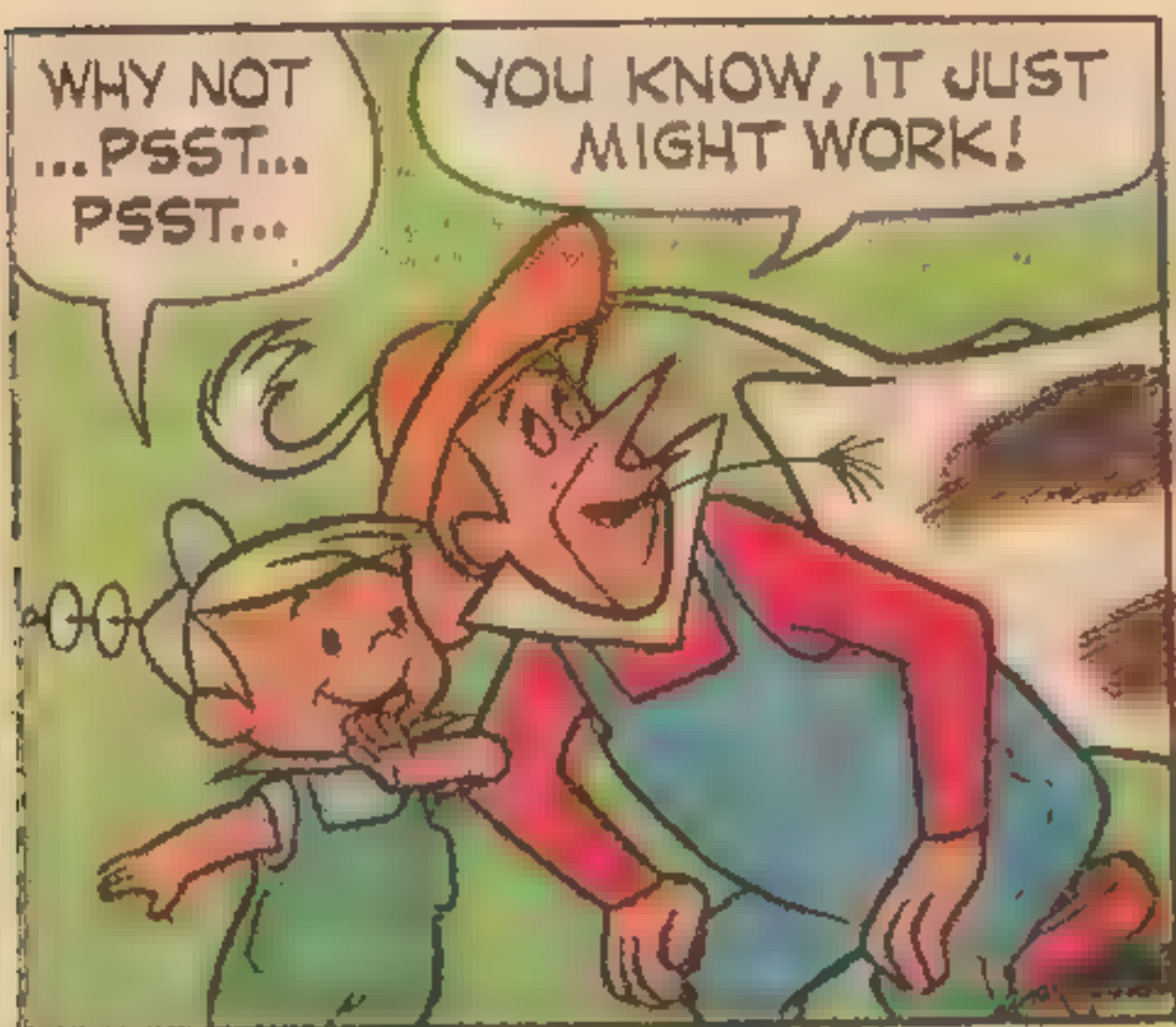
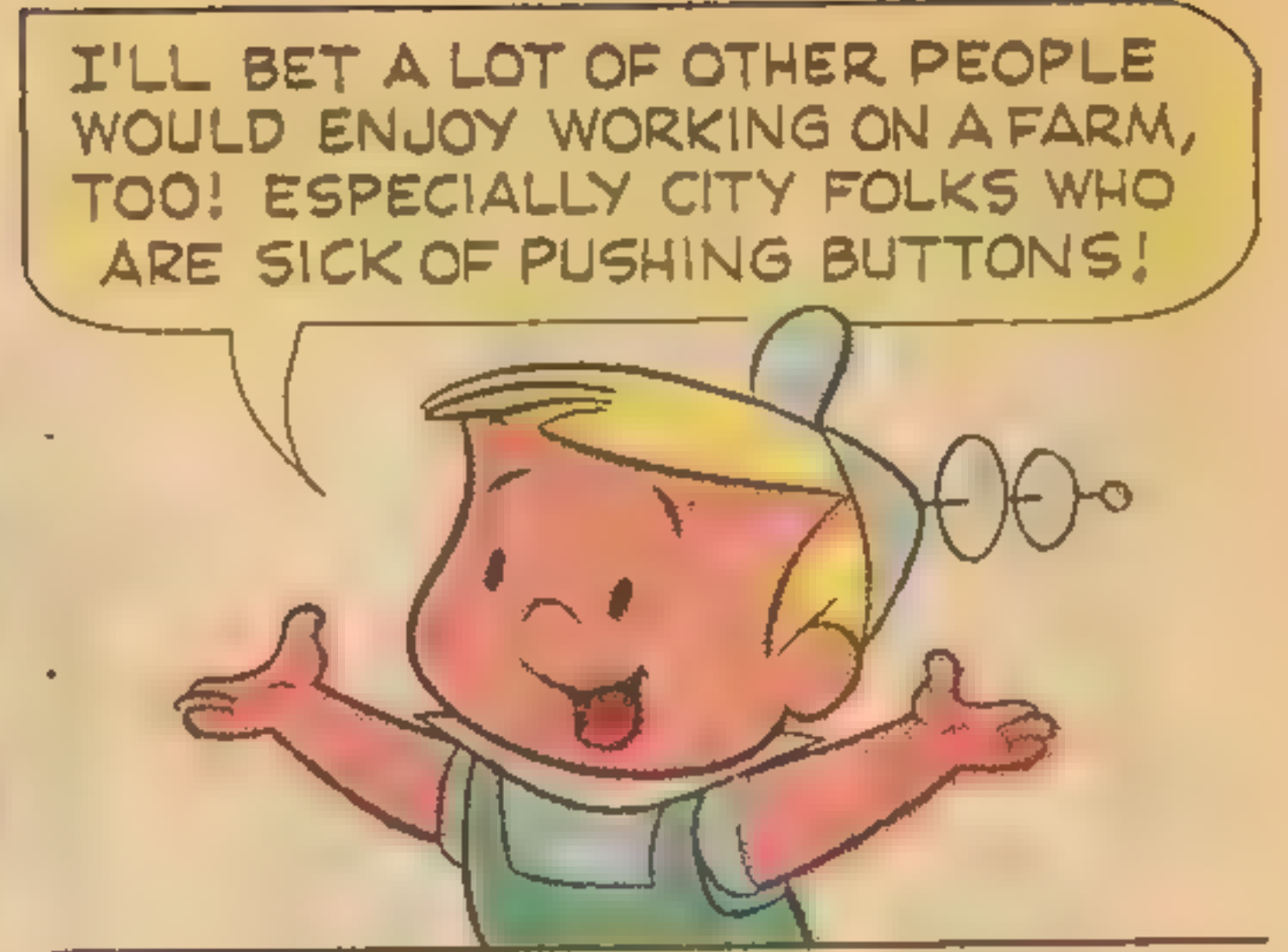
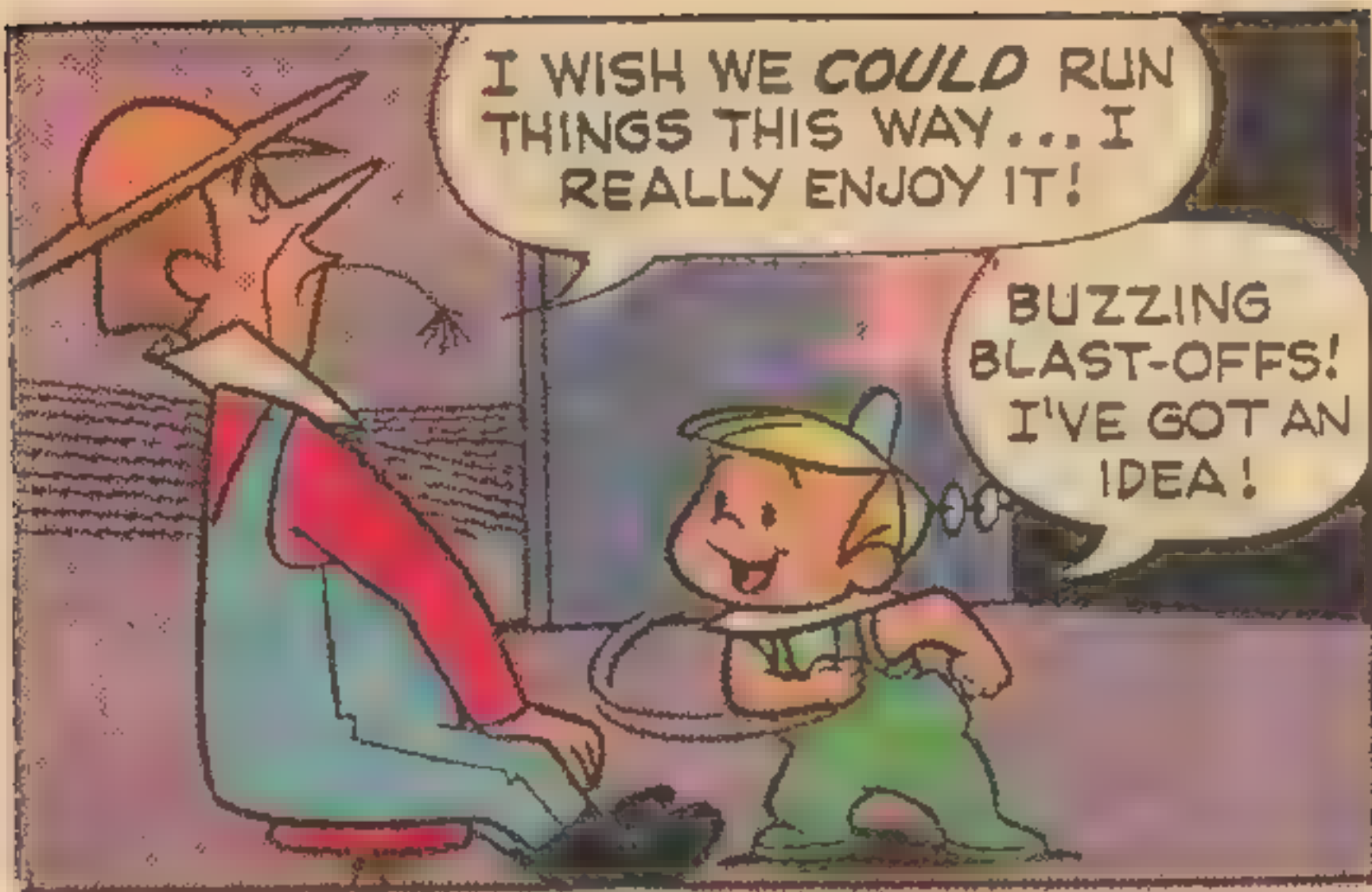


THOSE ARE THE
AUTOMATIC FEEDERS!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!





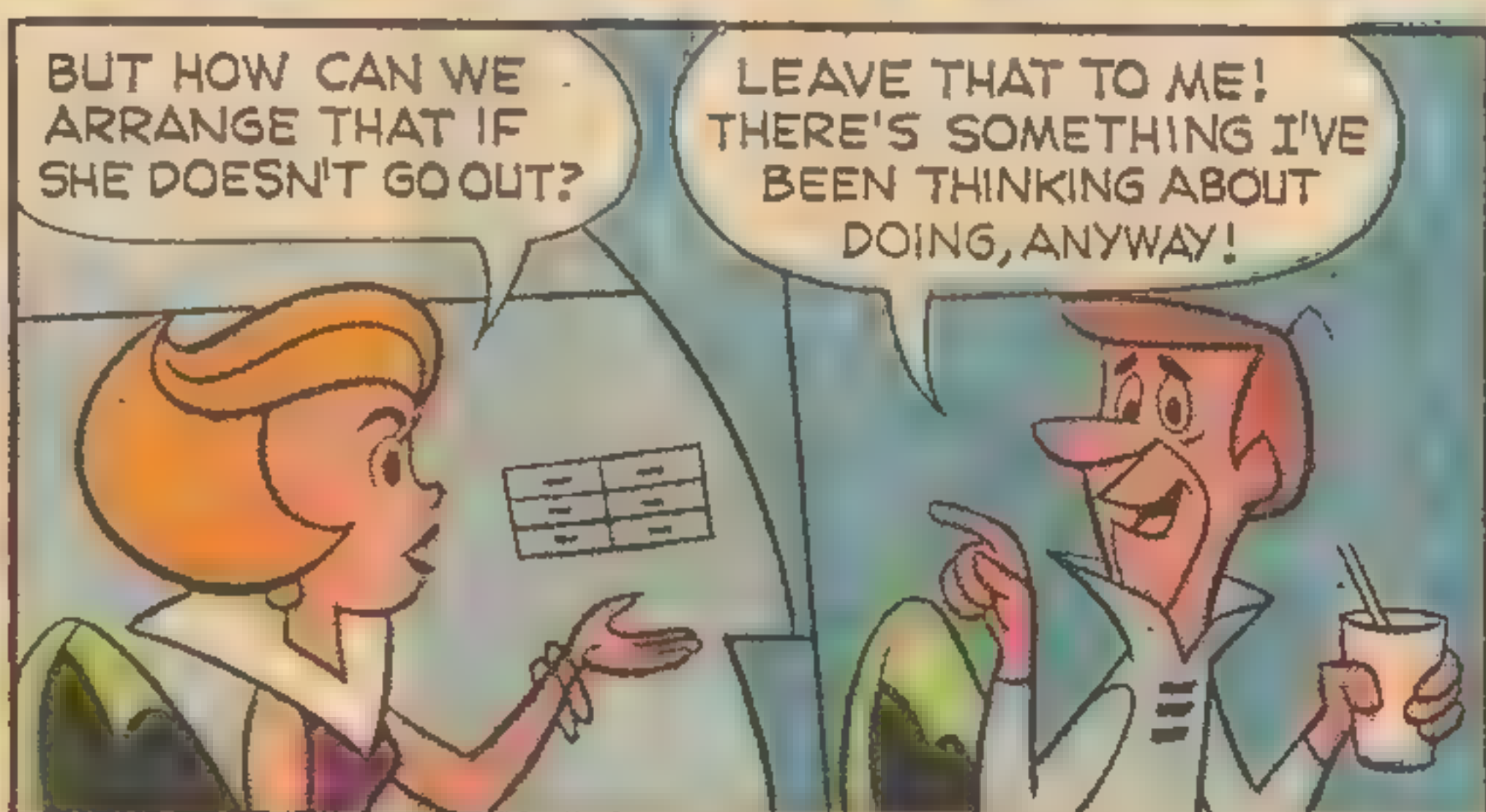
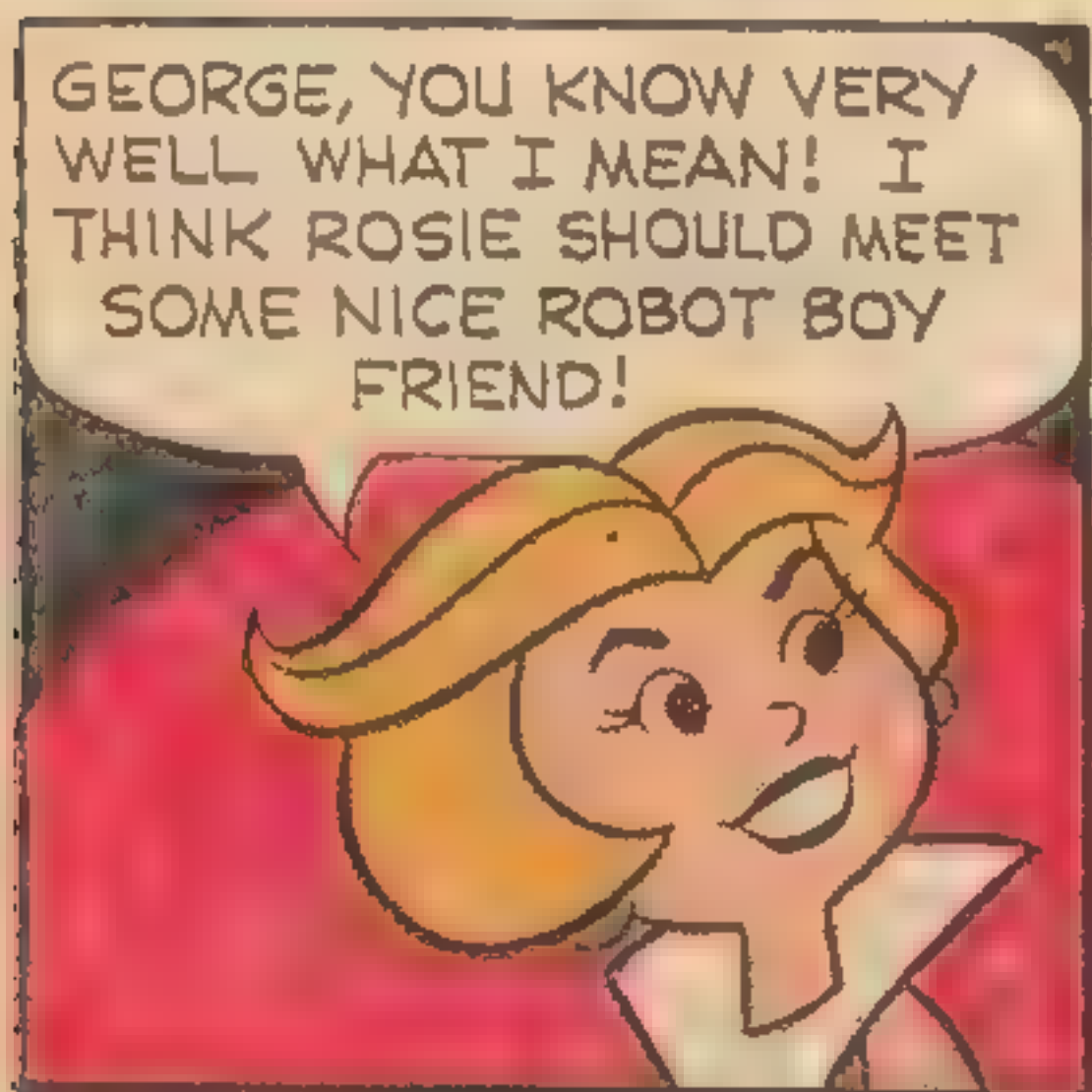
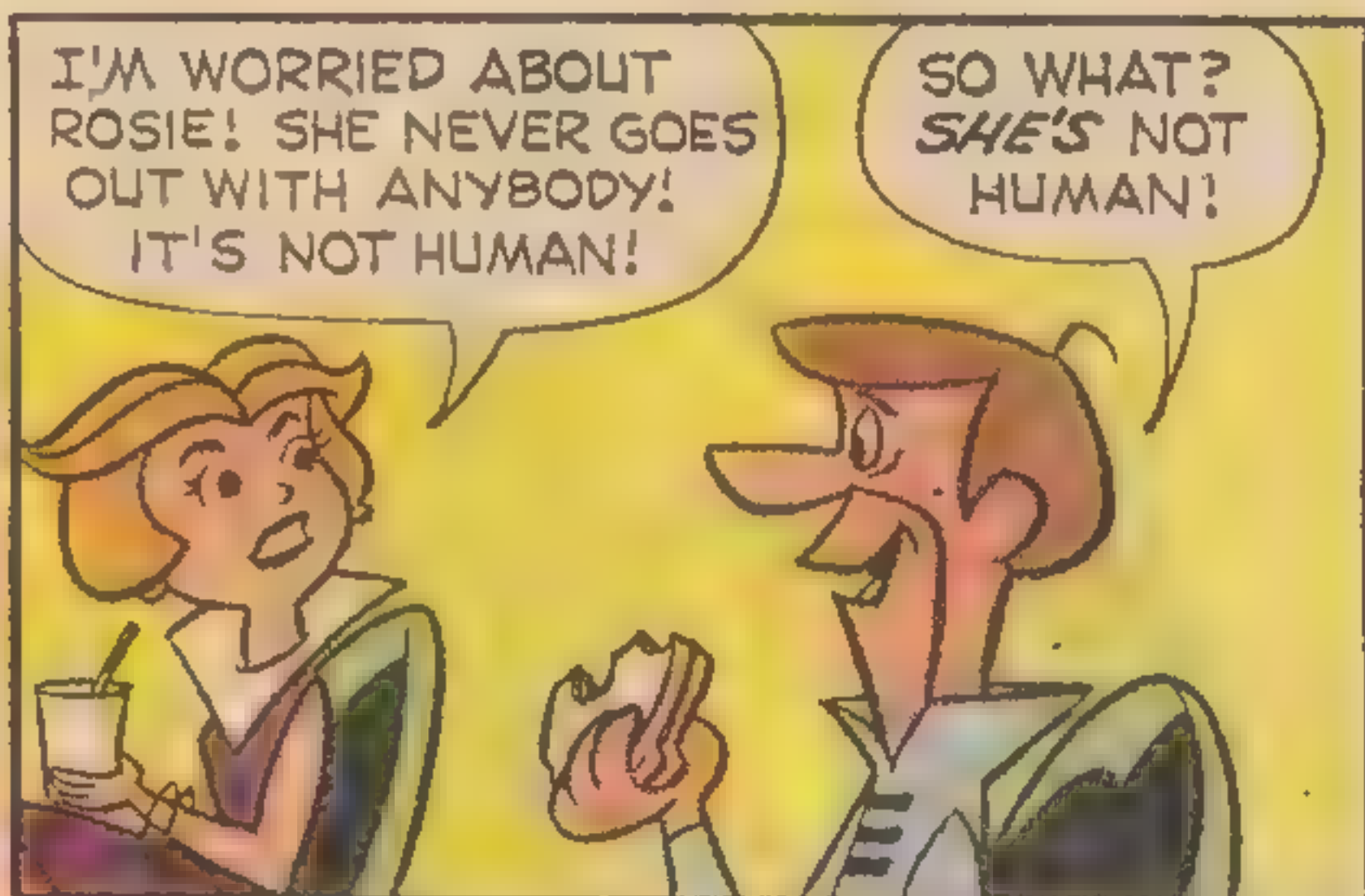
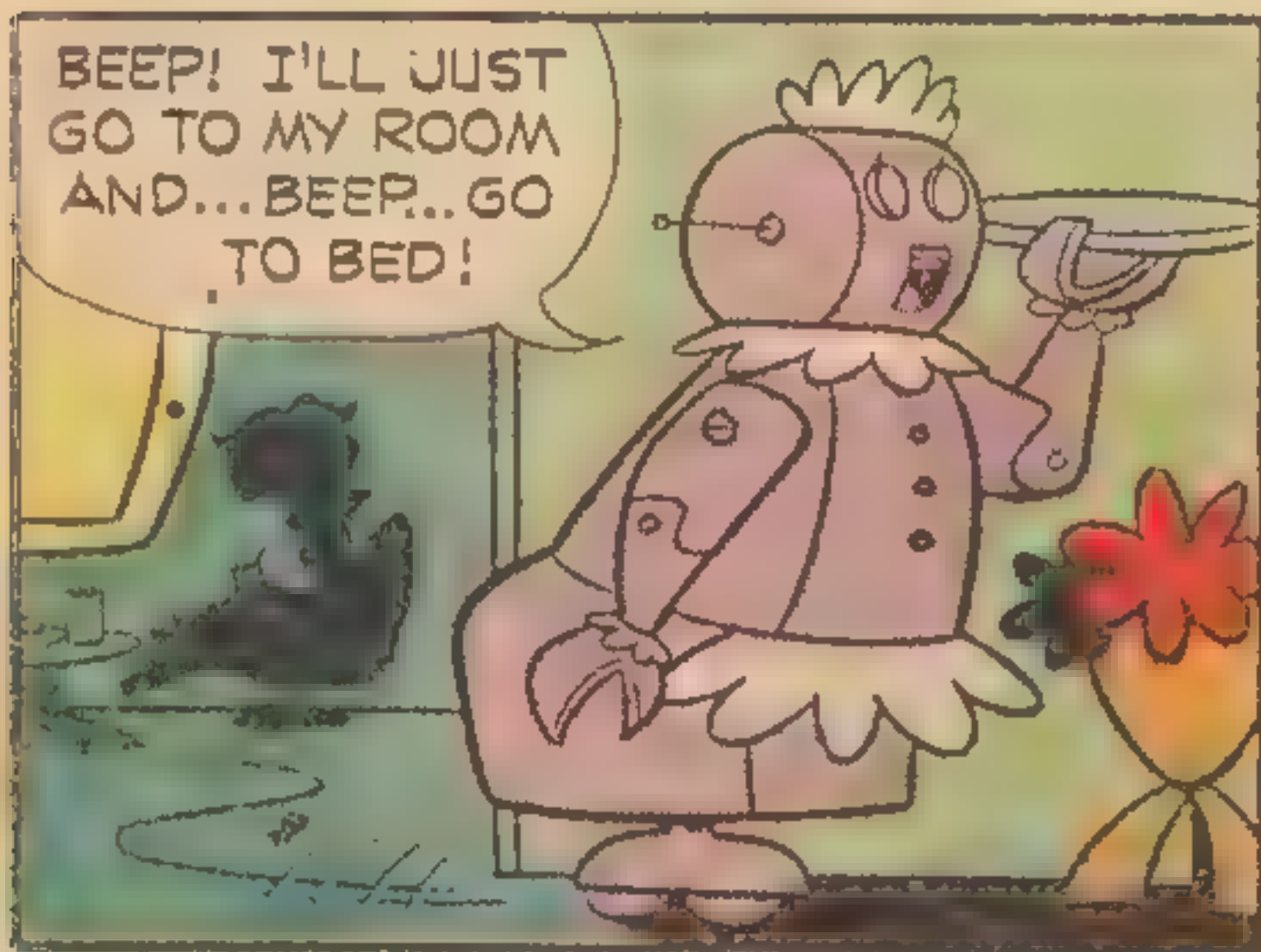
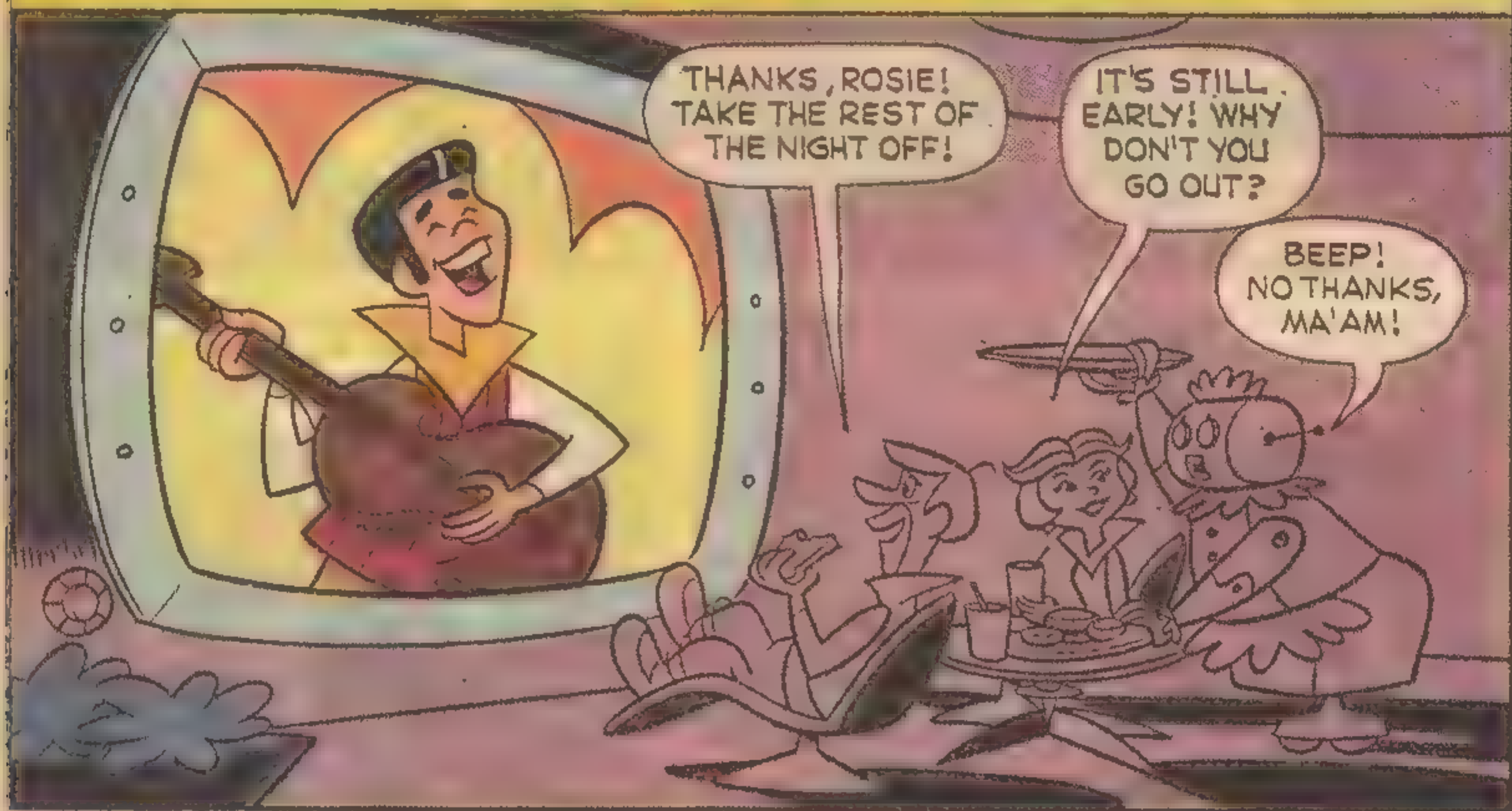




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The **JETSONS**

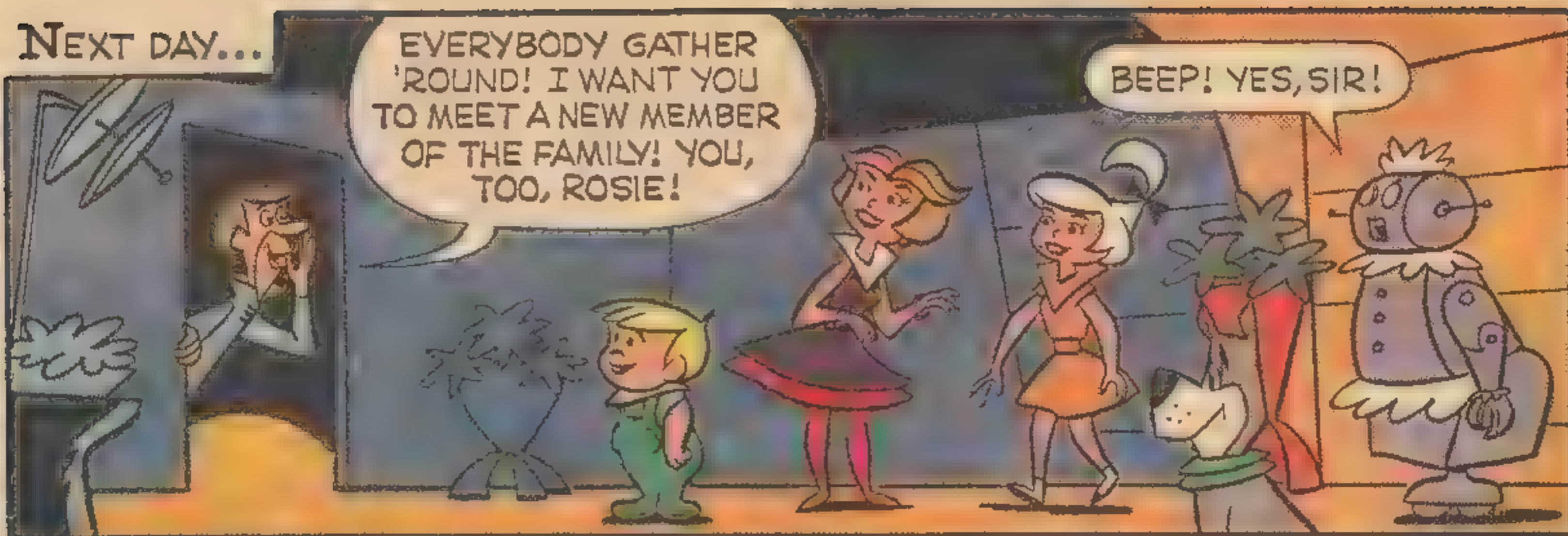
MAID OF METAL



NEXT DAY...

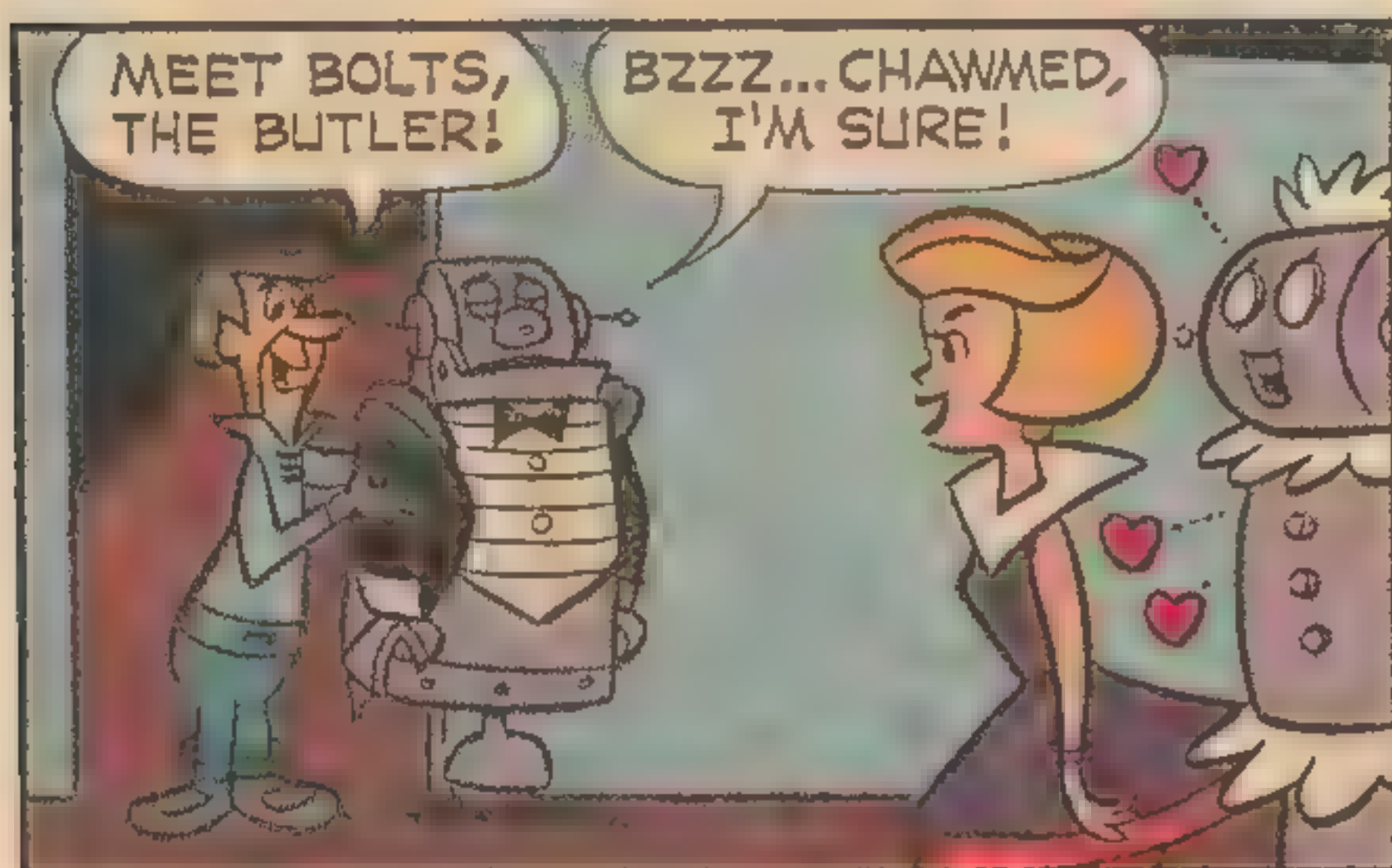
EVERYBODY GATHER 'ROUND! I WANT YOU TO MEET A NEW MEMBER OF THE FAMILY! YOU, TOO, ROSIE!

BEEP! YES, SIR!



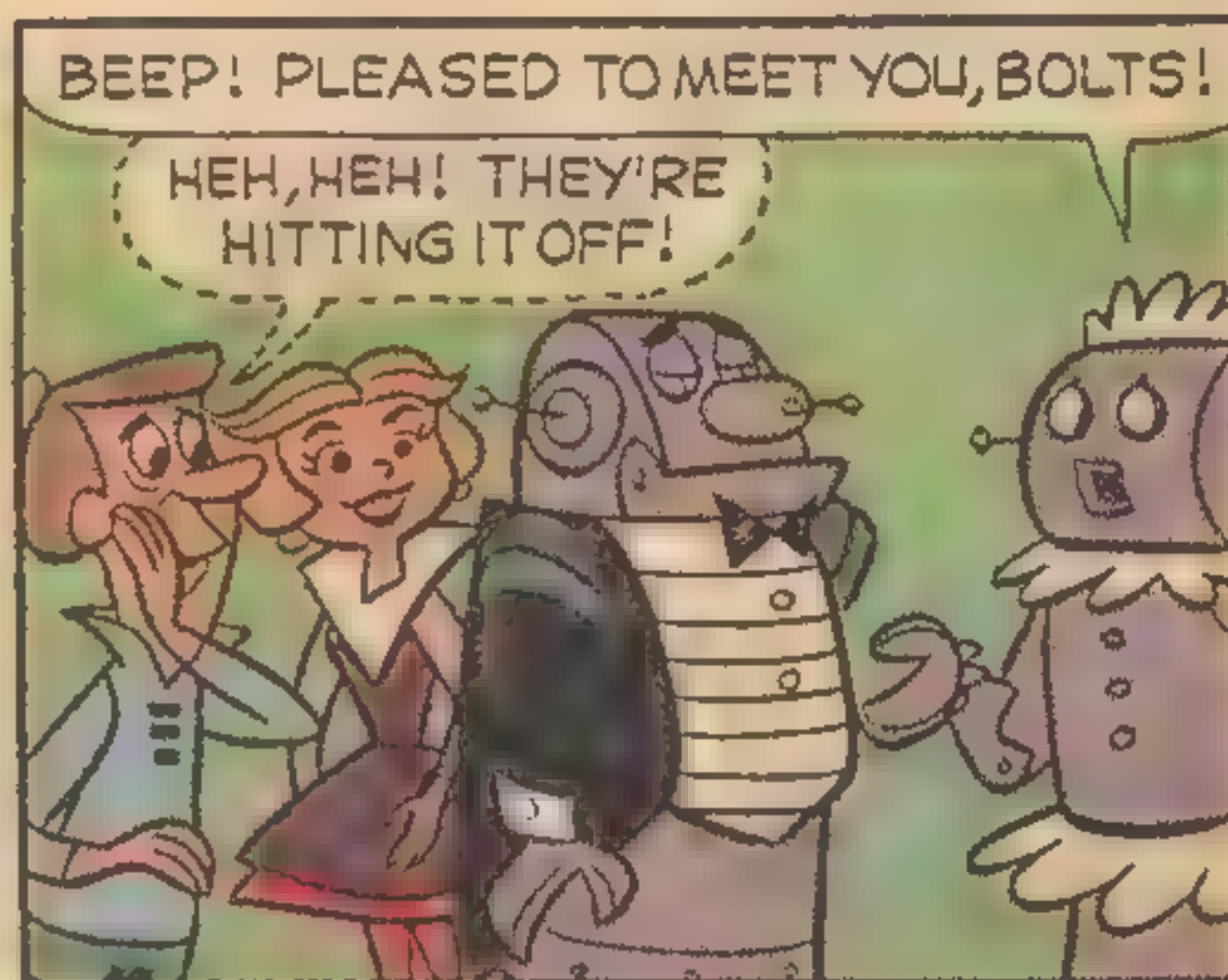
MEET BOLTS, THE BUTLER!

BZZZ...CHAWMED, I'M SURE!



BEEP! PLEASED TO MEET YOU, BOLTS!

HEH, HEH! THEY'RE HITTING IT OFF!



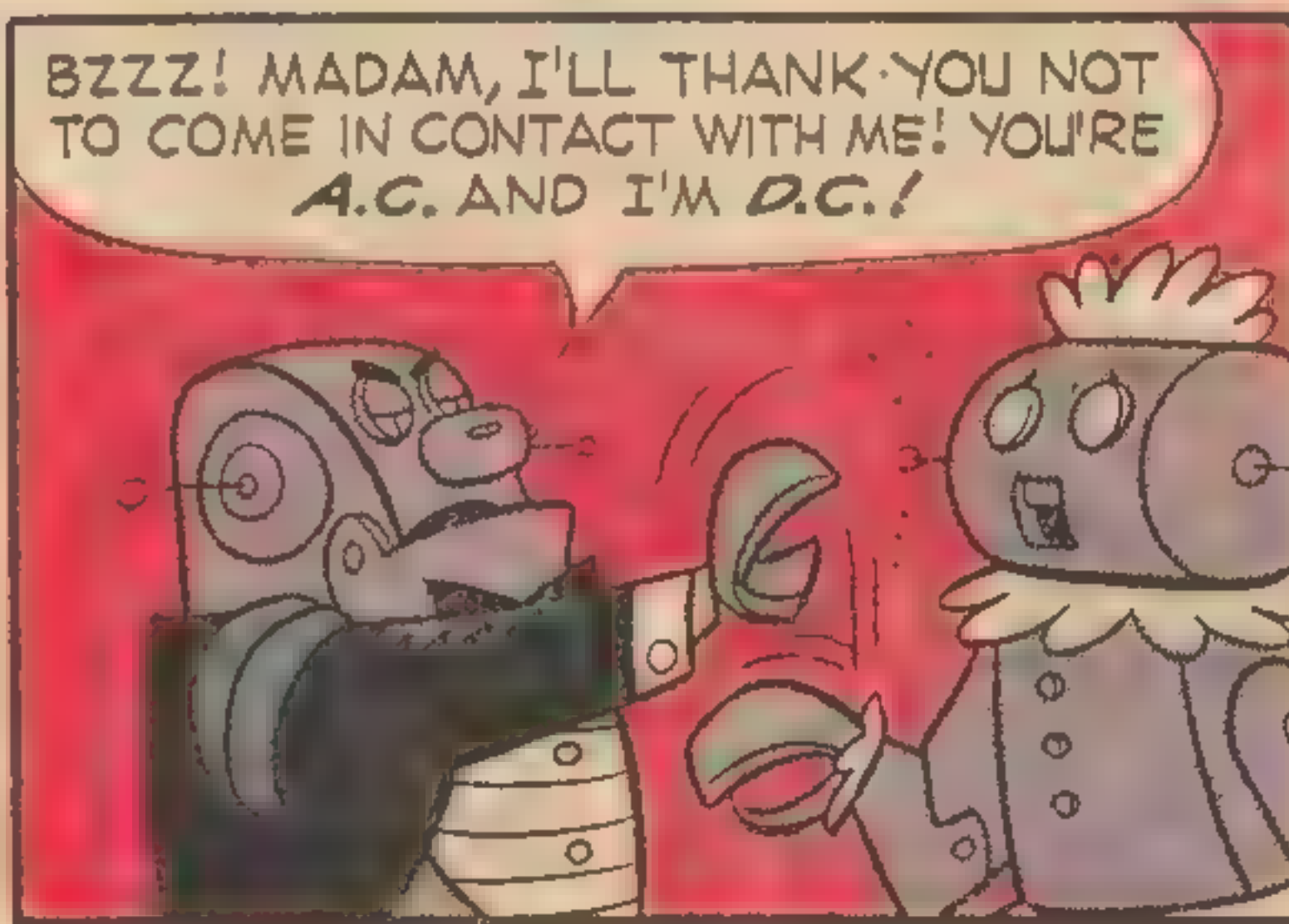
EGAD!

EEEK!

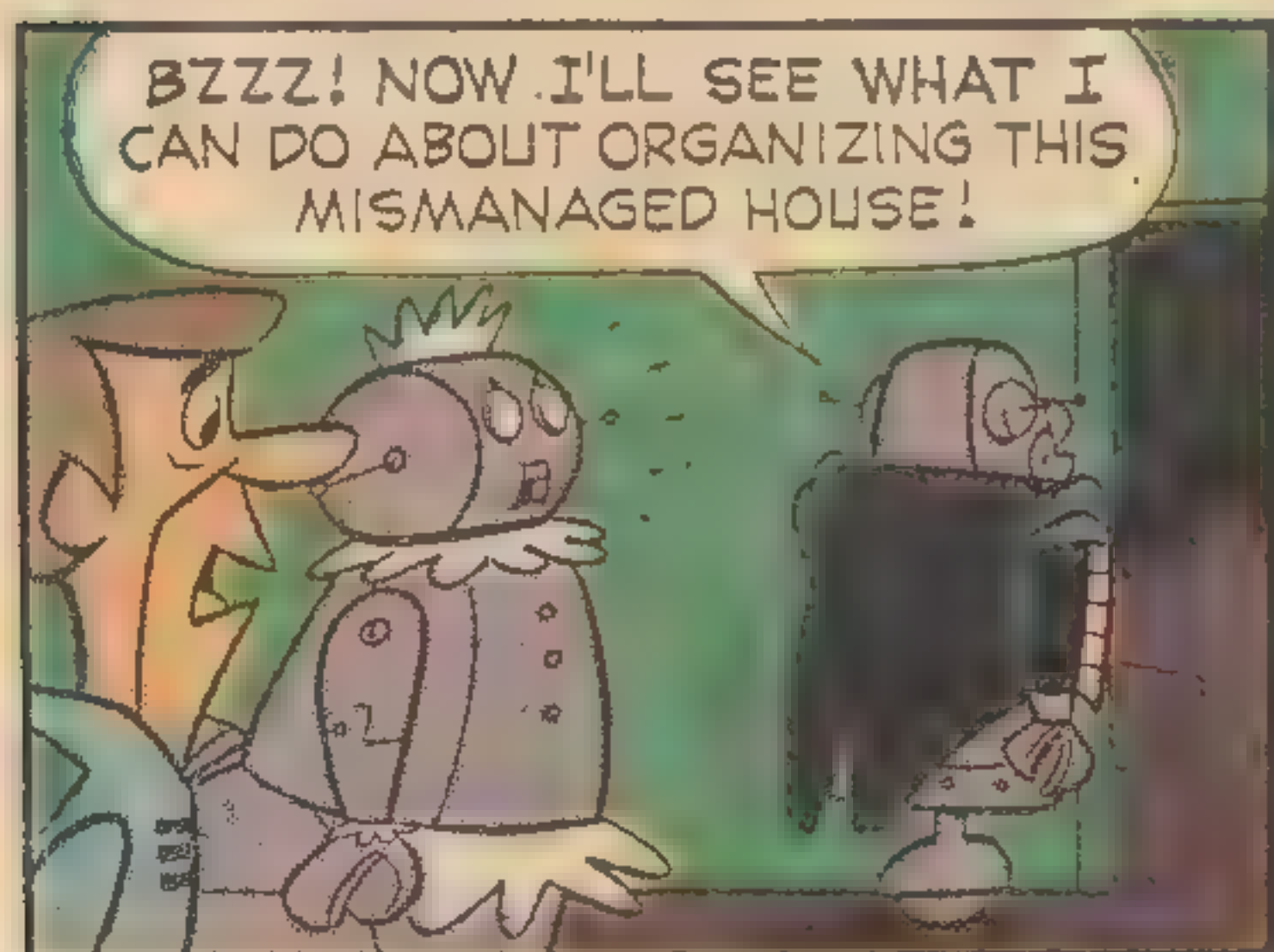
SPARK!



BZZZ! MADAM, I'LL THANK YOU NOT TO COME IN CONTACT WITH ME! YOU'RE A.C. AND I'M D.C.!

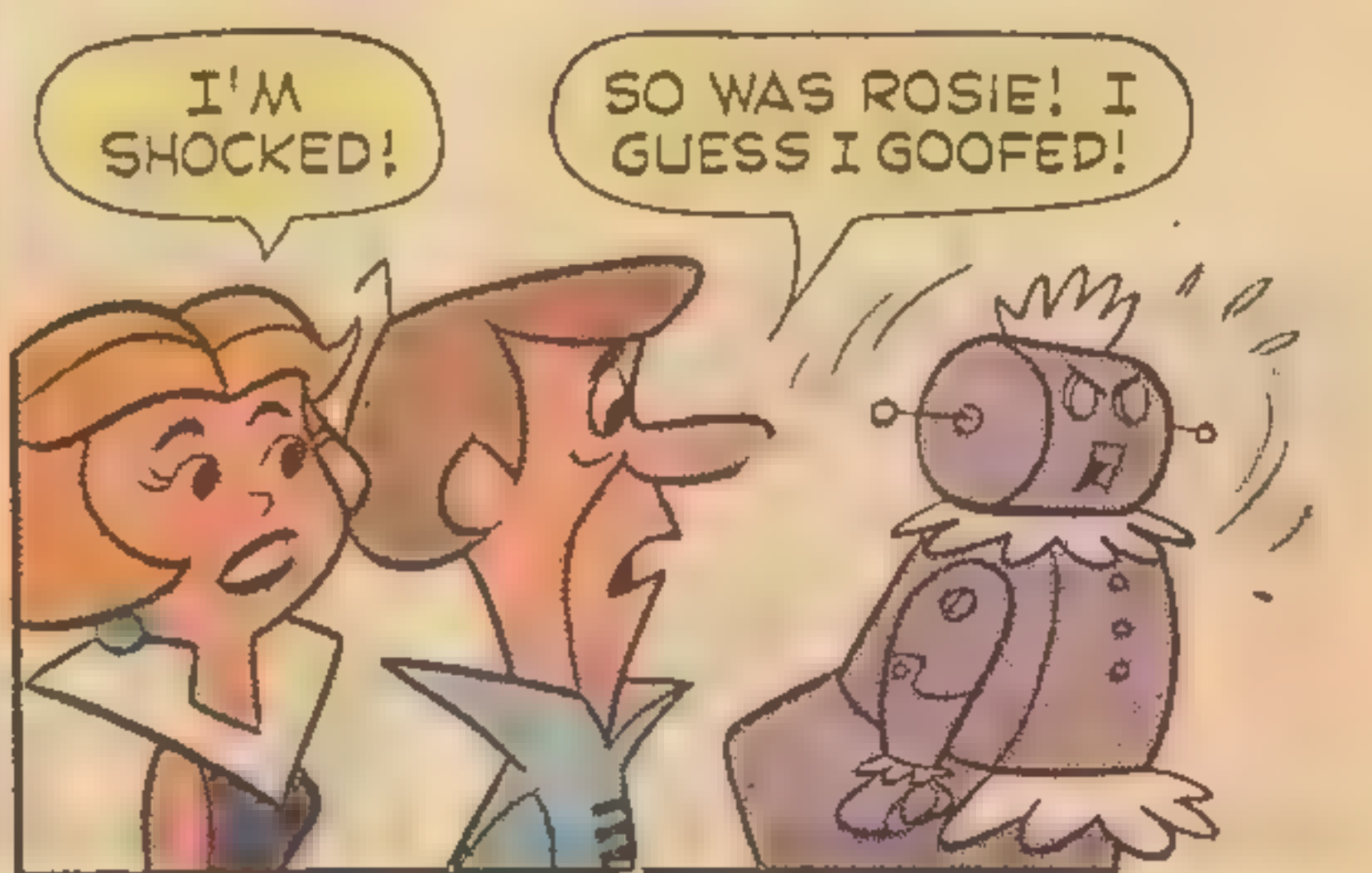


BZZZ! NOW I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT ORGANIZING THIS MISMANAGED HOUSE!

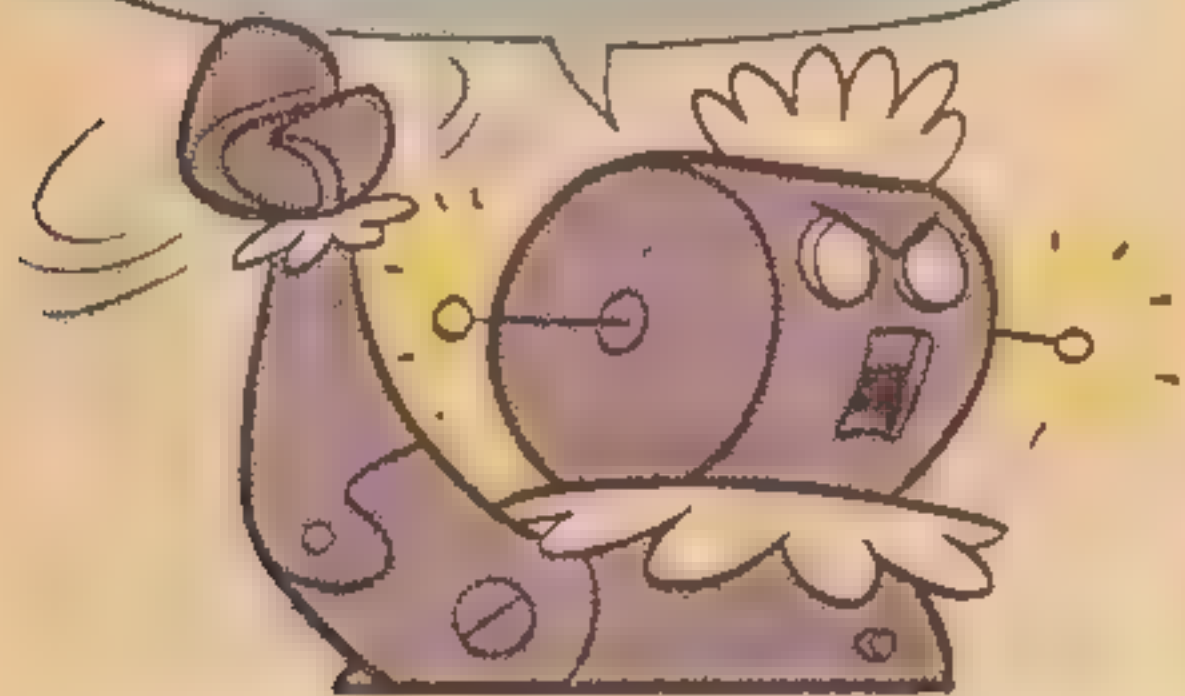


I'M SHOCKED!

SO WAS ROSIE! I GUESS I GOOFED!



BEEP! I'M SO MAD I COULD SHORT-CIRCUIT! BEEP! HOW DARE HE SUGGEST HE CAN RUN THIS HOUSE BETTER THAN I CAN?



(ULP!) LOOKS LIKE I PROMOTED A FEUD INSTEAD OF A FRIENDSHIP!

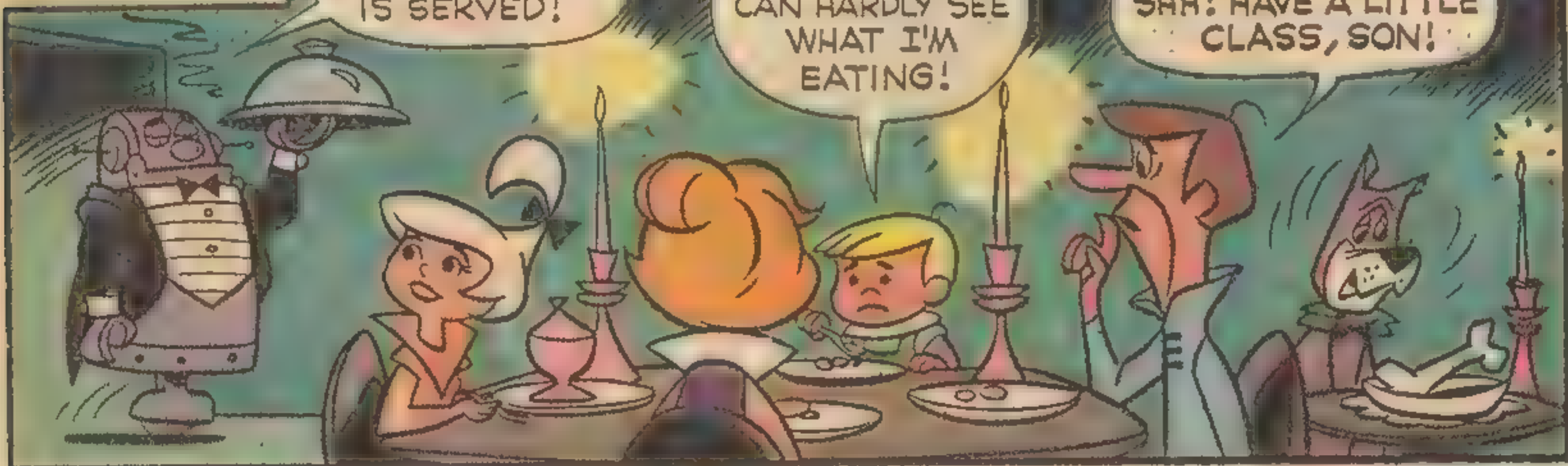


THAT NIGHT...

BZZZ! DINNER IS SERVED!

GEE, POP! I CAN HARDLY SEE WHAT I'M EATING!

SHH! HAVE A LITTLE CLASS, SON!

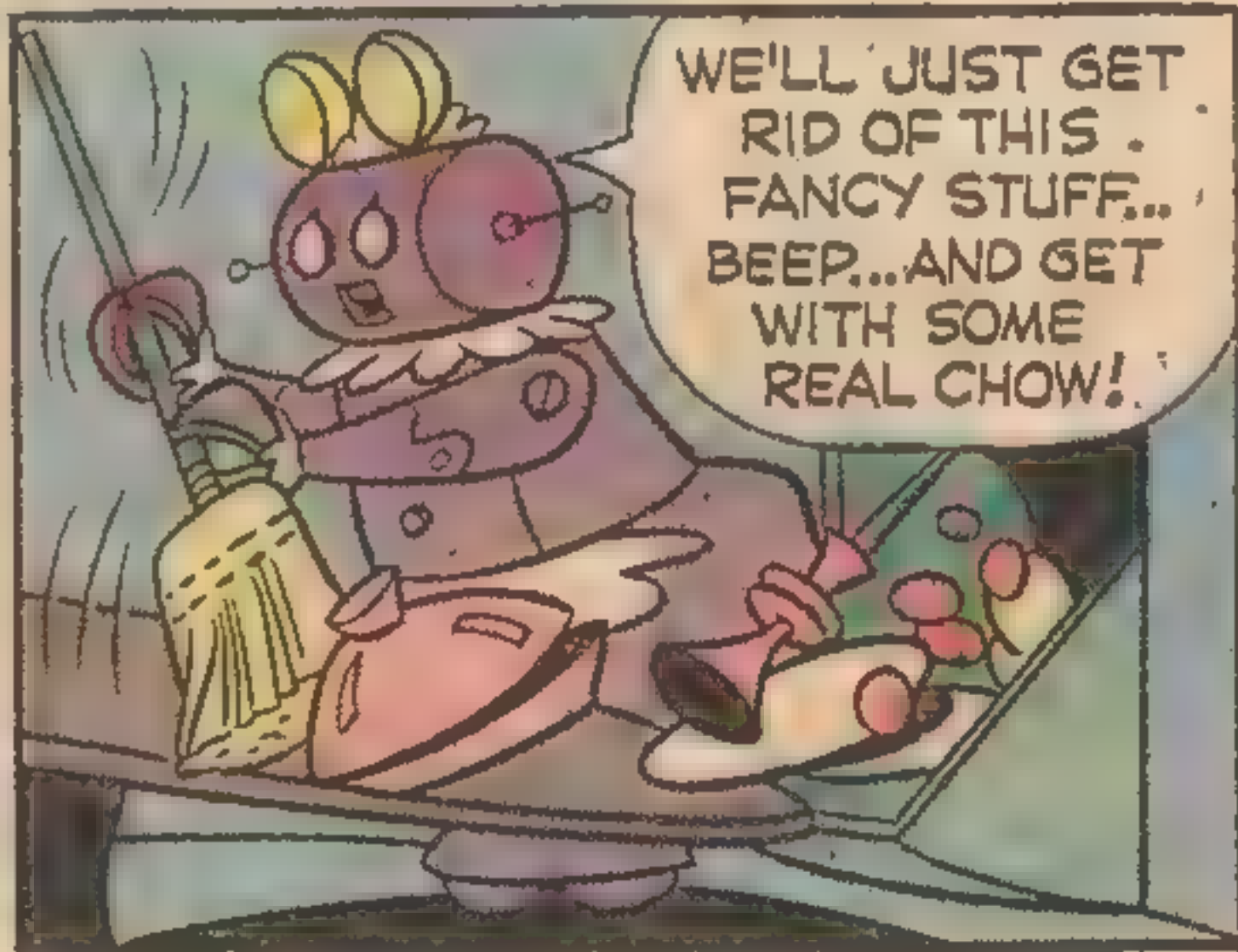


OKAY, FOLKS! BEEP! HERE COMES ROSIE TO THROW A LITTLE LIGHT ON THINGS!

HOO-RAY!

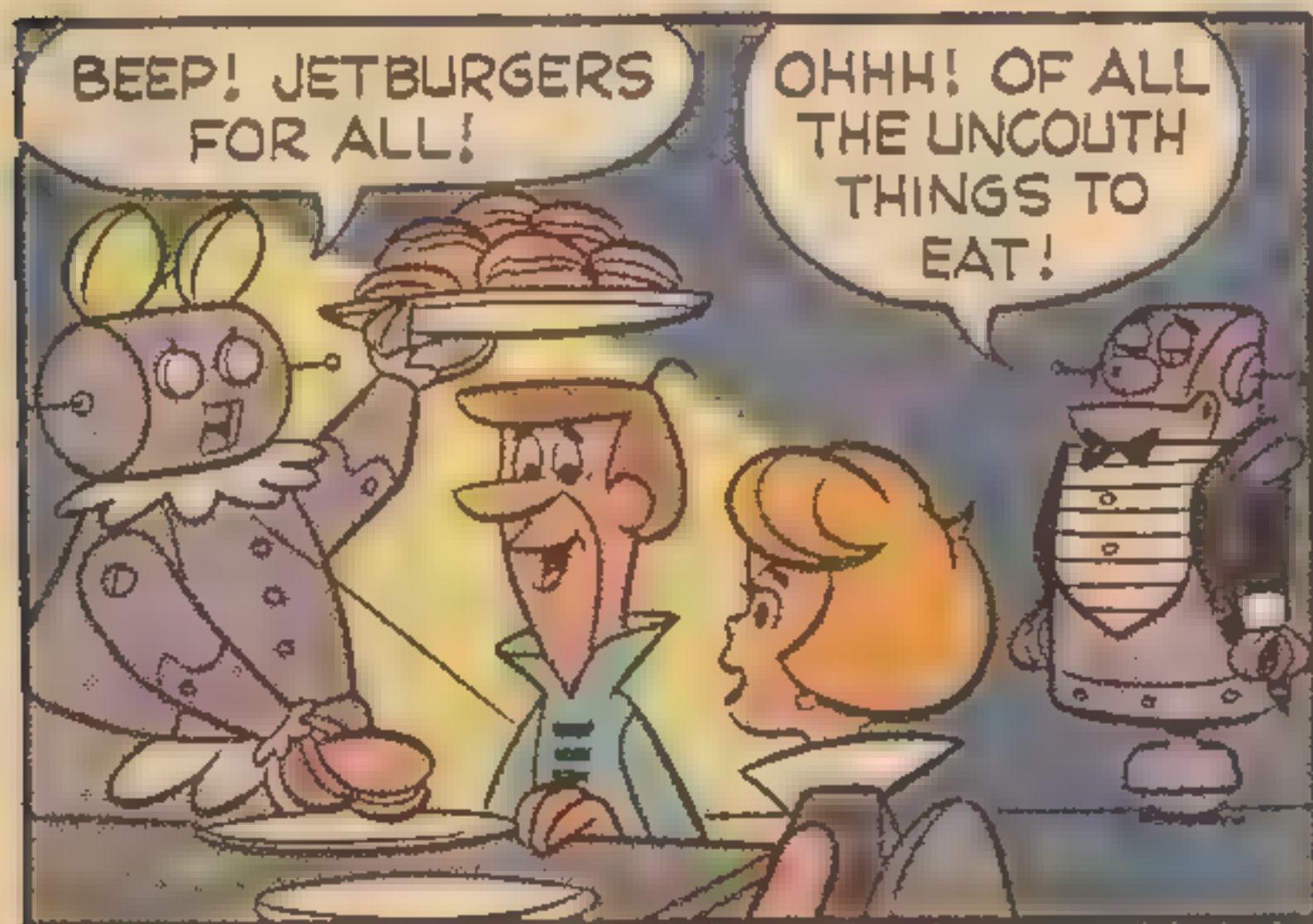


WE'LL JUST GET RID OF THIS FANCY STUFF... BEEP... AND GET WITH SOME REAL CHOW!



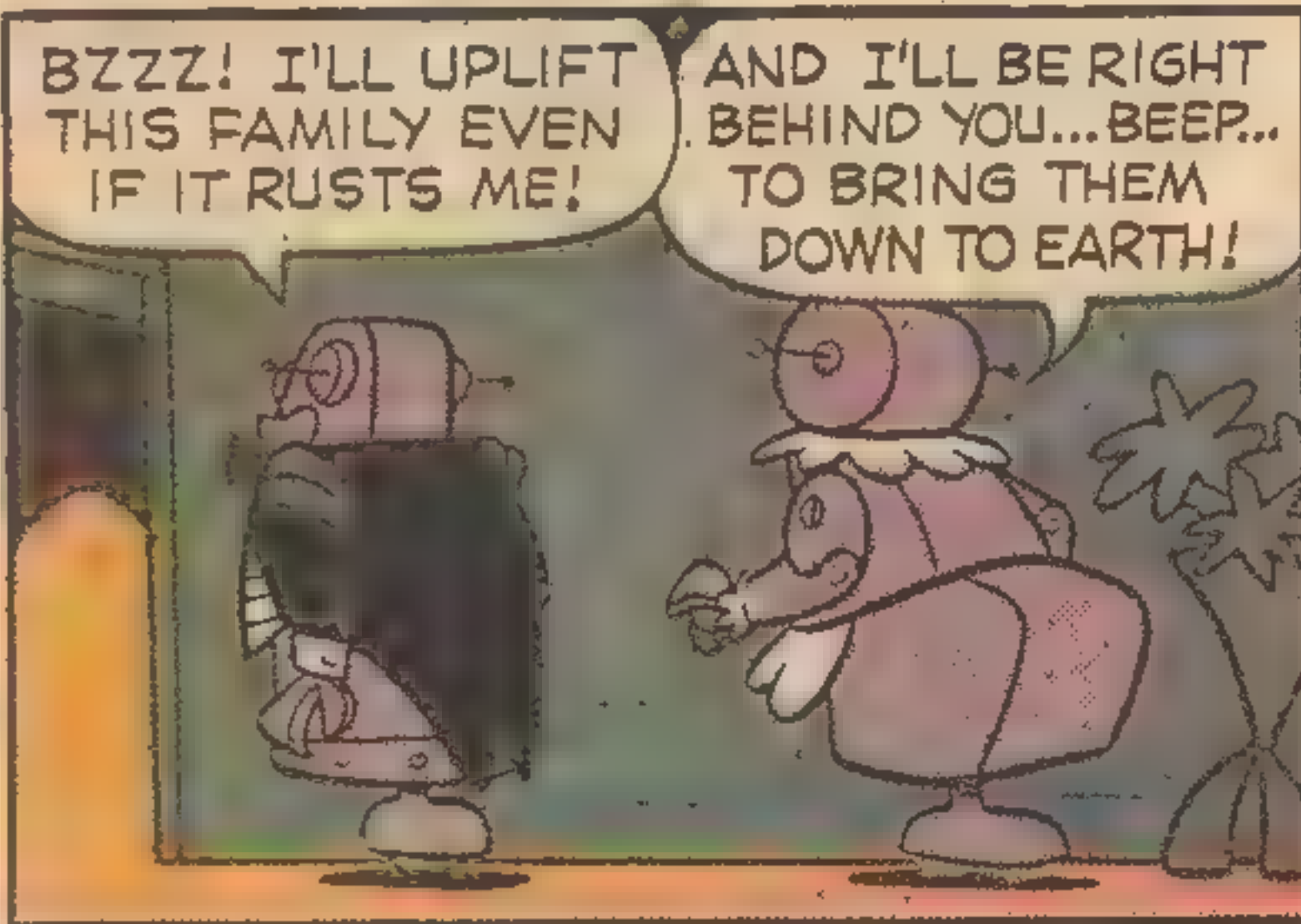
BEEP! JETBURGERS FOR ALL!

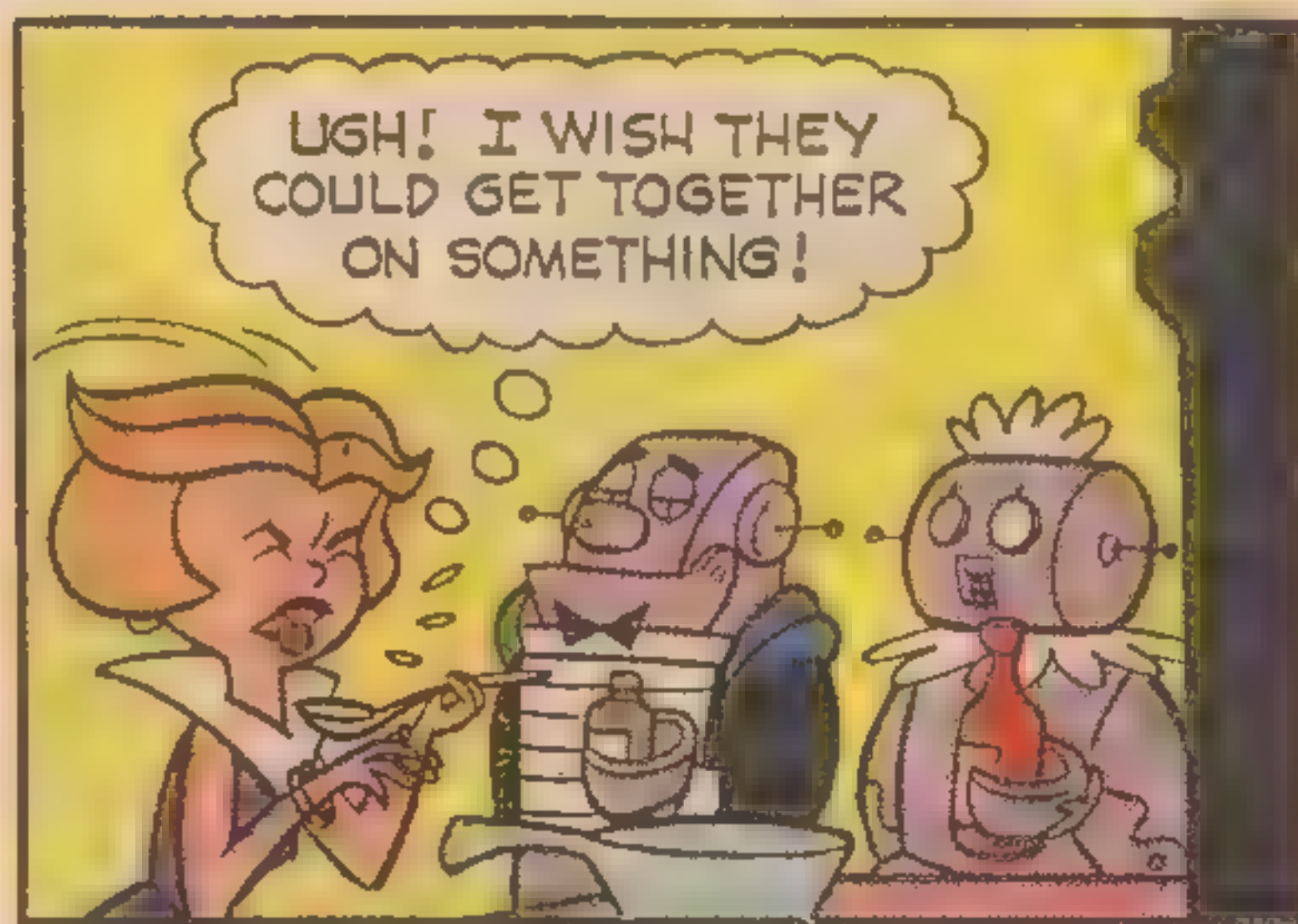
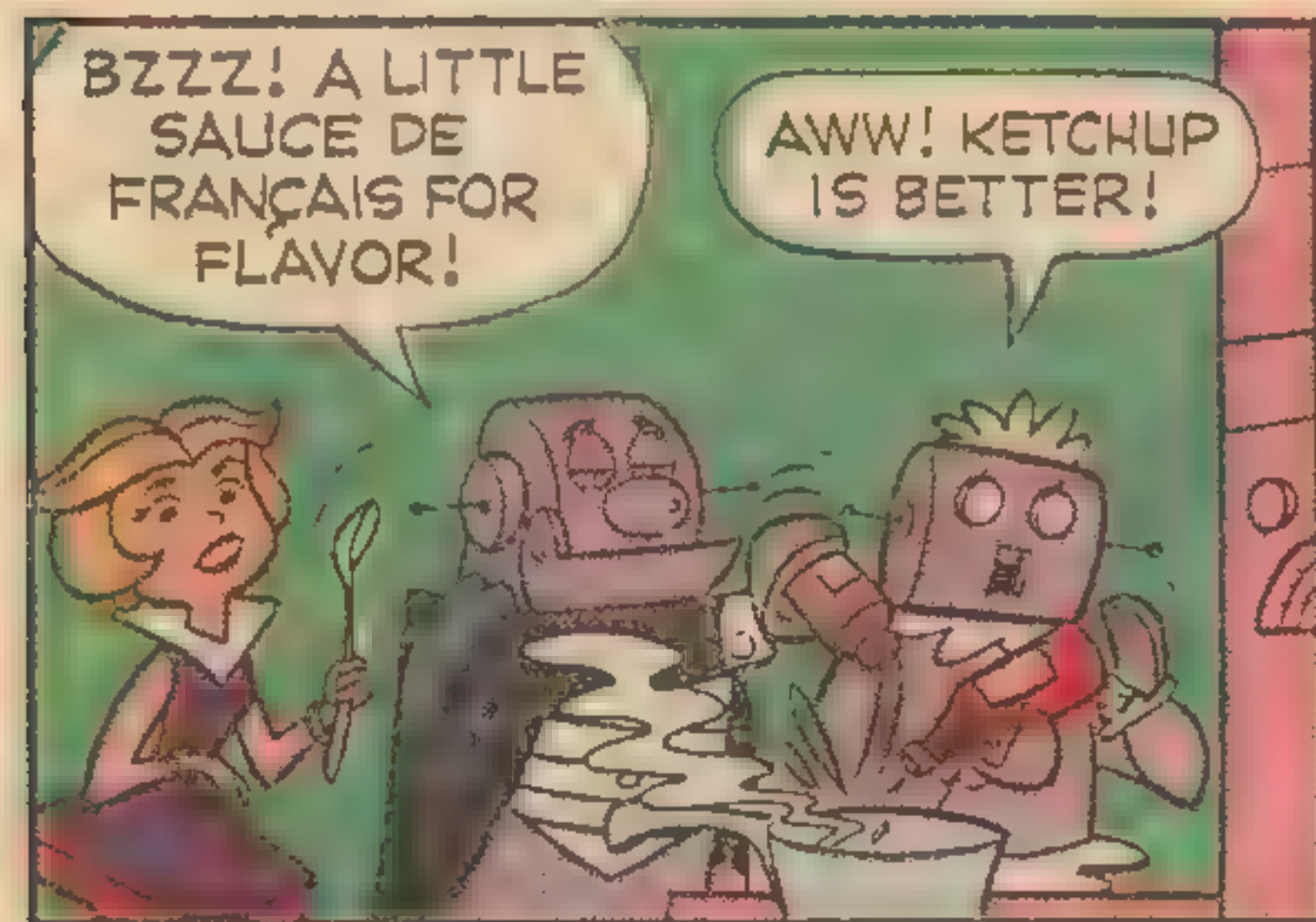
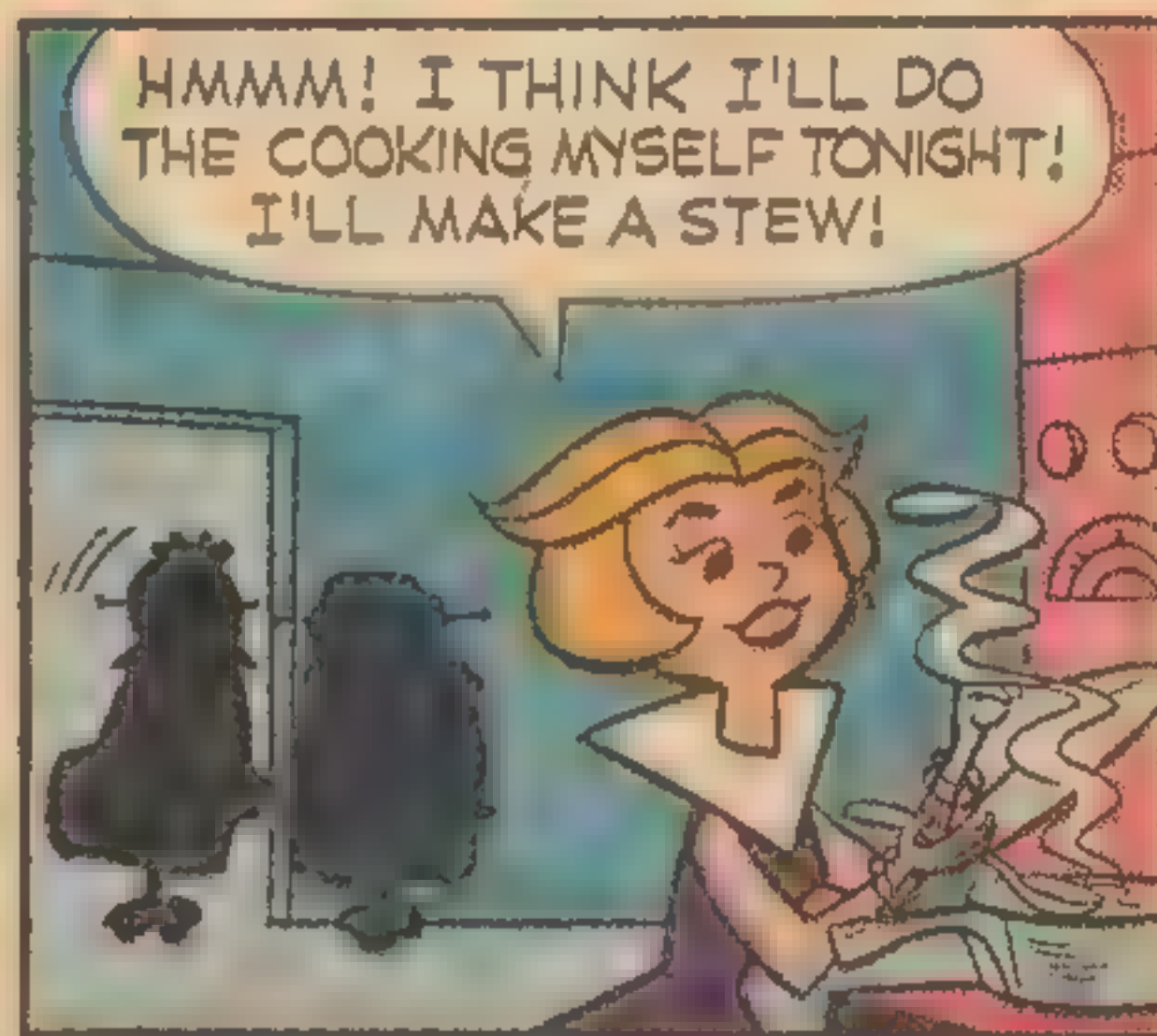
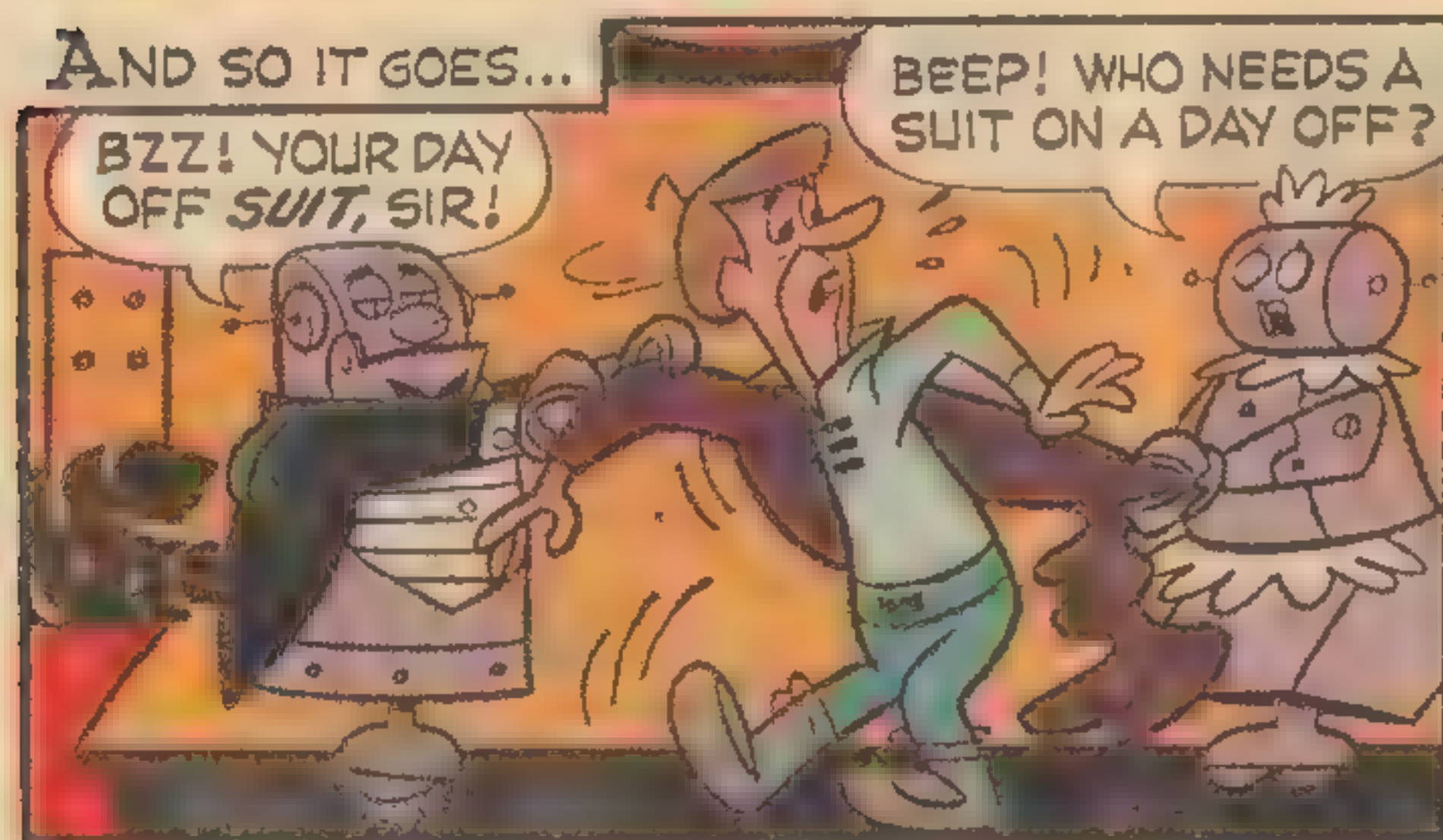
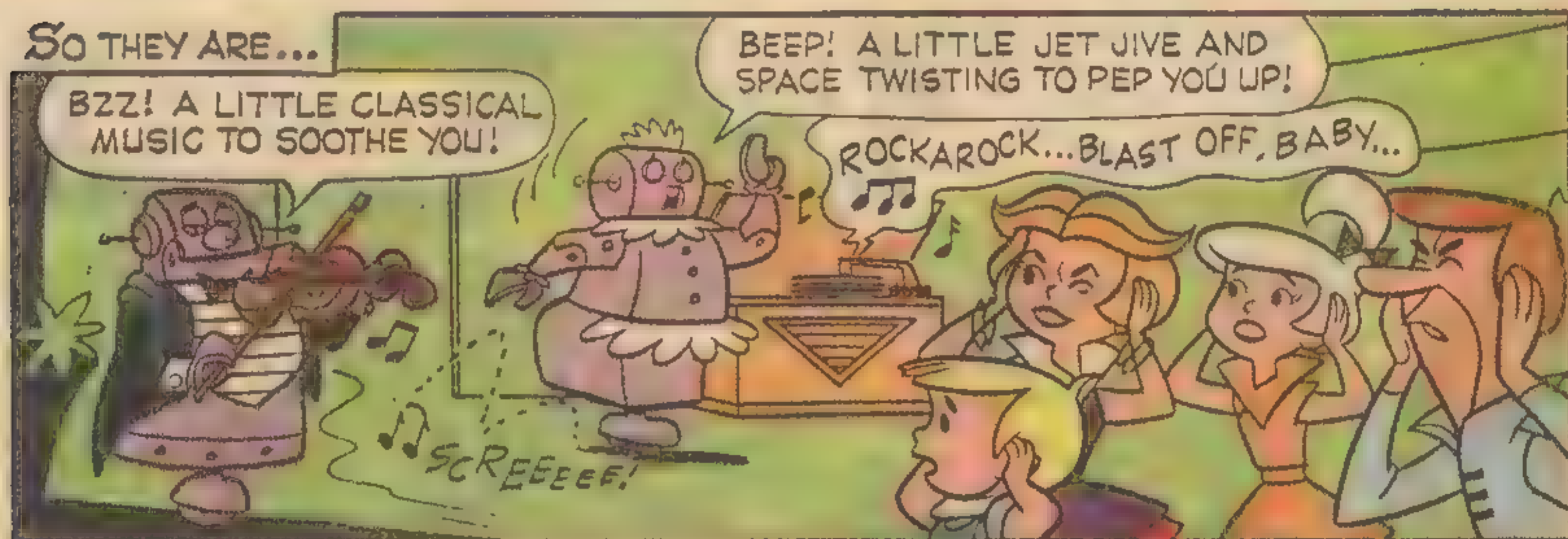
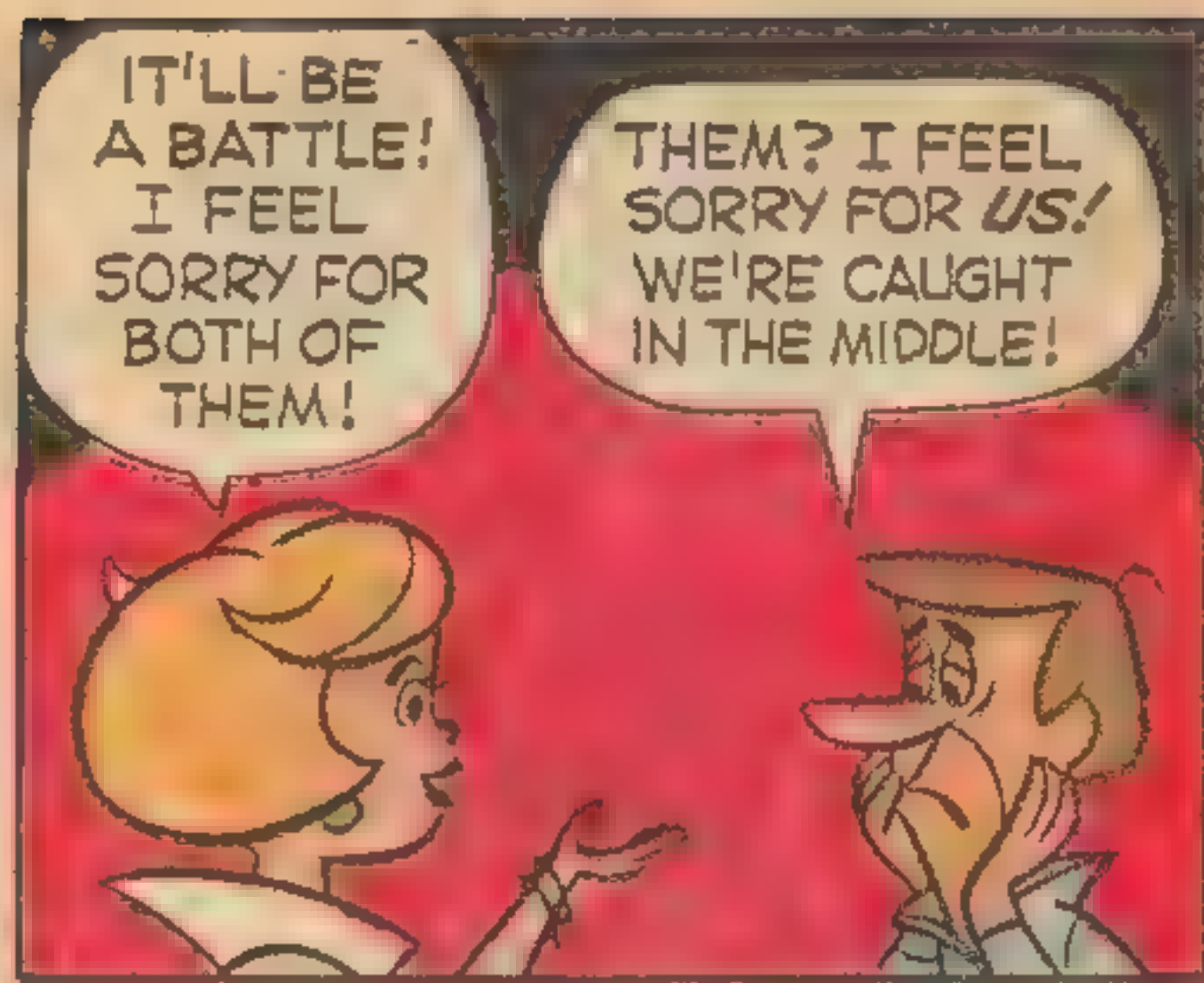
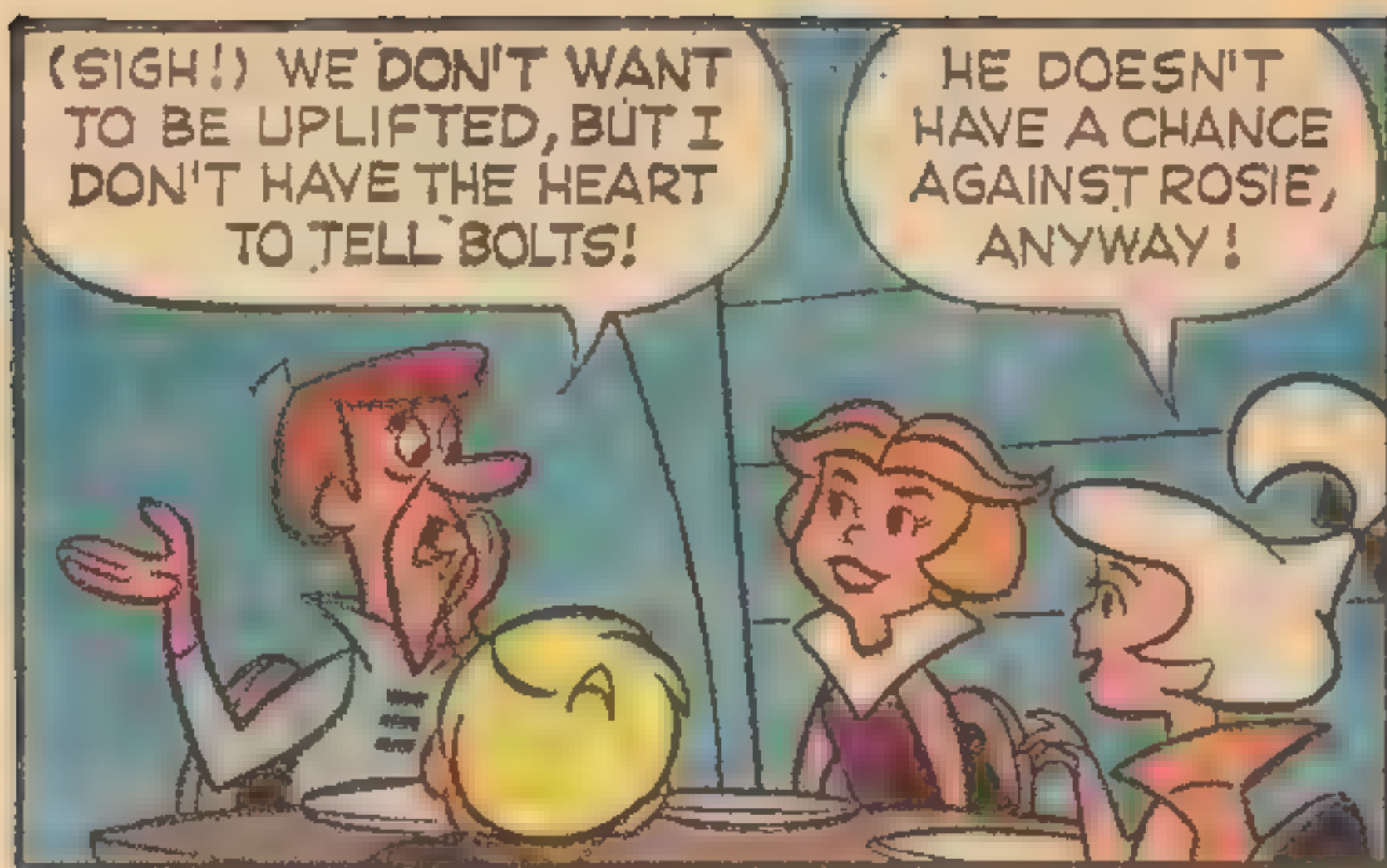
OHhh! OF ALL THE UNCOUTH THINGS TO EAT!



BZZZ! I'LL UPLIFT THIS FAMILY EVEN IF IT RUSTS ME!

AND I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU...BEEP... TO BRING THEM DOWN TO EARTH!





F'INALLY...

I CALLED THIS MEETING BECAUSE WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE...ER, SERVANT PROBLEM!

WE'RE ALL NERVOUS WRECKS!

THIS IS YOUR FAULT, GEORGE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO
ASK BOLTS TO LEAVE!

WOE IS ME!
I HAVEN'T GOT
THE HEART!
I KNOW HE'D
HATE TO
LEAVE!

SIR, I WANT TO
LEAVE! BZZZ!

SWELL! I
MEAN, WHY?

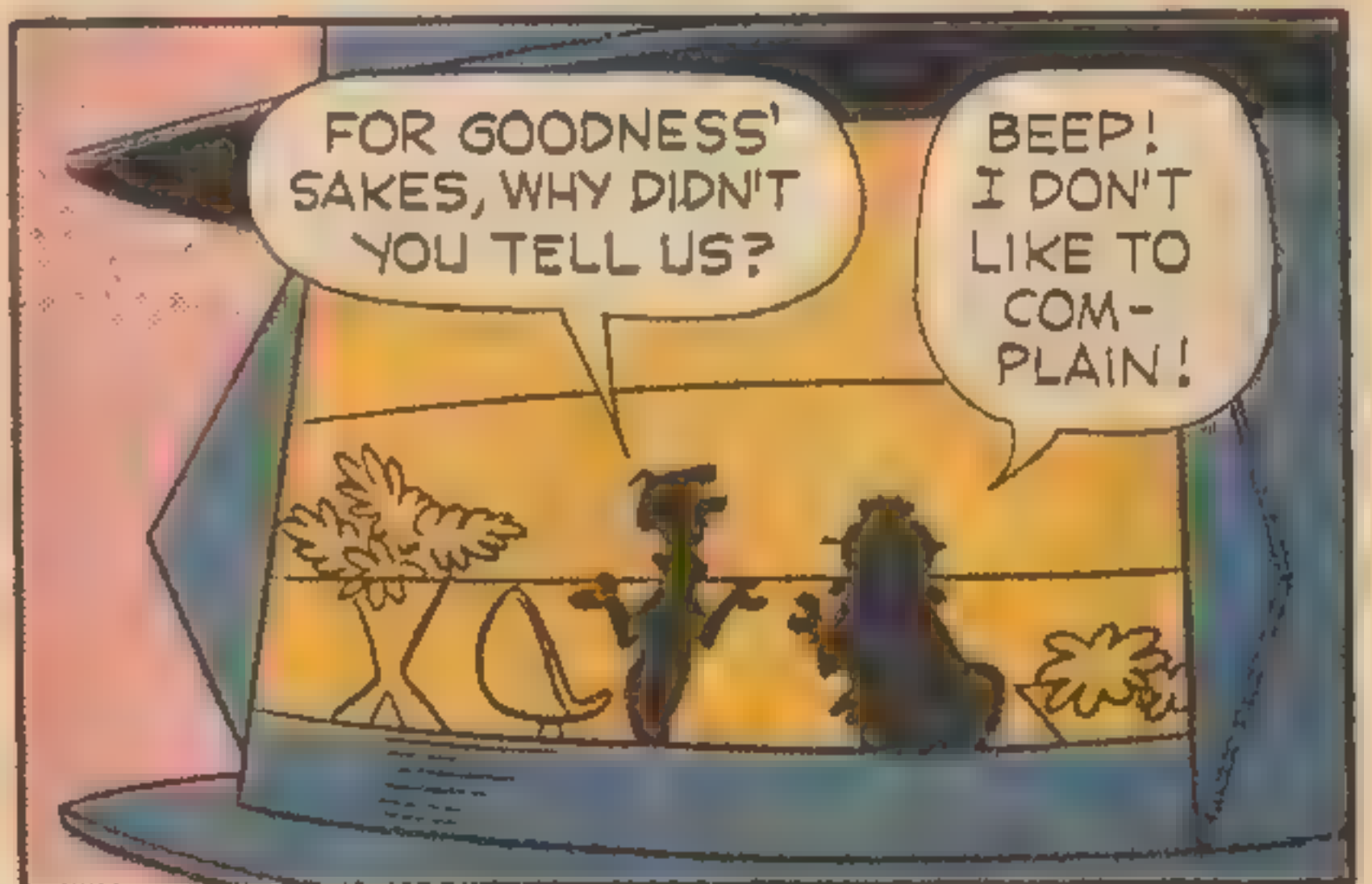
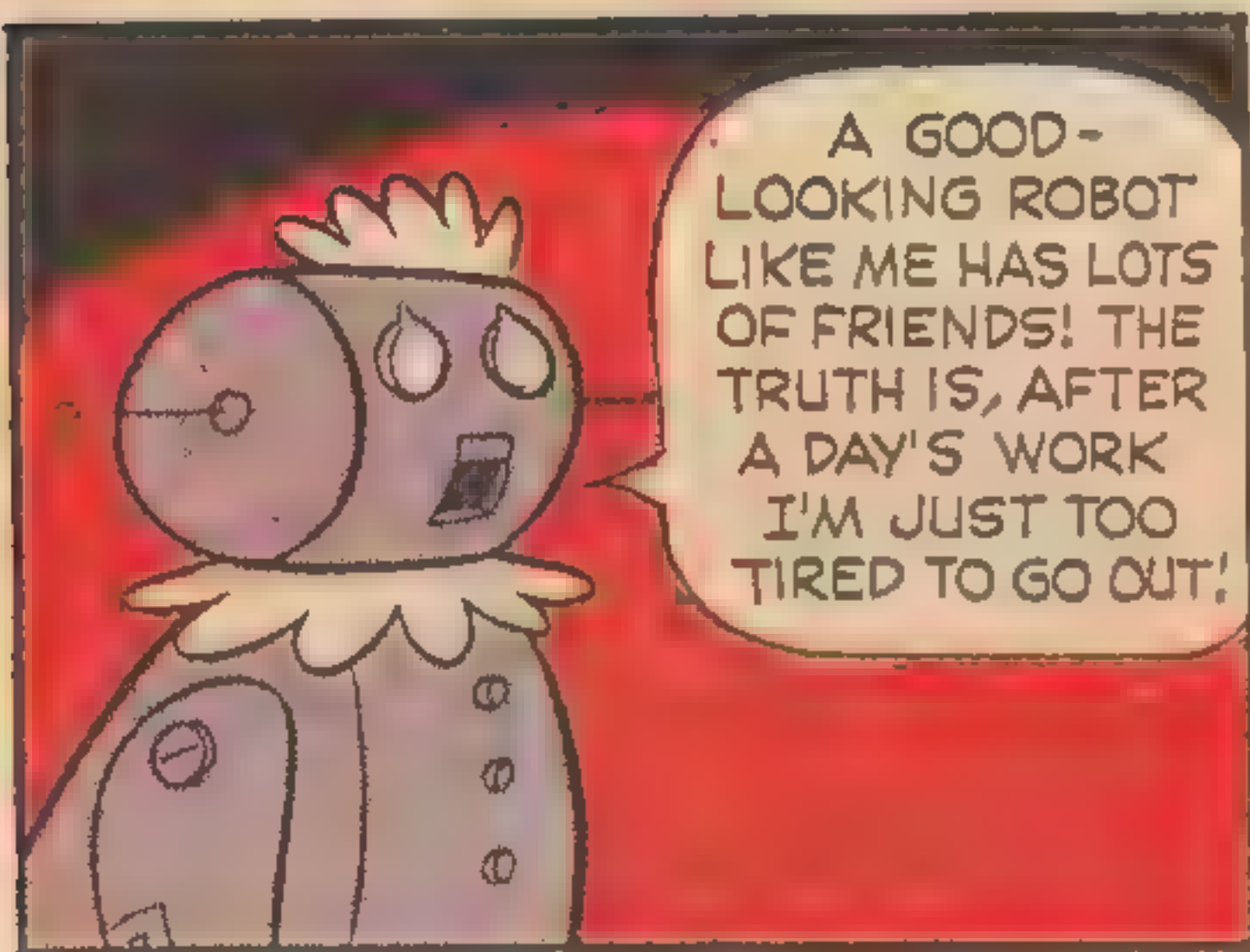
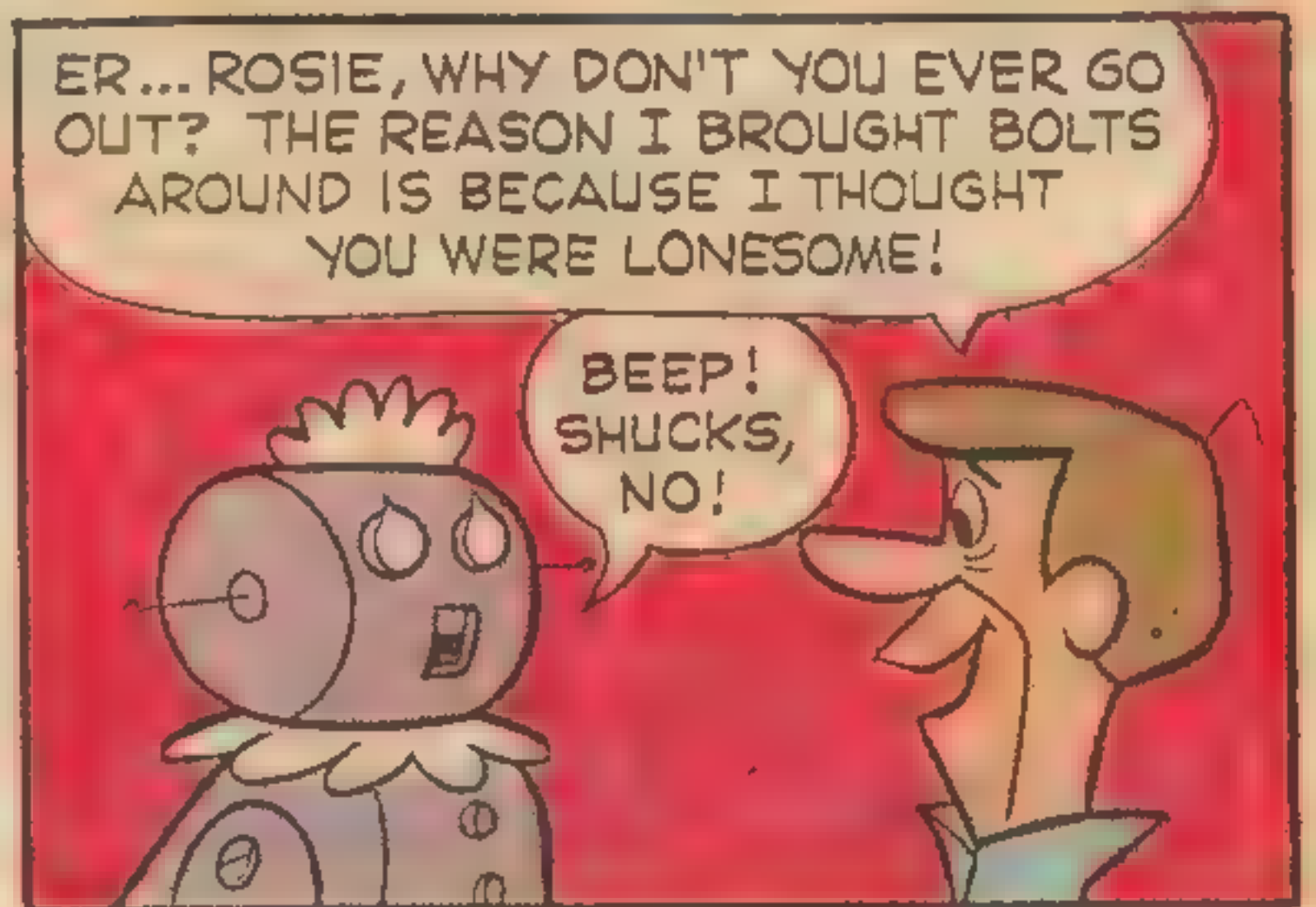
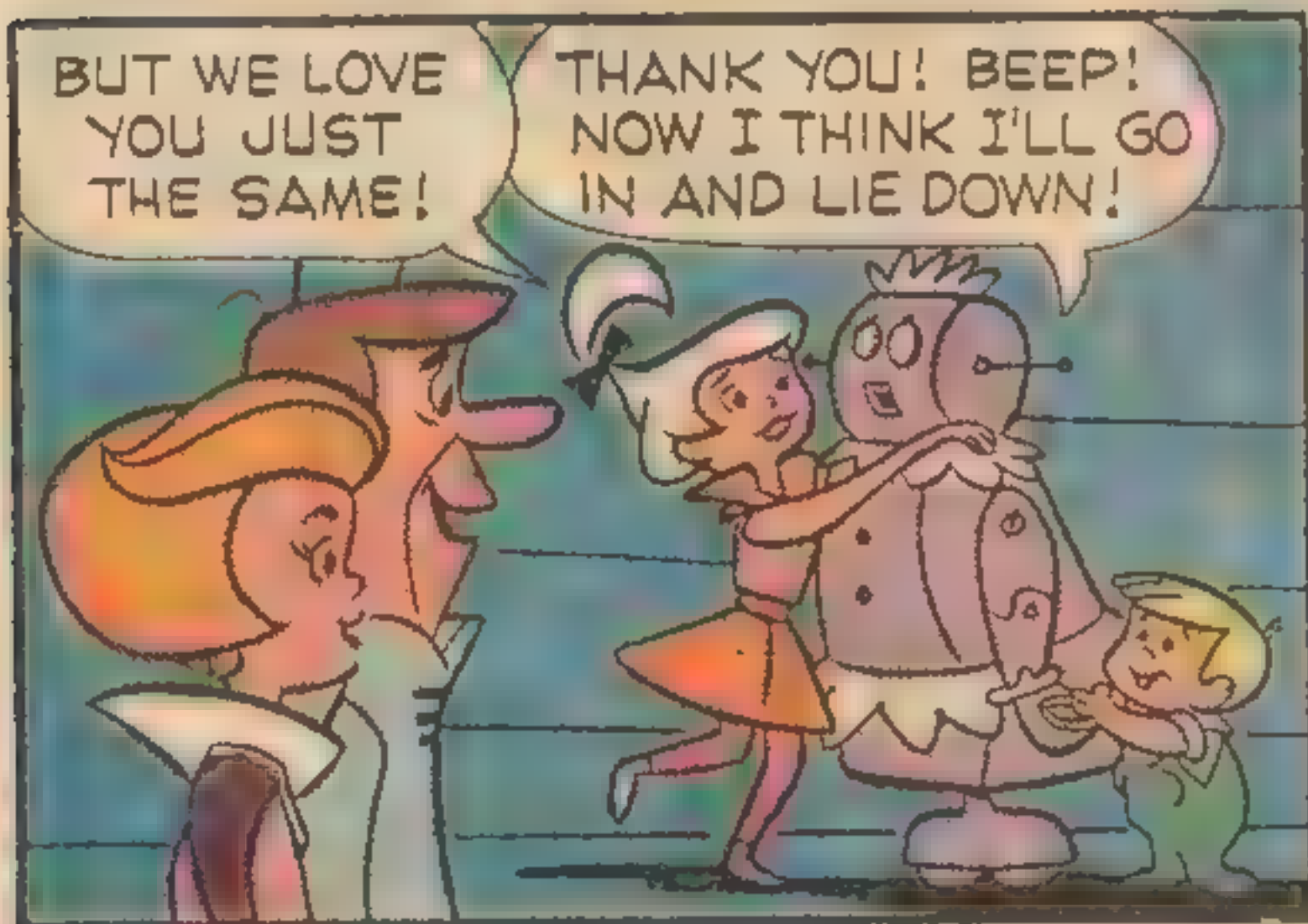
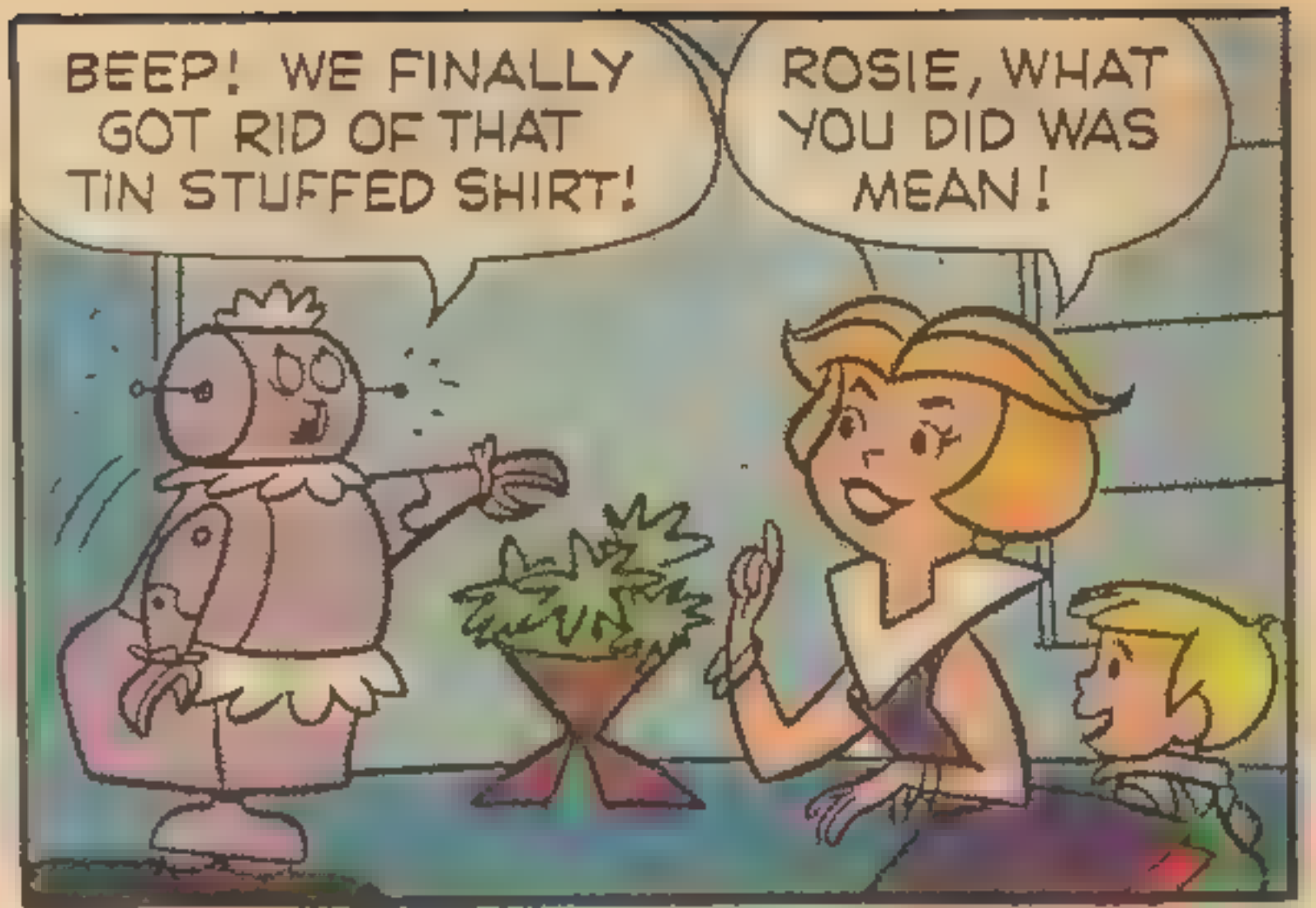
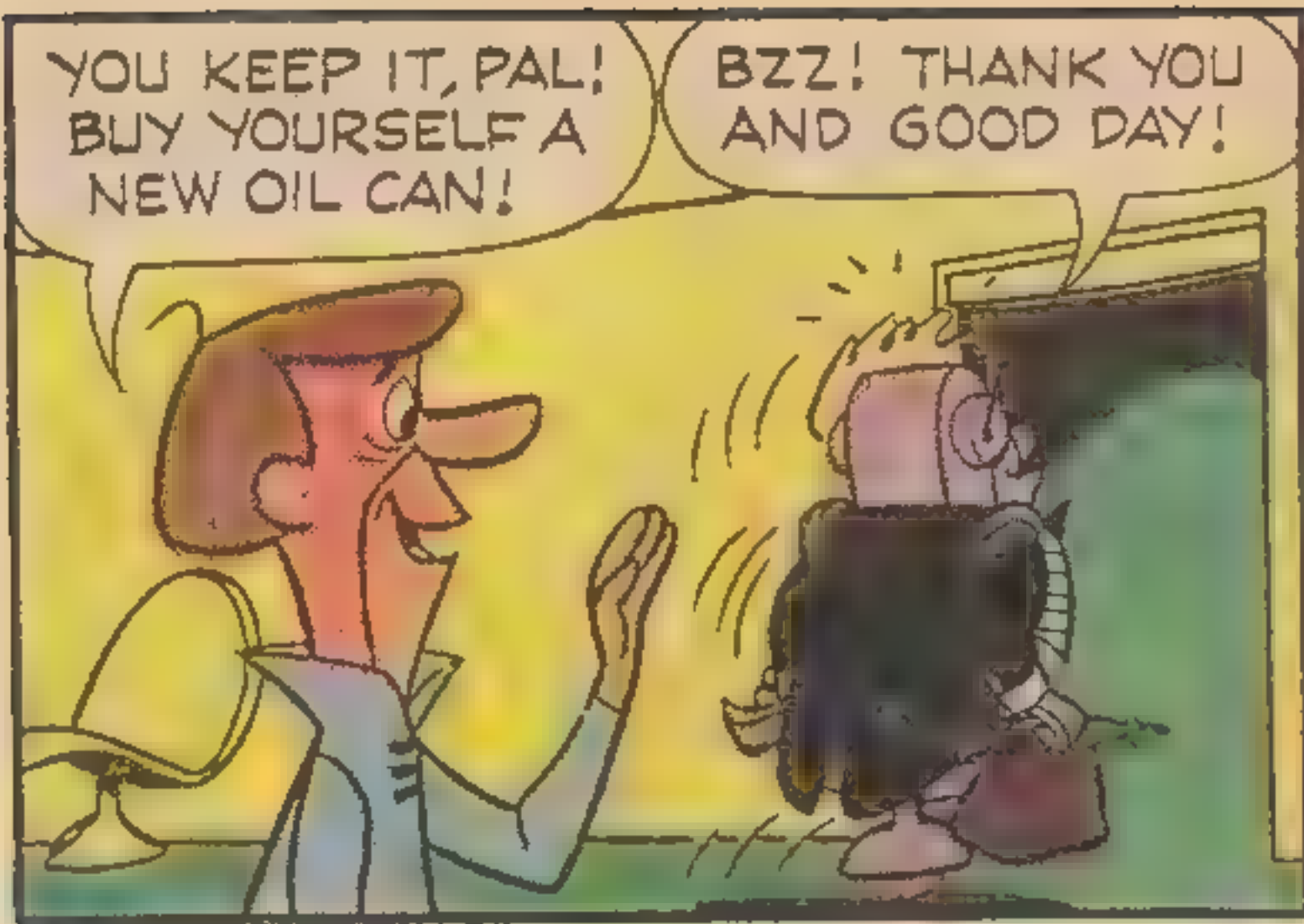
A CERTAIN SOMEONE TIED MY
ANTENNAE INTO KNOTS AND I'VE
BEEN GETTING MY...BZZ...SIGNALS
CROSSED ALL MORNING!

BZZZZ! THE
SOMEONE'S
INITIALS ARE
**ROSIE THE
ROBOT!**

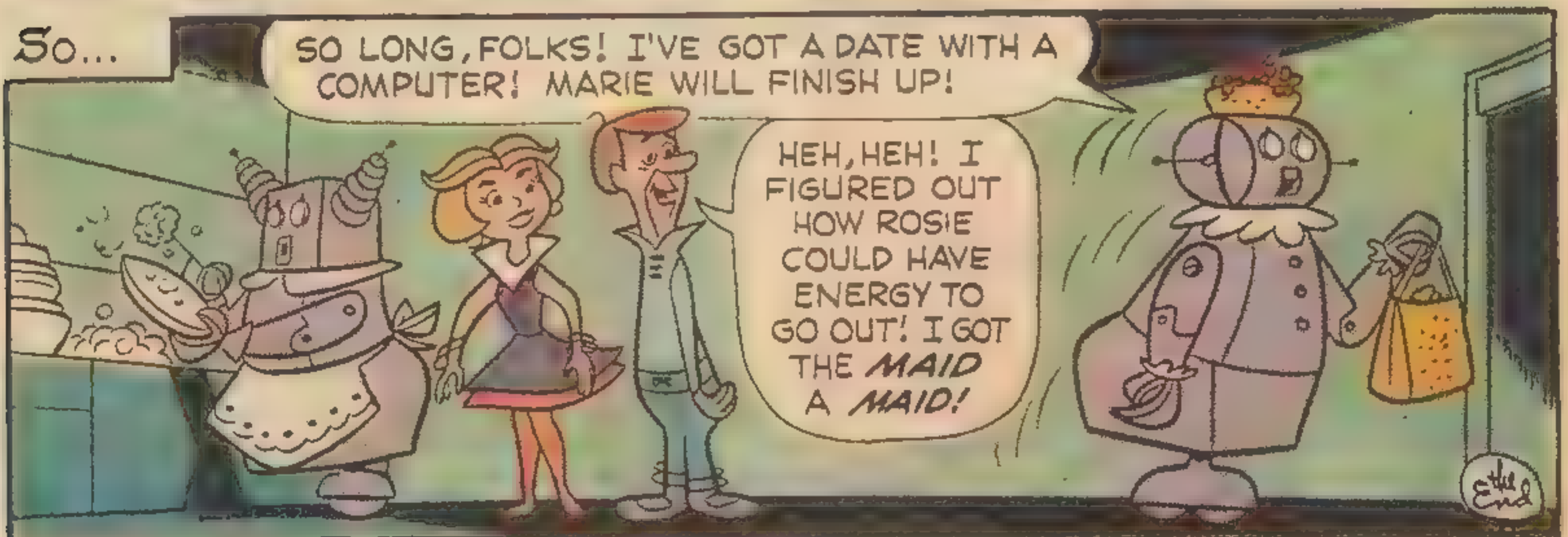
IF THAT'S
THE WAY
YOU FEEL...

HERE'S A FULL REFUND ON
WHAT YOU PAID FOR ME!

BRRING!



So...



THE BIG ELECTION



It was a dark and stormy night in the graveyard as the weekly meeting of The Goblins, Ghosts, Ghouls, and Other Assorted Geeks got under way.

"This meeting of miserable monsters will come to order," J. Evil Scientist cheerily cried, as he rapped a bone on a grave headstone. "The secretary will read the minutes before we get on with our business."

Wanda Witch stood up and began reading aloud, "One minute past twelve, two minutes past twelve, three minutes past twelve . . ."

"Enough of that!" yelled J. Evil. "We know what time it is, so let's get on with the election of this year's president. With all modesty, I nominate myself."

"I second the nomination," piped Goonda, his loyal and devoted wife.

Before J. Evil could rap the bone and declare the nominations closed, as he had done every election for the last hundred years, Darla Dracula waved her hands and froze J. Evil's rapping hand in mid-air.

"What's the big idea?" shouted J. Evil.

"The big idea is this. I want to be the president for a few decades. How come you

always get the honor?" croaked Darla.

The others monsters and meansters shouted the same question. Goonda jumped up and began speaking for her husband. "My J. Evil has been president because he is the meanest, sneakiest, dirtiest no-good evildoer in the whole wide world."

"I'm just as bad as he is . . . badder! Even my English is worser than his. I should be president of this club," Darla interrupted.

Frank N. Stein rose to his eight feet of bony height and said, "Agghh! Only one way to settle this. Meanest candidate should be president. We send both out and one who does meanest trick will be president."

Everyone thought that was a good idea. No one argued with Frank. No one ever argued with Frank N. Stein. So, Darla released J. Evil from the spell, and they ran off to see which one could do the meanest deeds in an hour. The rest of the gang waited in the graveyard and amused themselves by playing hide-and-seek among the tombstones.

An hour later, Darla flew back on her convertible broom; and soon after, J. Evil arrived on a little rocket he had invented with his own two little evil hands.

"Did I do evil things!" J. Evil exclaimed. "I helped ten women picnickers to safety in a tree when an angry bull was chasing them. Heh! Heh! Then I cut the limbs off the tree twenty feet above the ground to be sure the women would be safe. They will be . . . for a long, long time. Heh! Heh!"

"Is that all?" cackled Darla. "I turned ten upside-down cakes right side up, broke thirty-seven windows, and scared eleven airplane pilots half to death as I flew by on my broom. And I . . ."

The G.G.G.A.O.A.G. all stood up and they thundered their applause. Darla had outdone J. Evil with her dirty, mean deeds. They voted for her to be the new president.

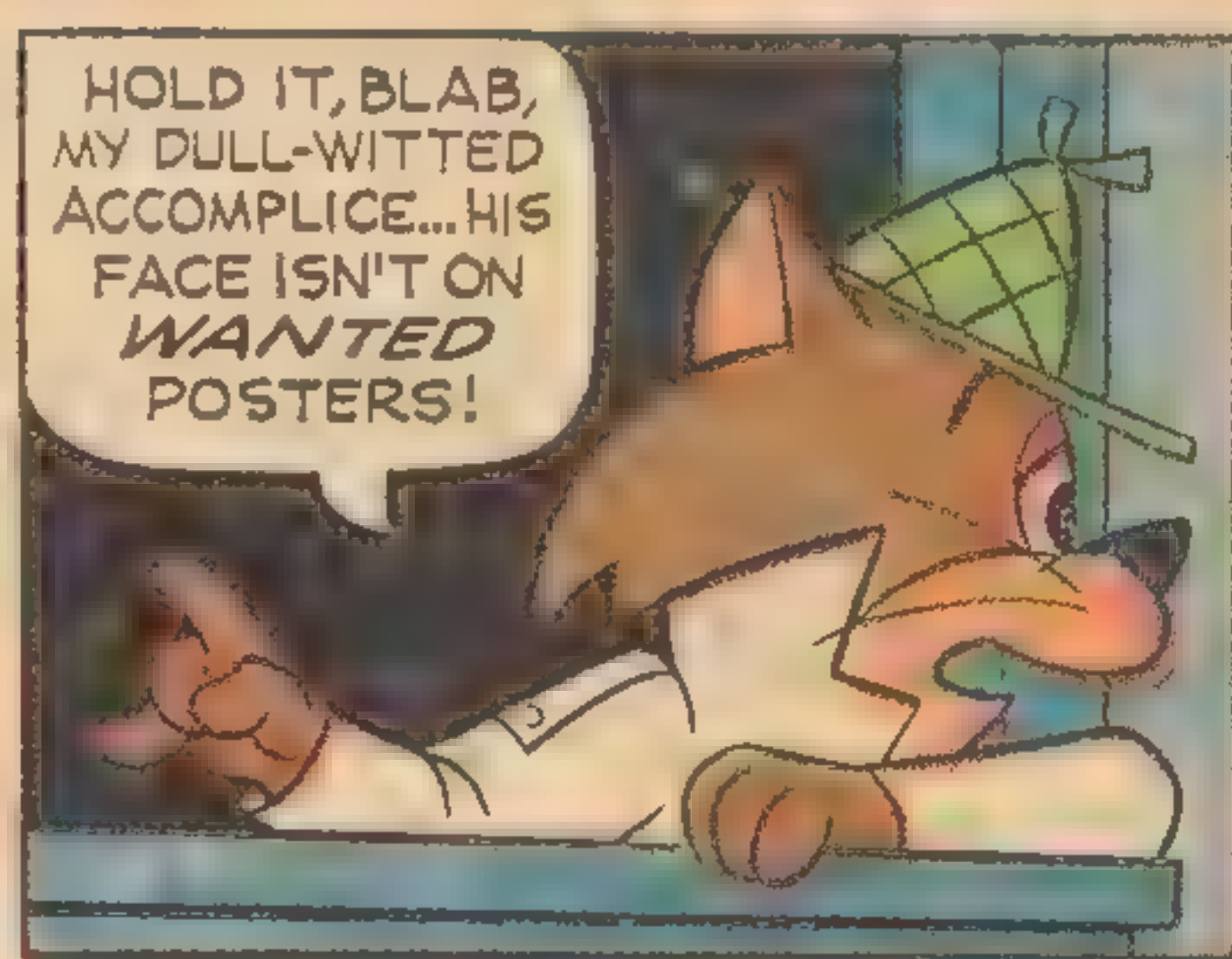
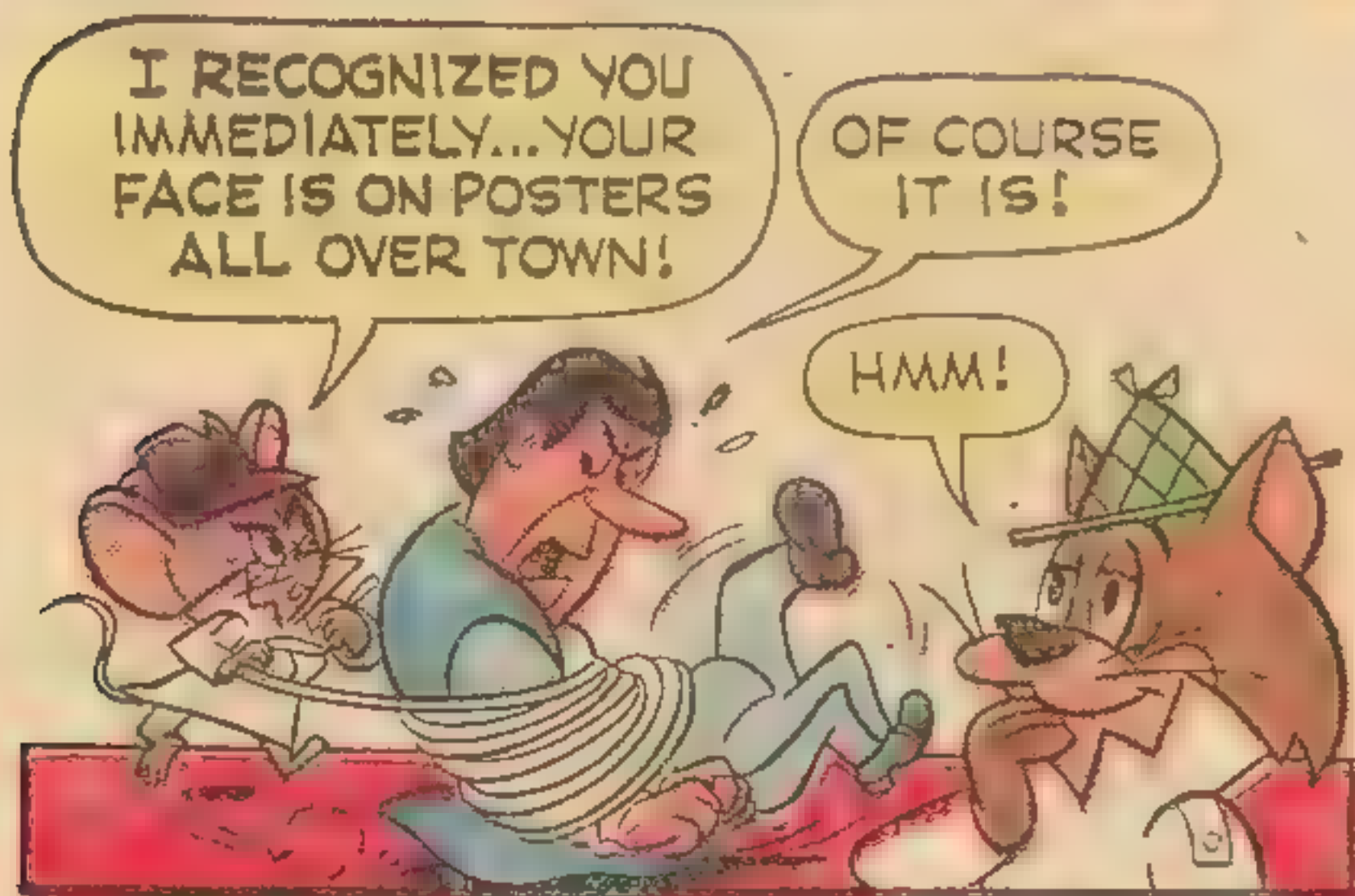
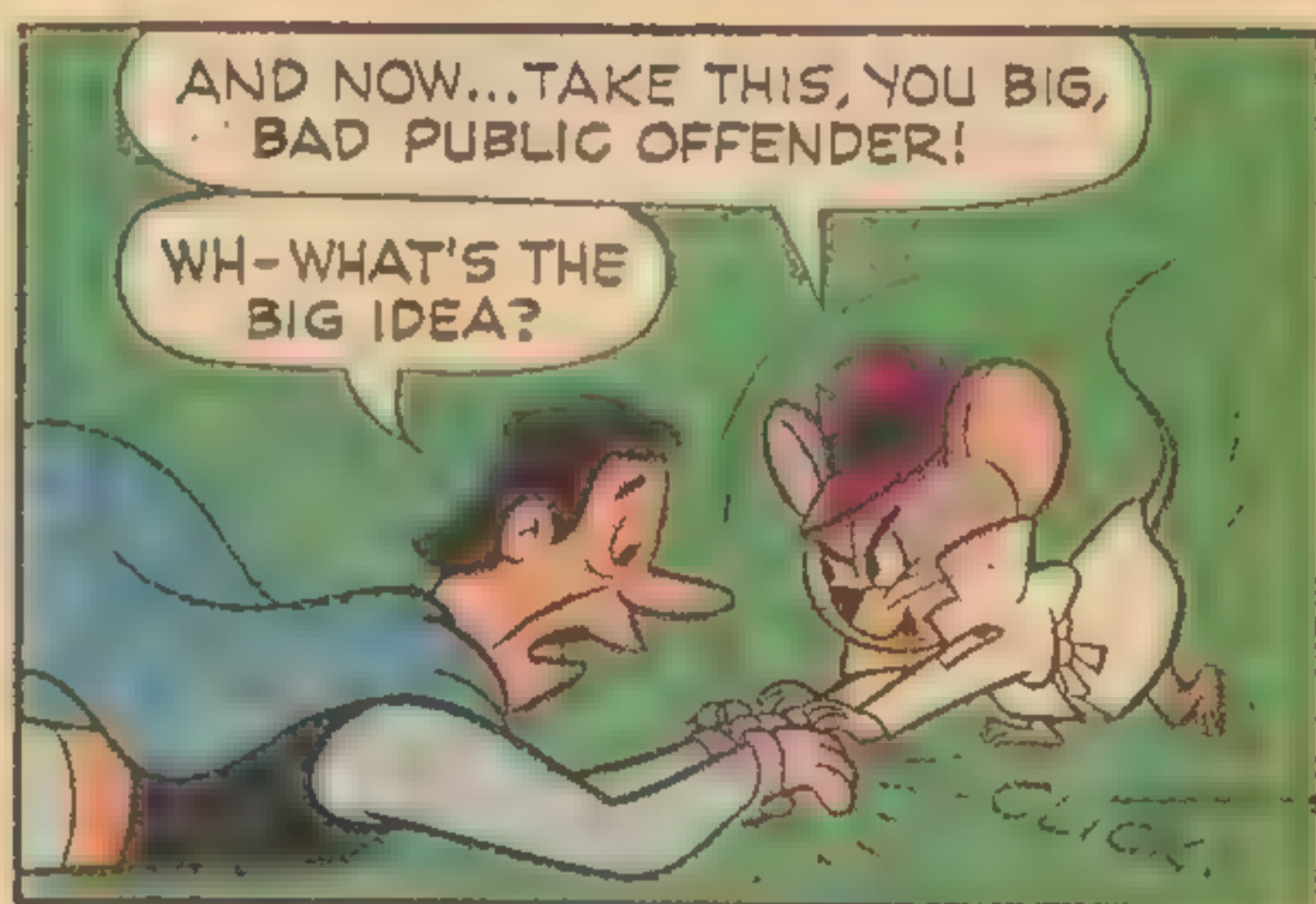
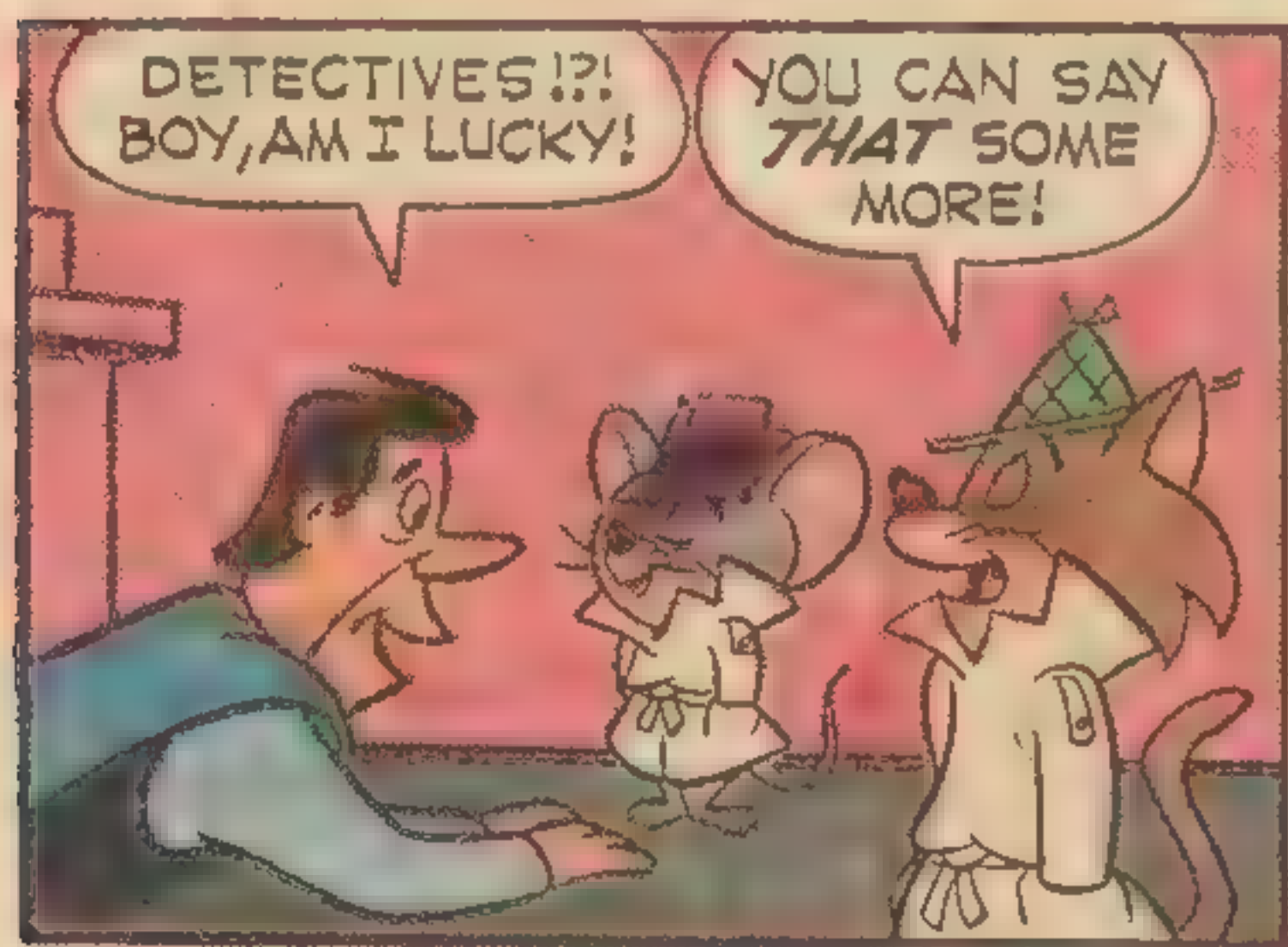
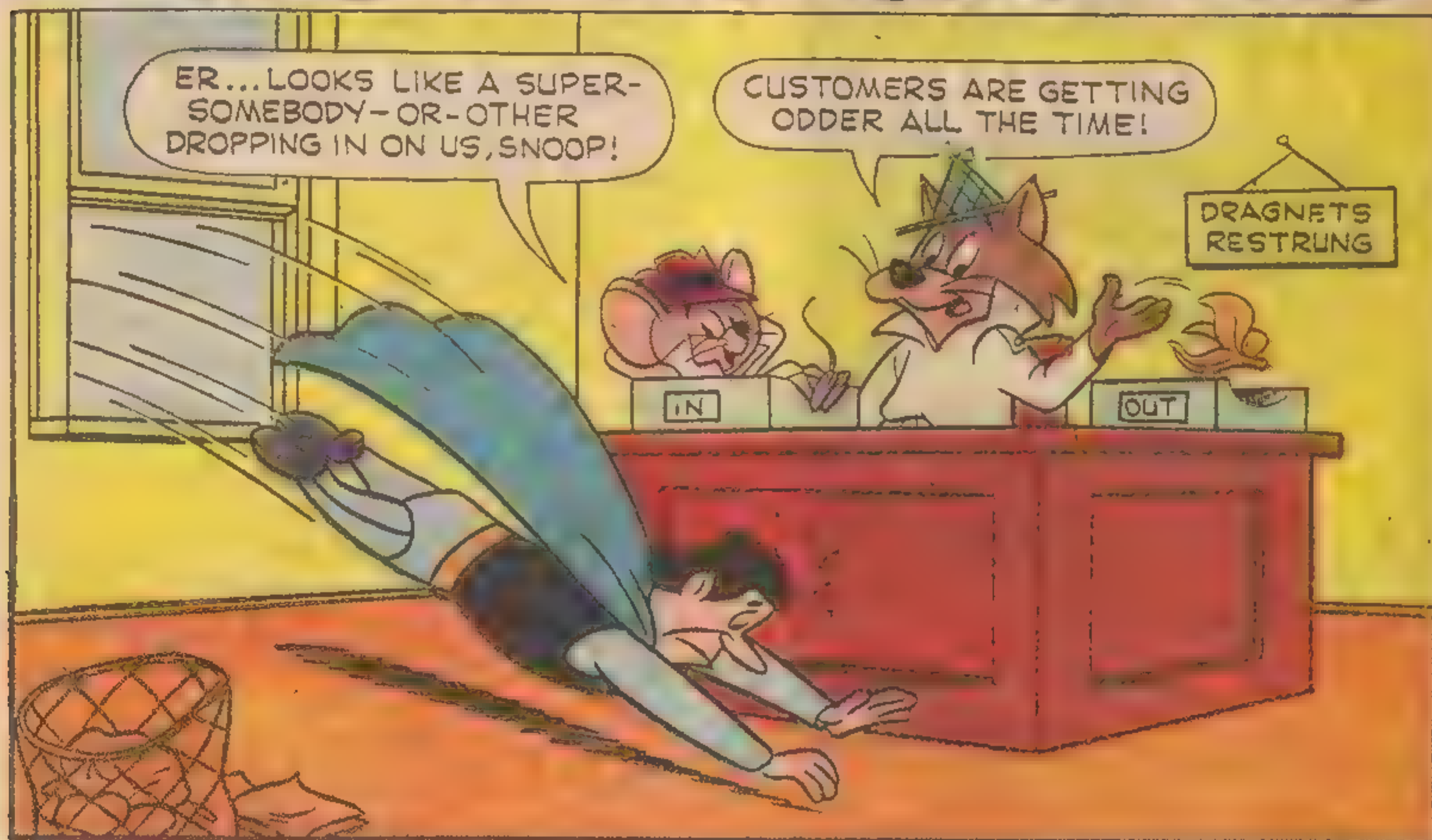
J. Evil handed Darla the president's bone and kissed her on the cheek to show her that he had no hard feelings.

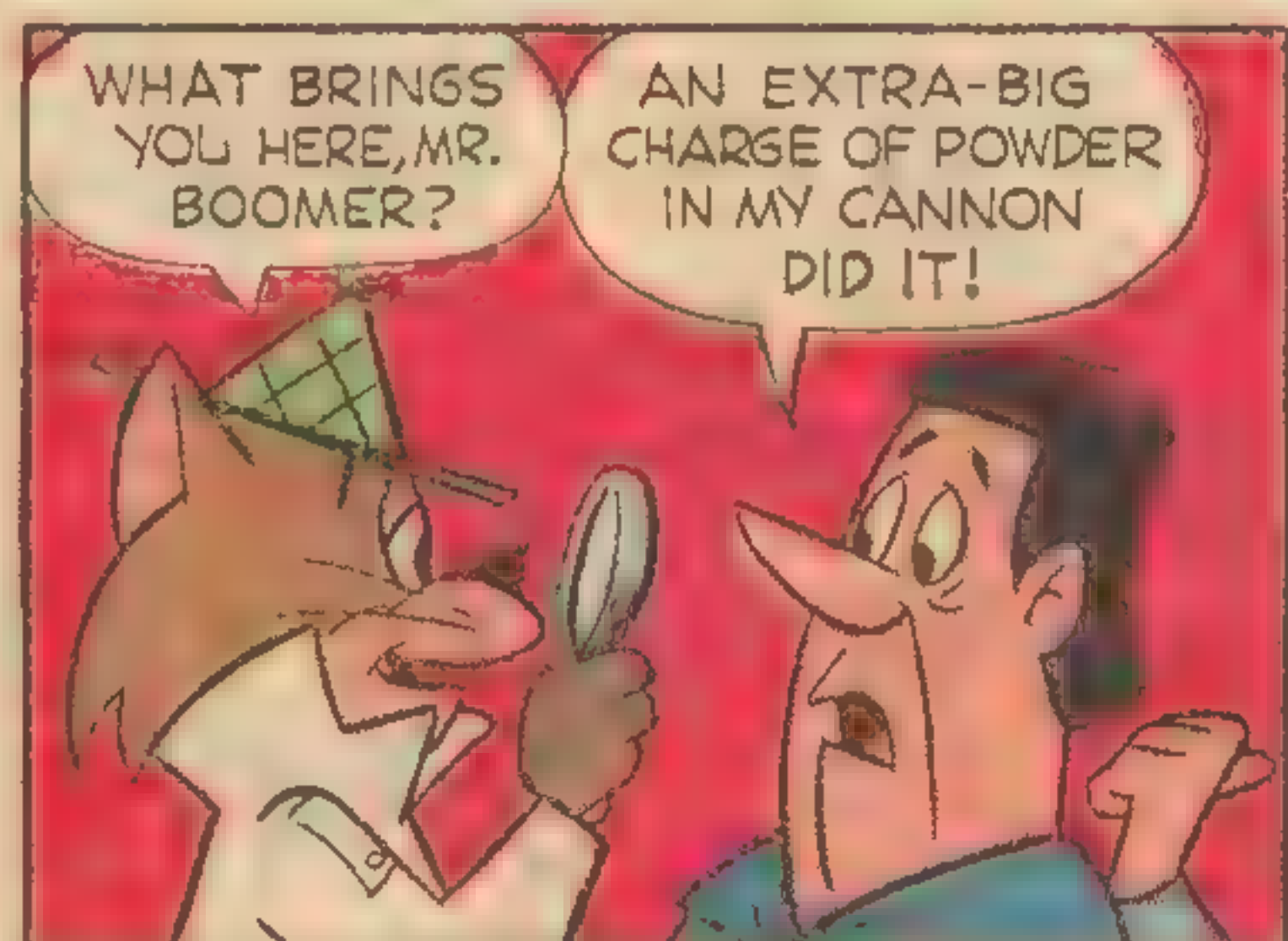
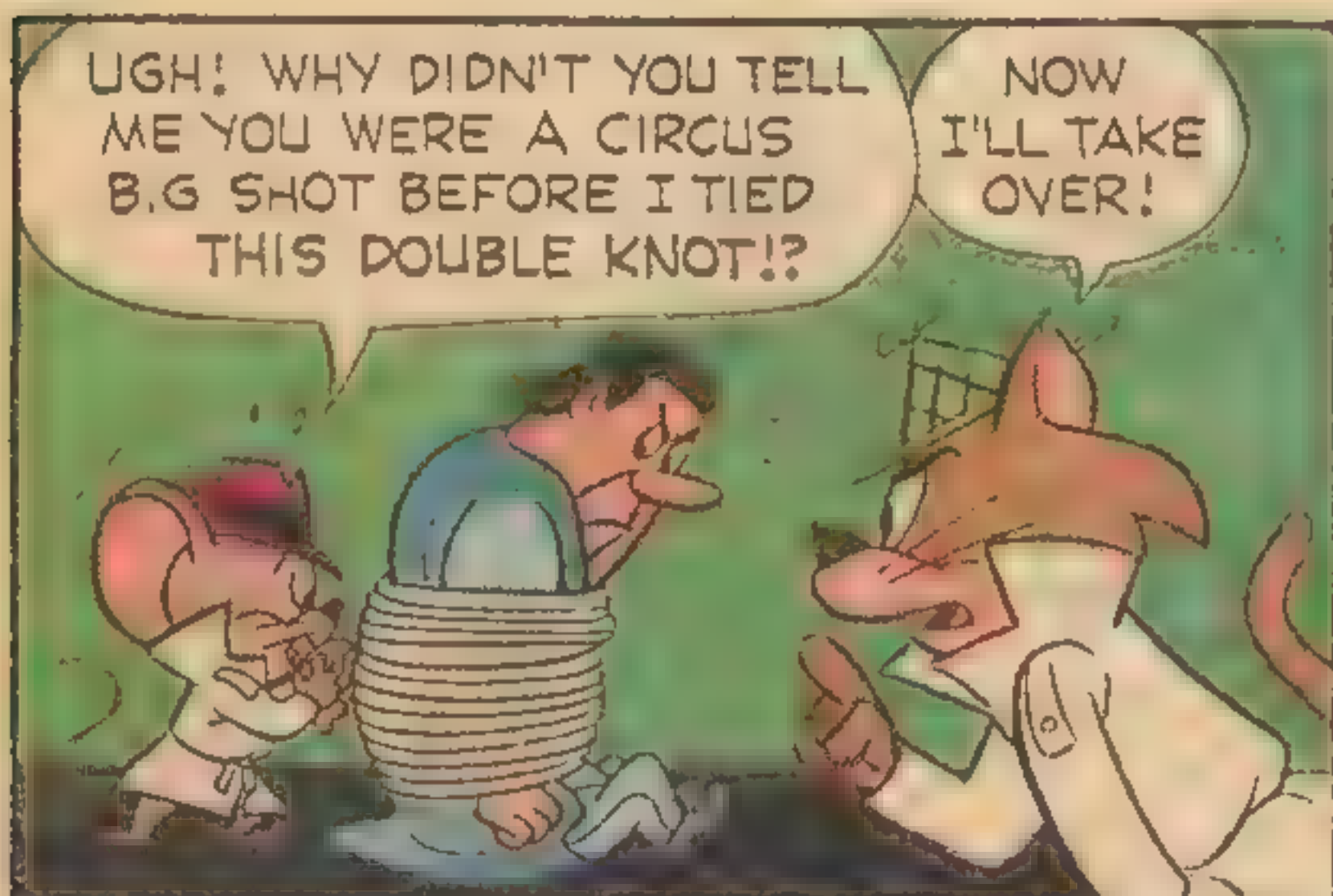
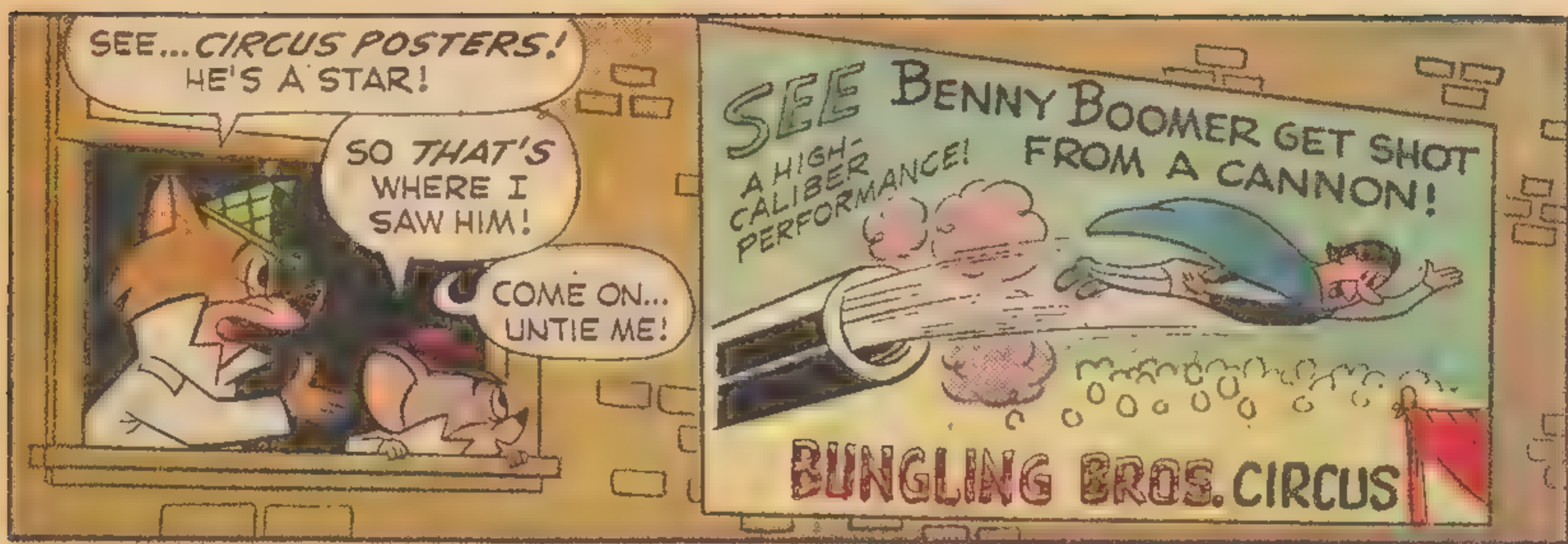
"AGHH! UHG!" shouted Darla. (You would do the same if J. Evil kissed you.) "That's the dirtiest trick anybody ever played on me. Nothing could be meaner than that."

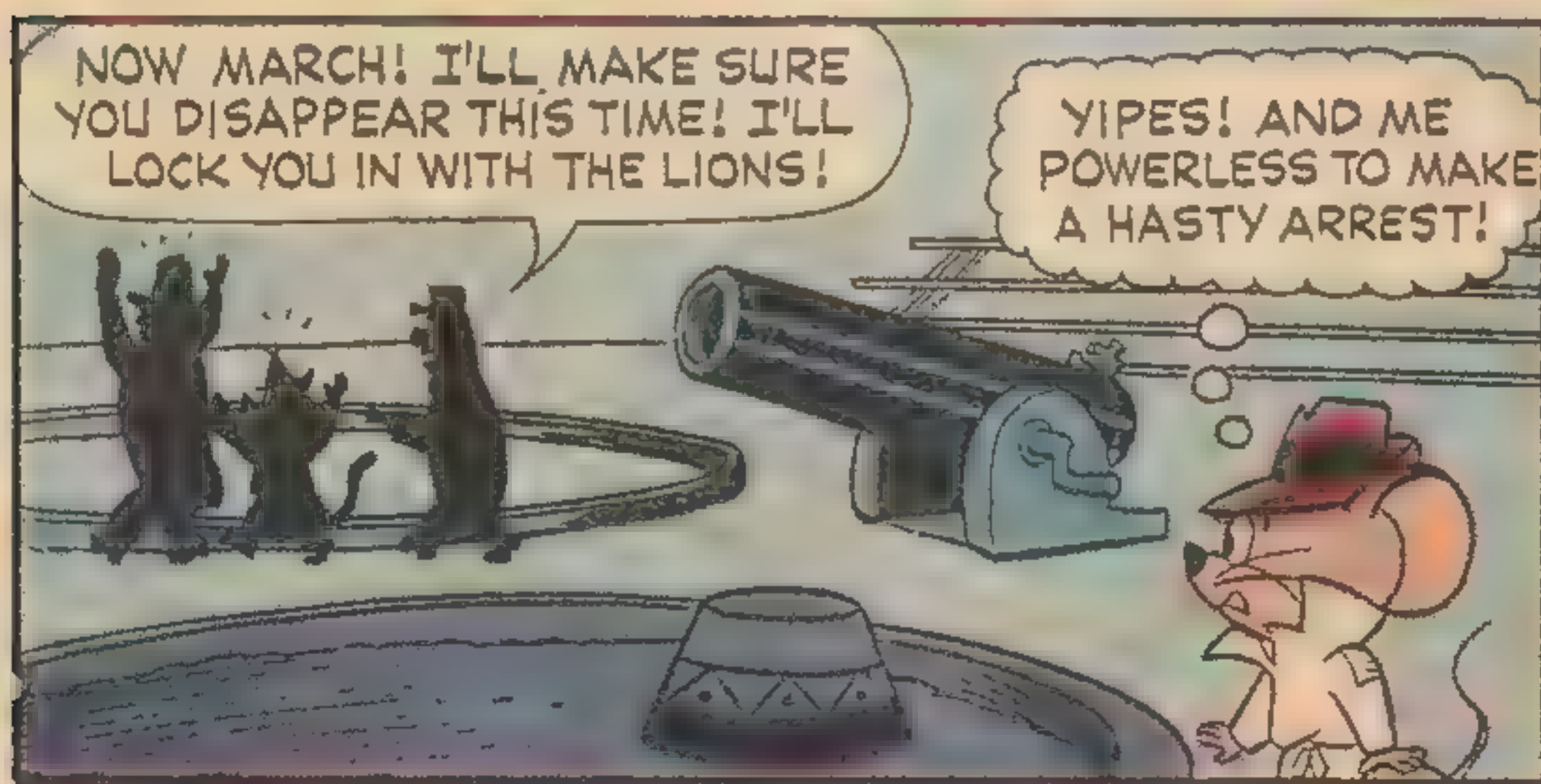
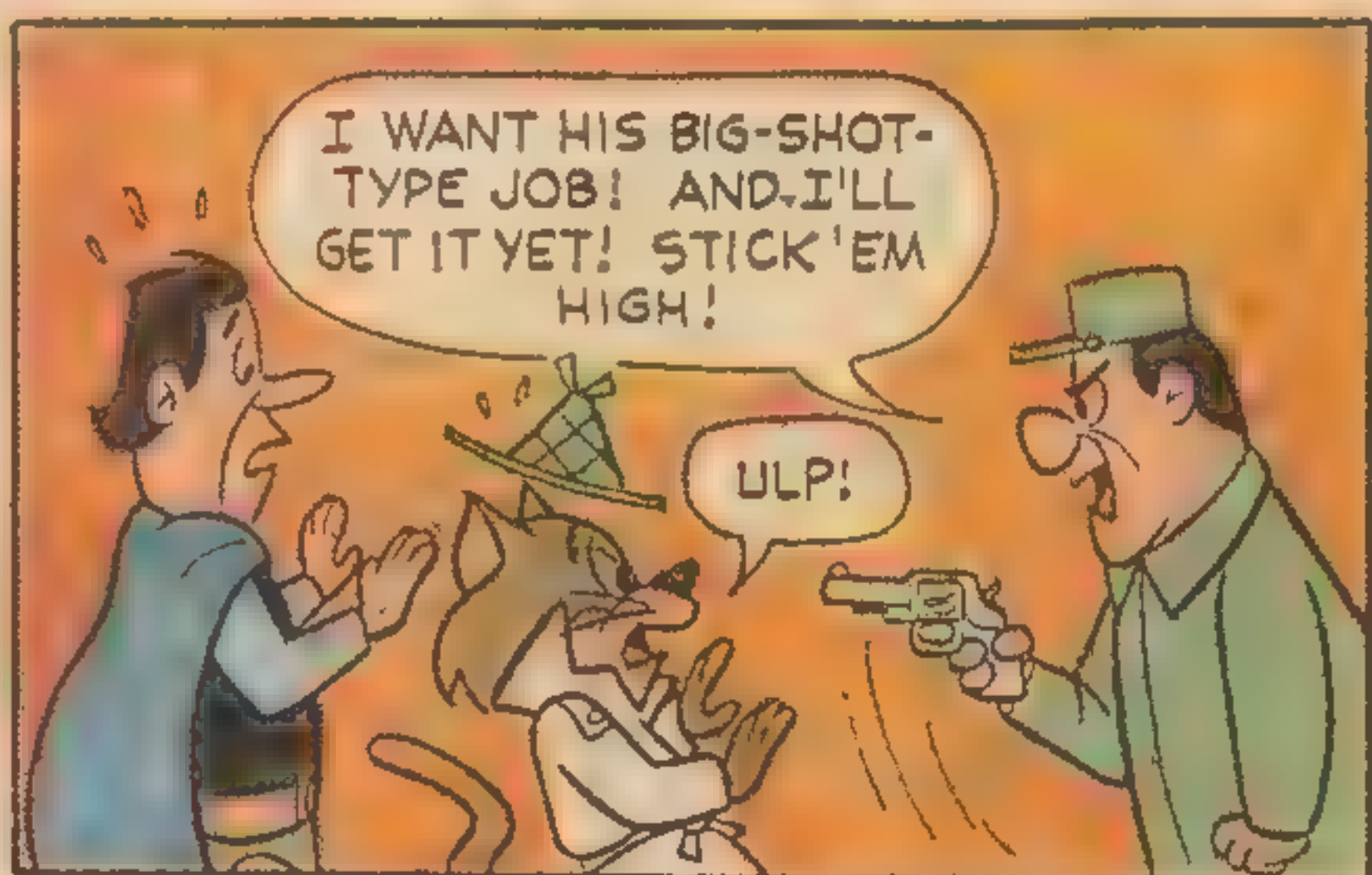
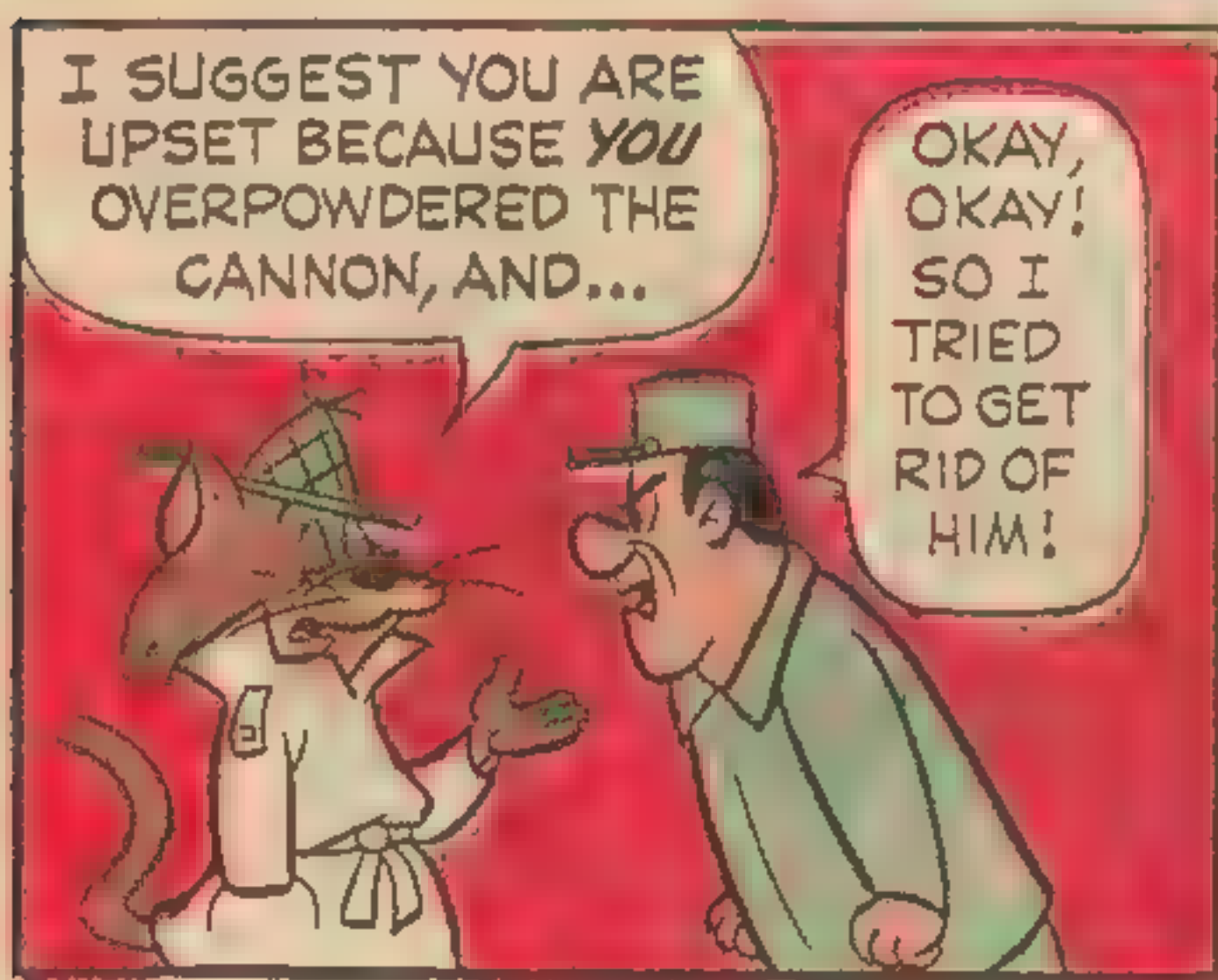
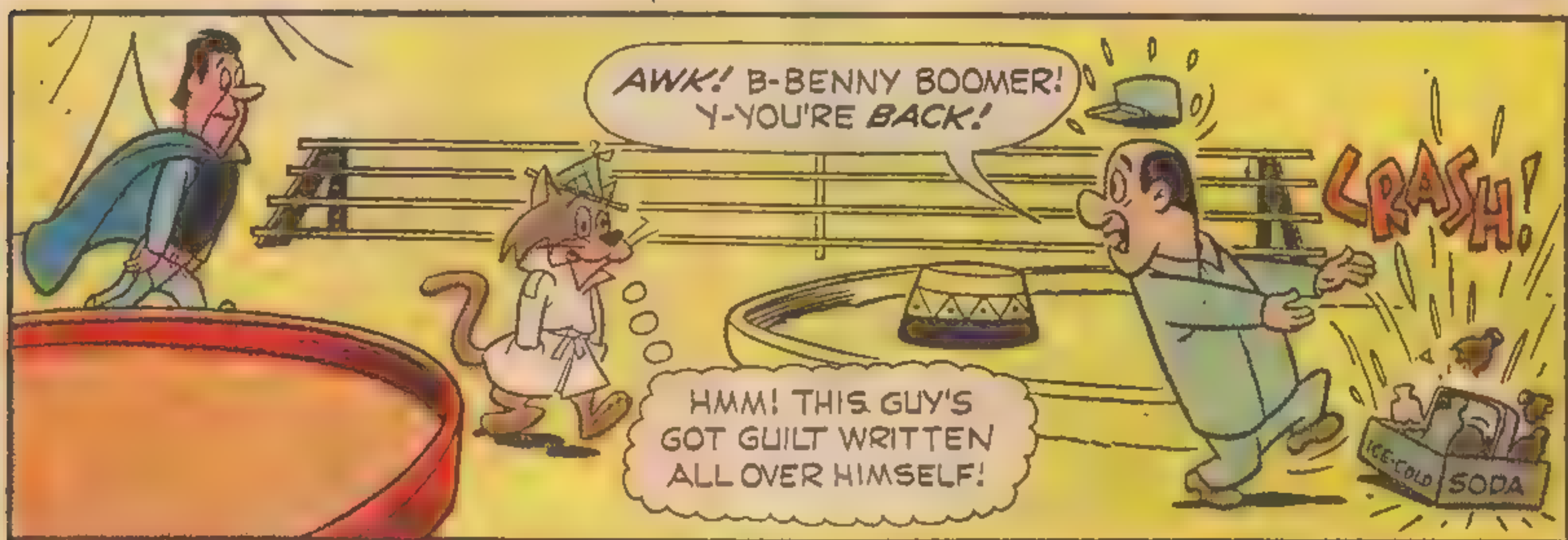
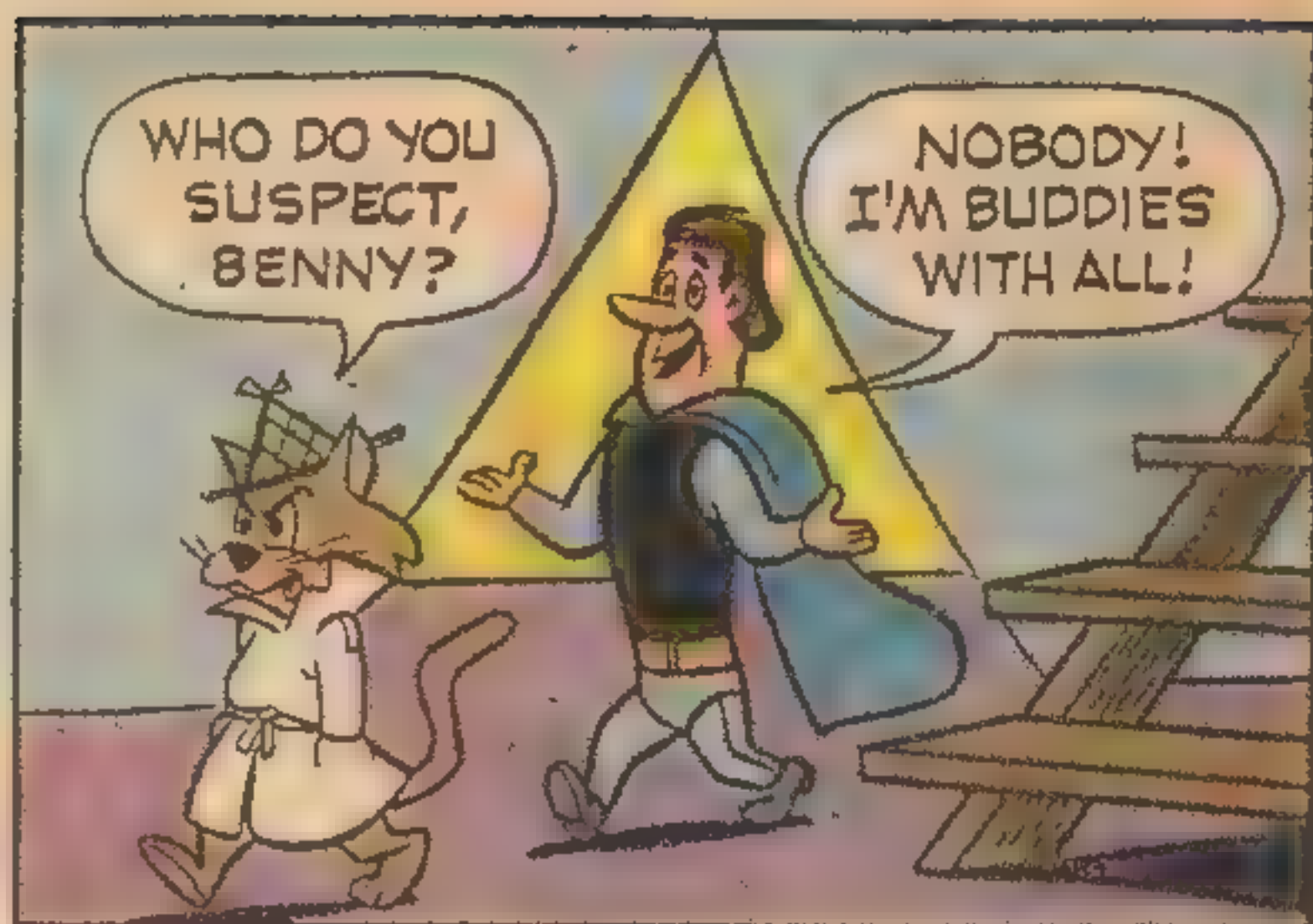
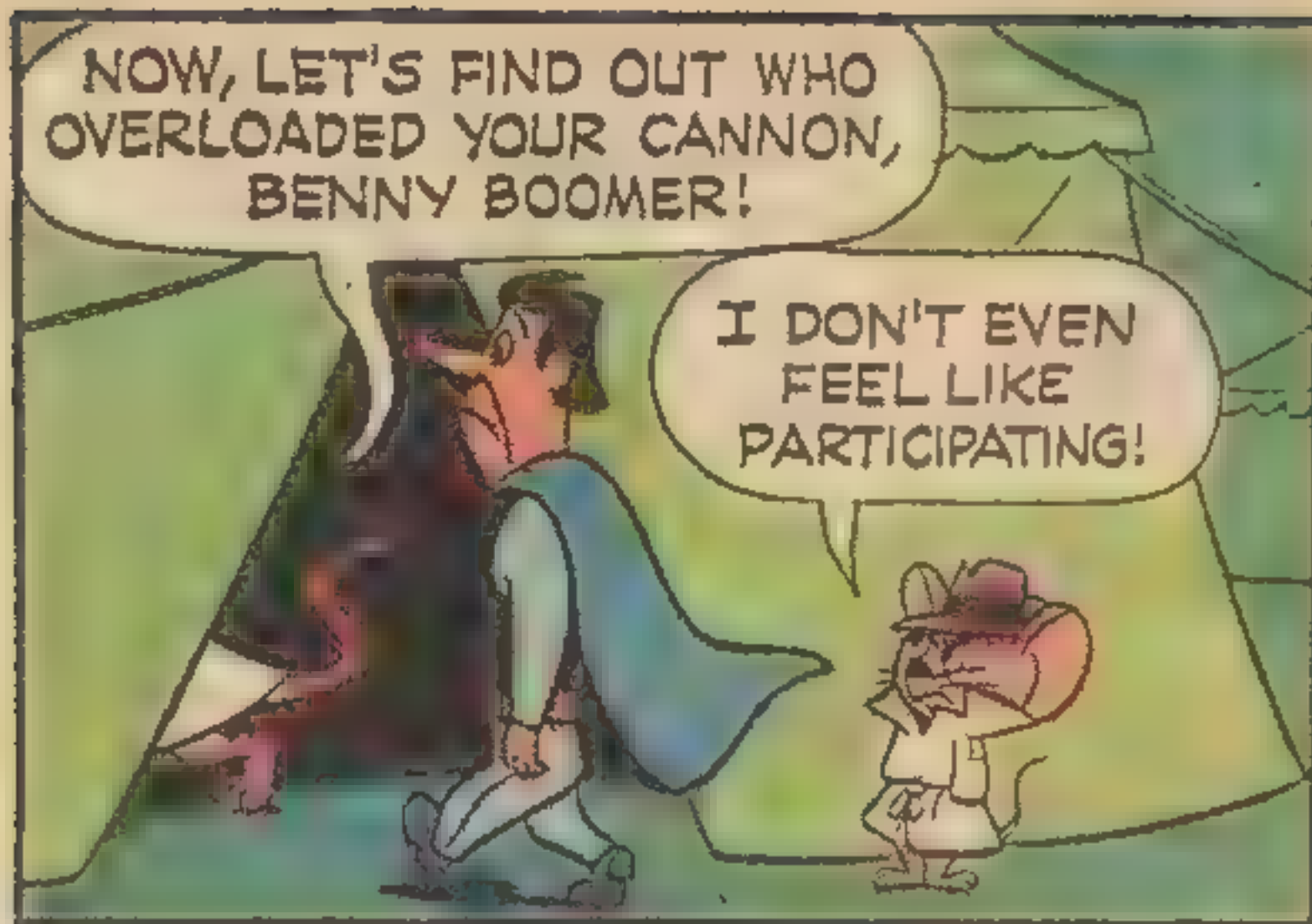
The others agreed, and they very promptly impeached Darla Dracula and re-elected J. Evil Scientist president for another year!

Hanna-Barbera SNOOPER and BLABBER

THE CASE OF THE HUMAN MISSILE



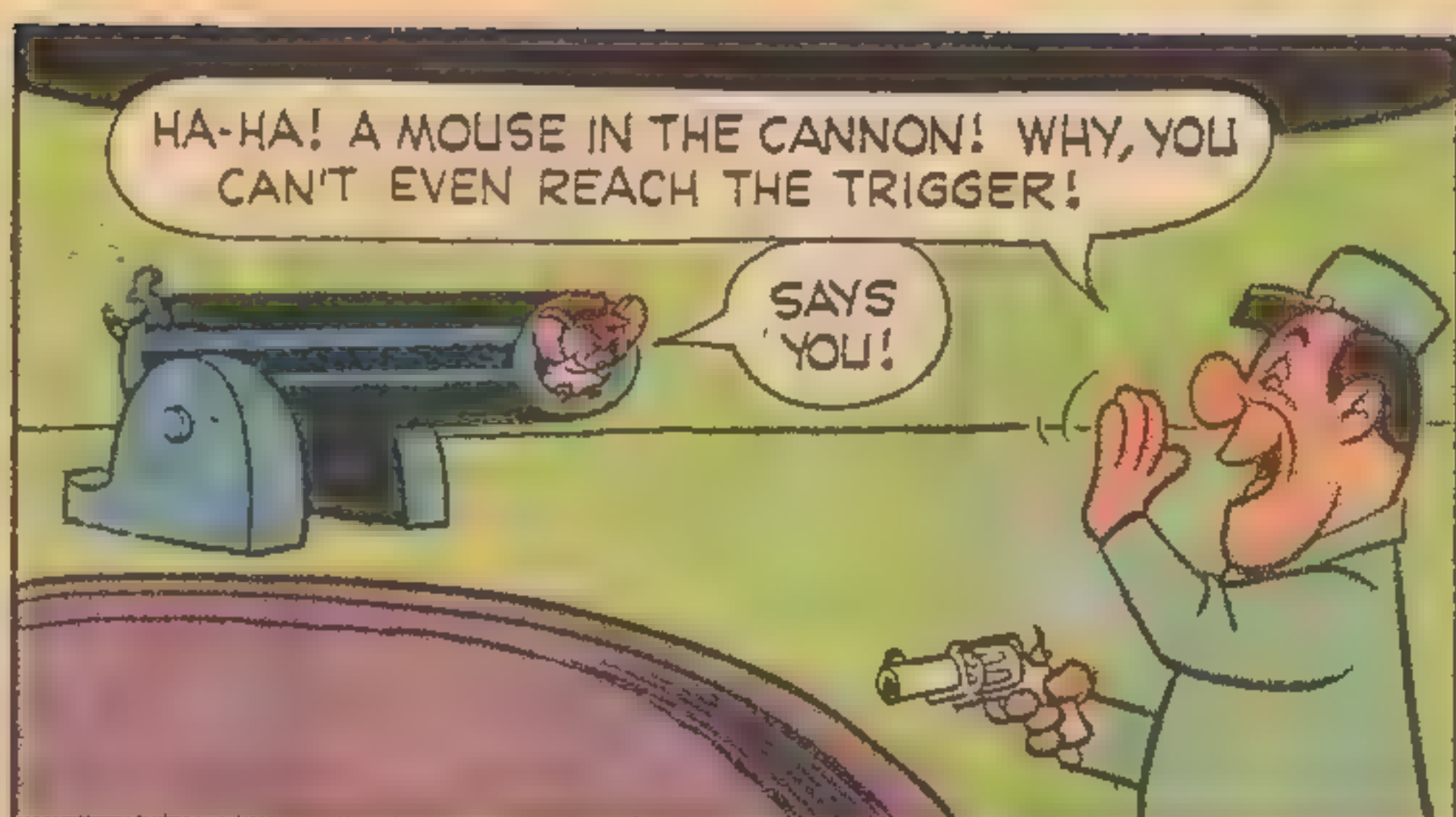






AND SECONDS LATER...

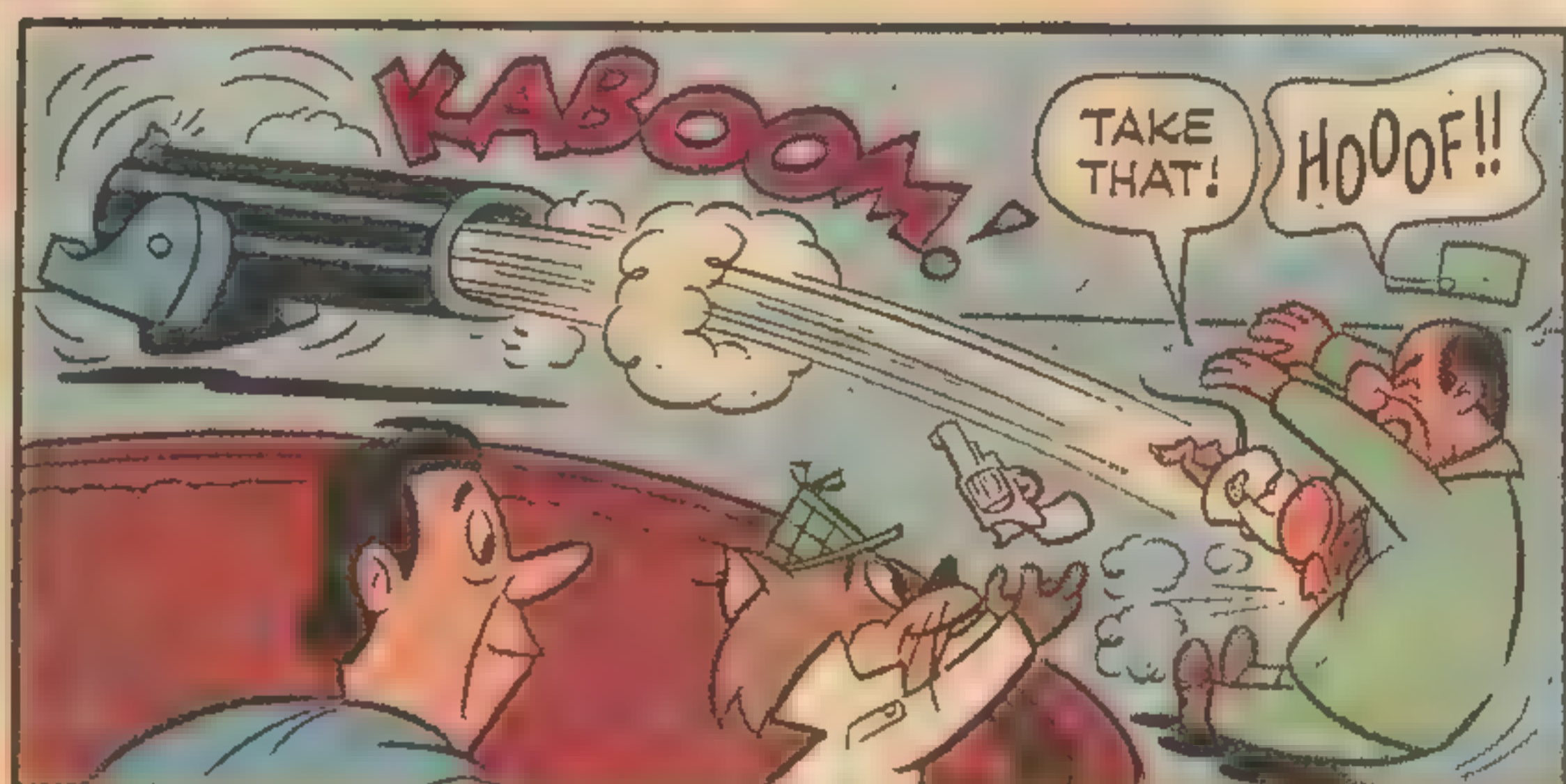
STICK 'EM UP, CHUMMY!



SAYS 'YOU!'



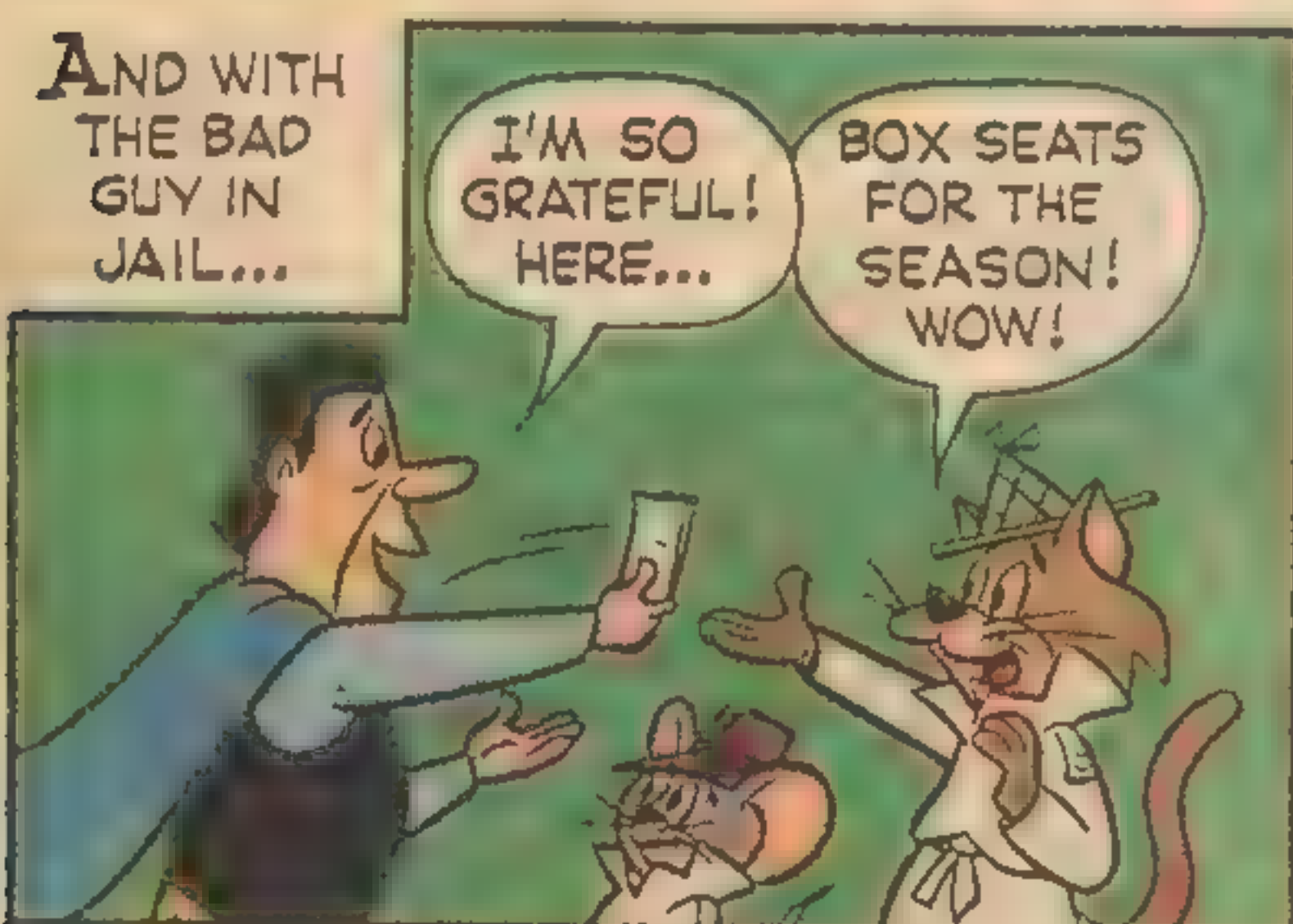
I ALWAYS CARRY STRING IN CASE I HAVE TO WRAP UP A CASE!



KABOOM!

TAKE THAT!

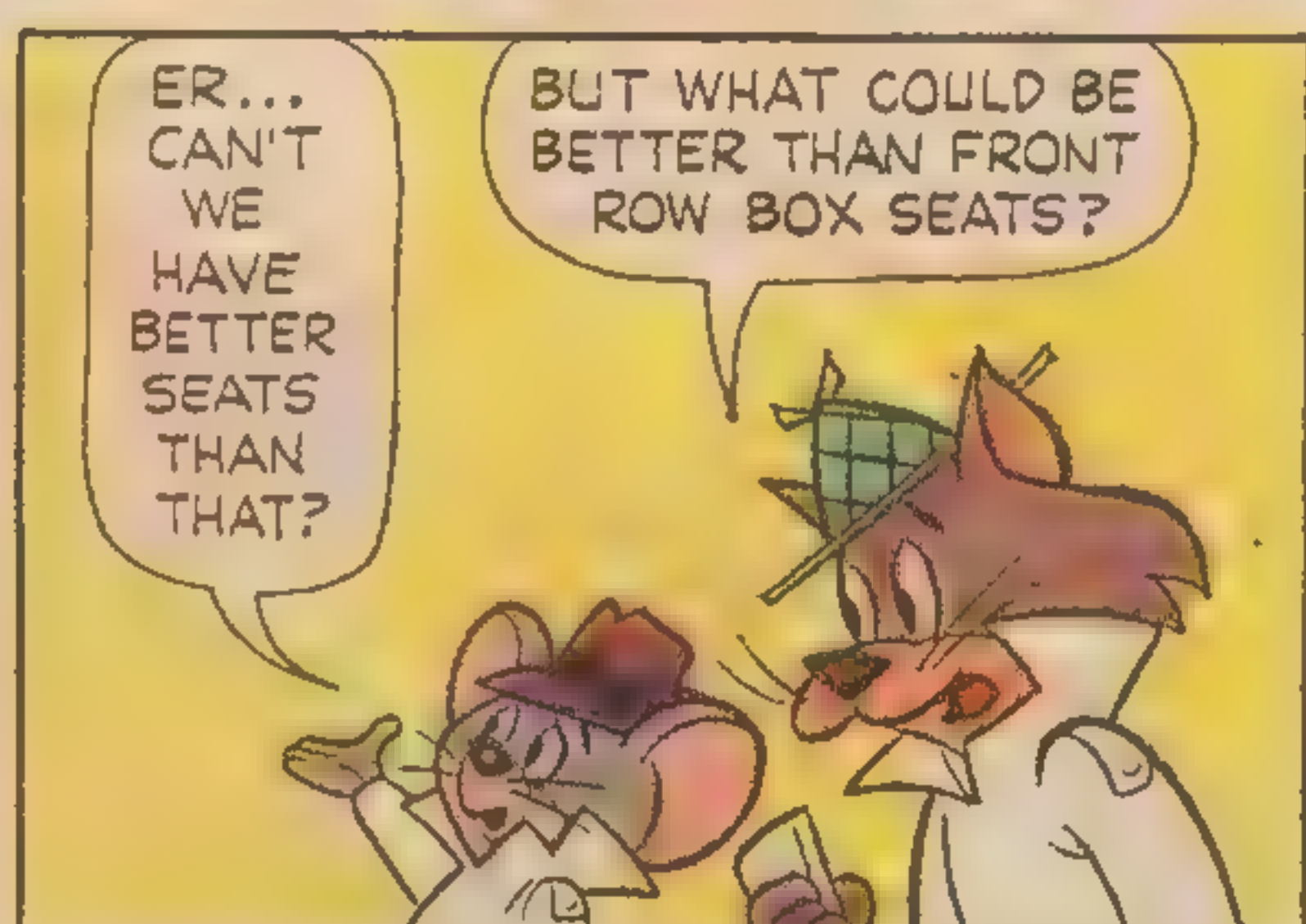
HOOOF!!



AND WITH THE BAD GUY IN JAIL...

I'M SO GRATEFUL! HERE...

BOX SEATS FOR THE SEASON! WOW!

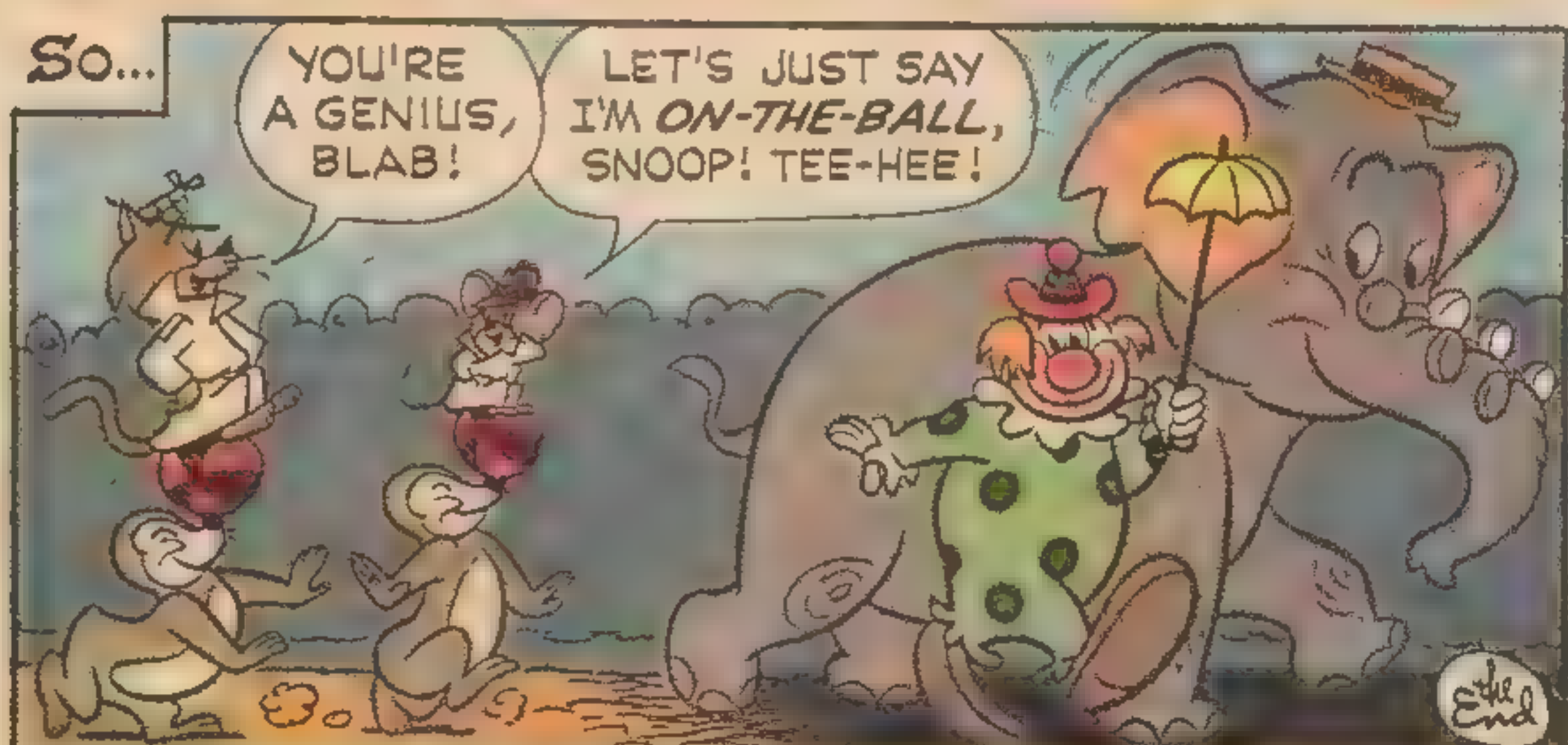


ER... CAN'T WE HAVE BETTER SEATS THAN THAT?

BUT WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN FRONT ROW BOX SEATS?



WELL... BALL SEATS WOULD BE BETTER!



So...

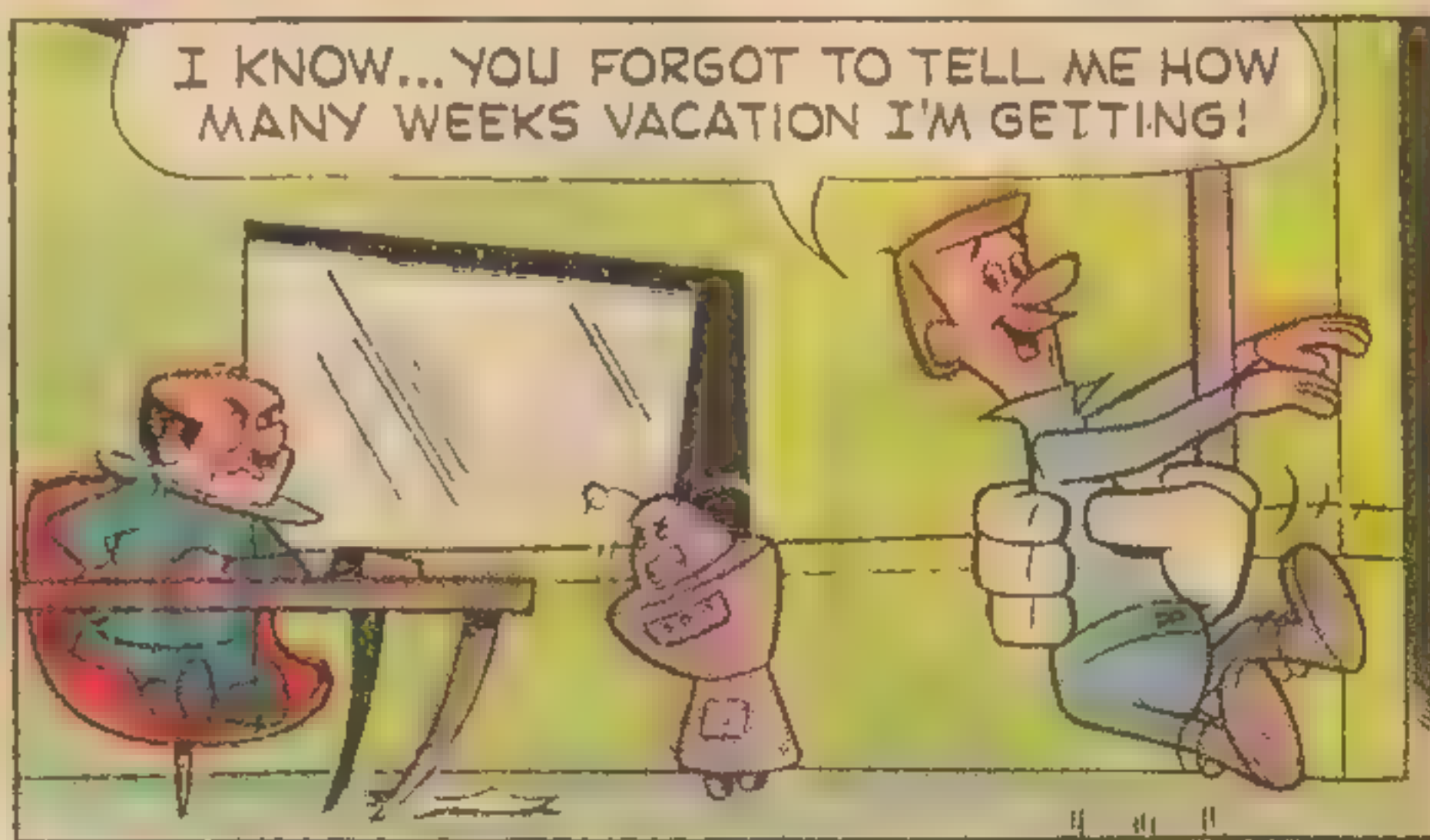
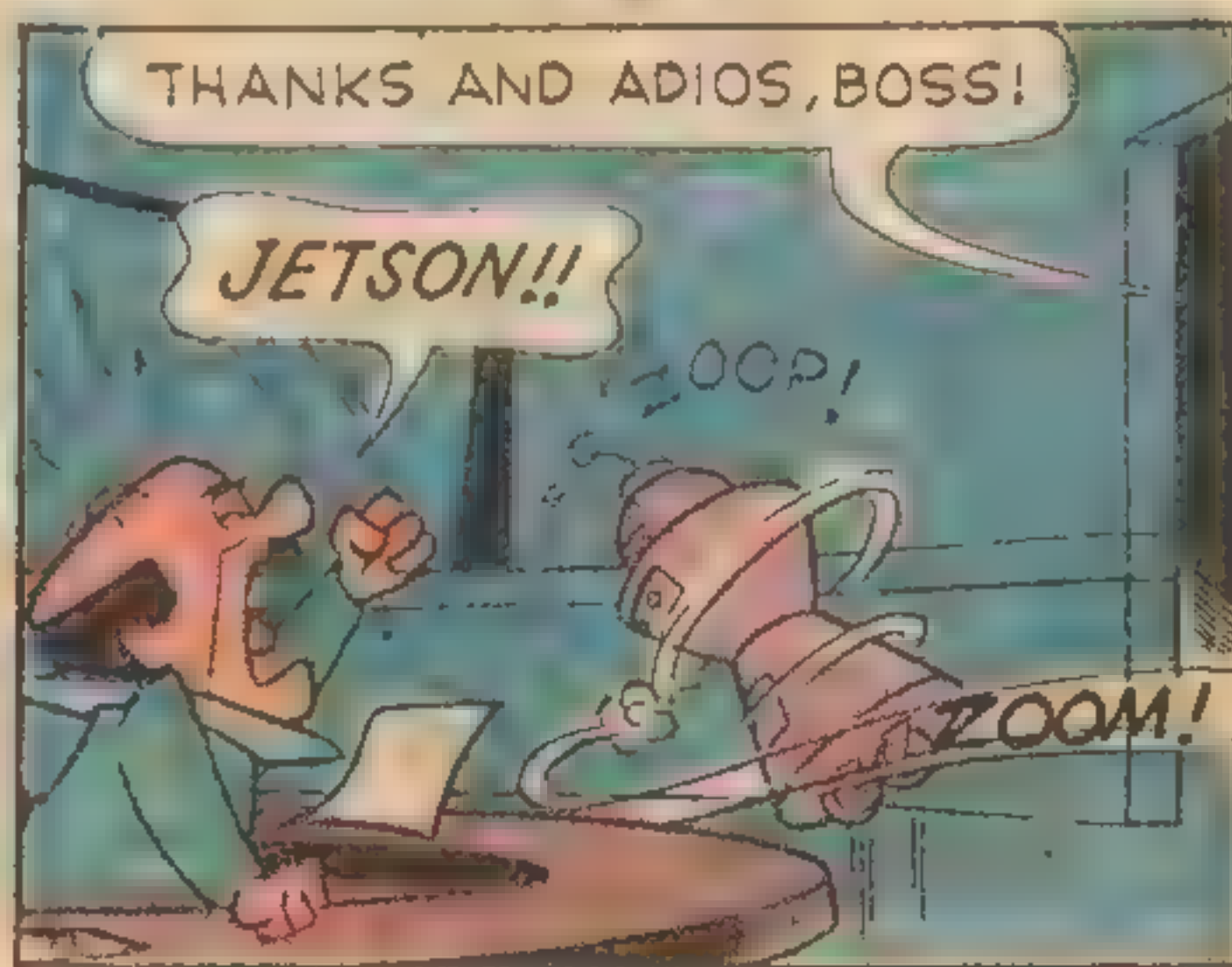
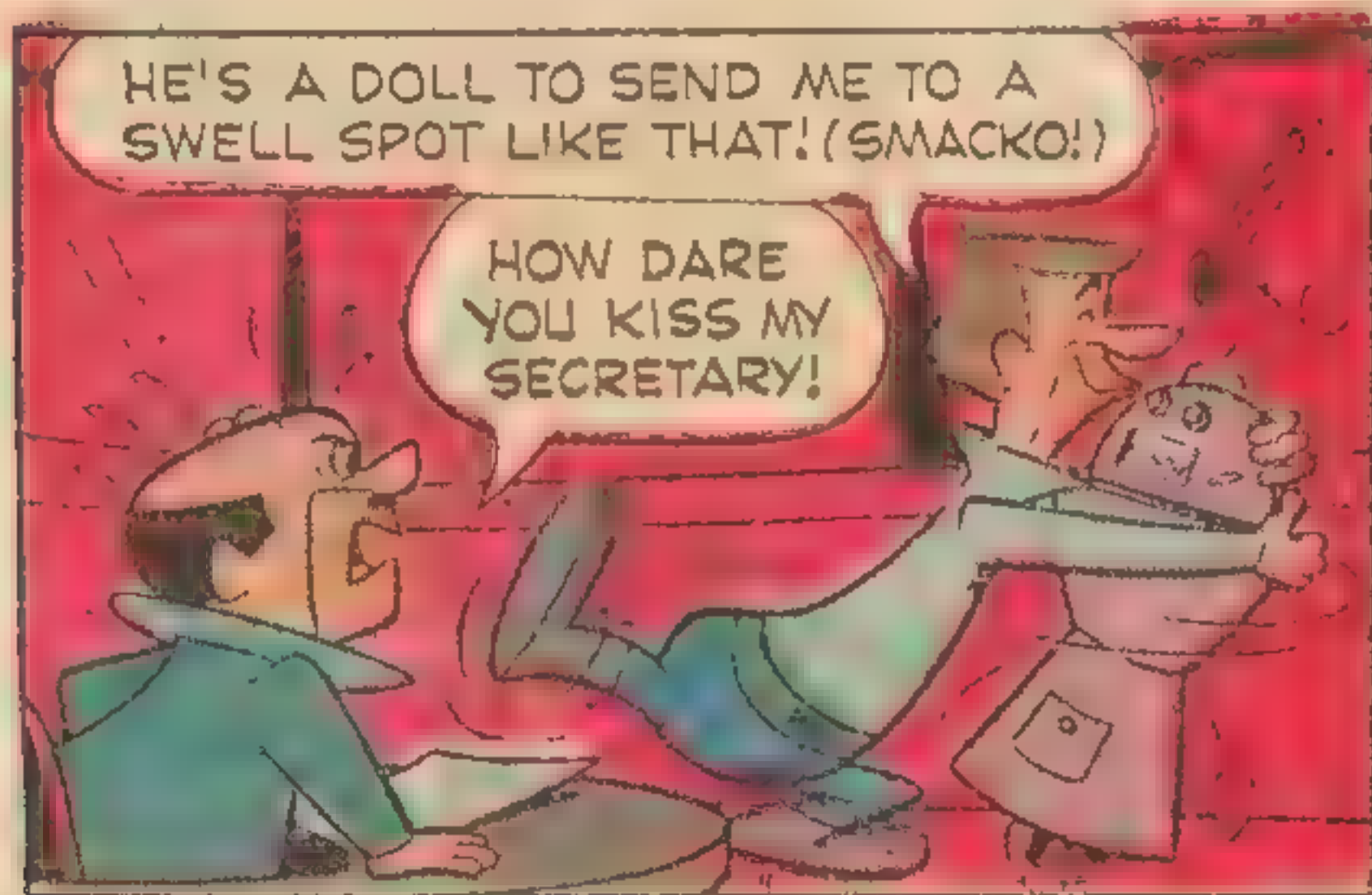
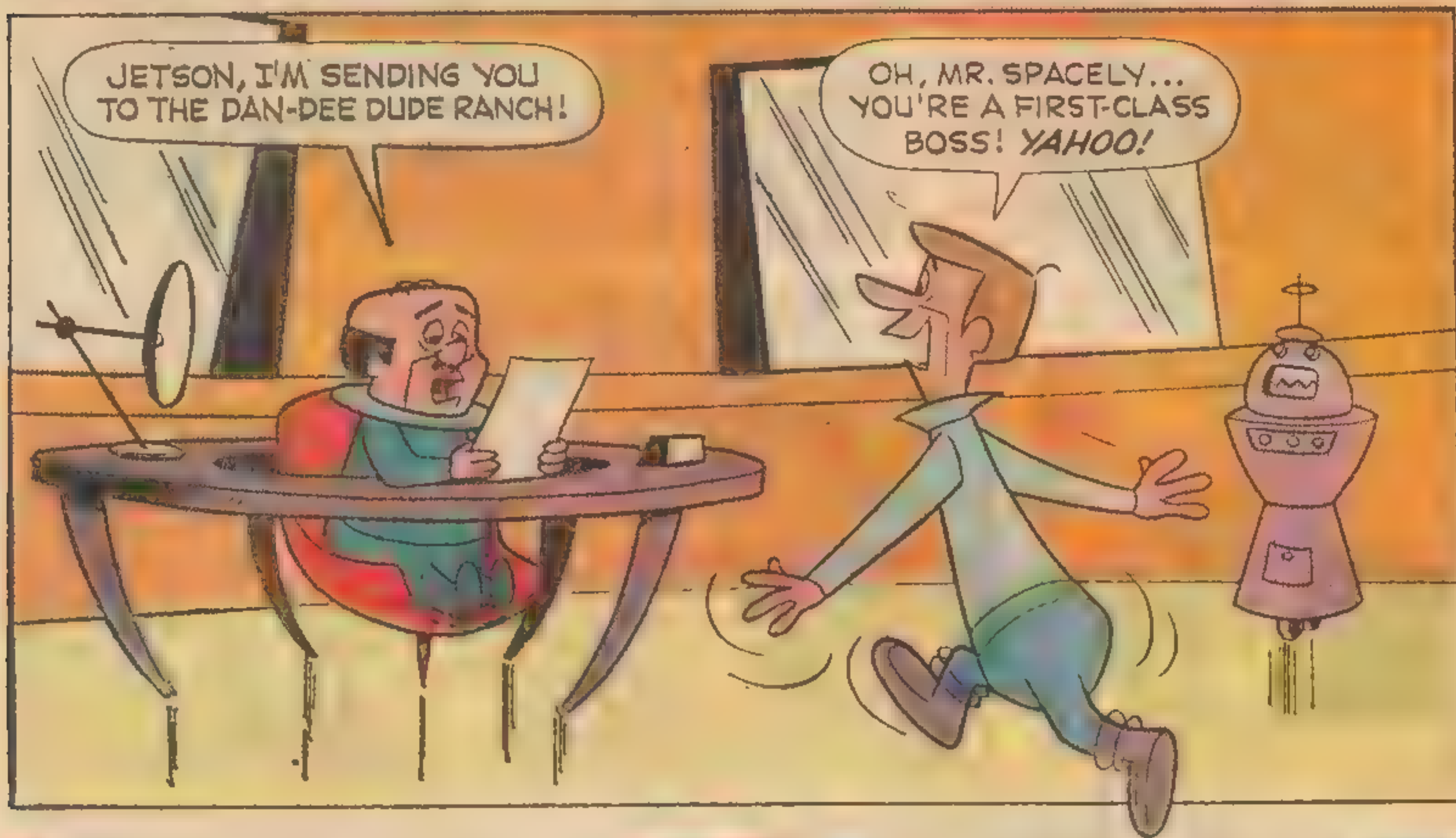
YOU'RE A GENIUS, BLAB!

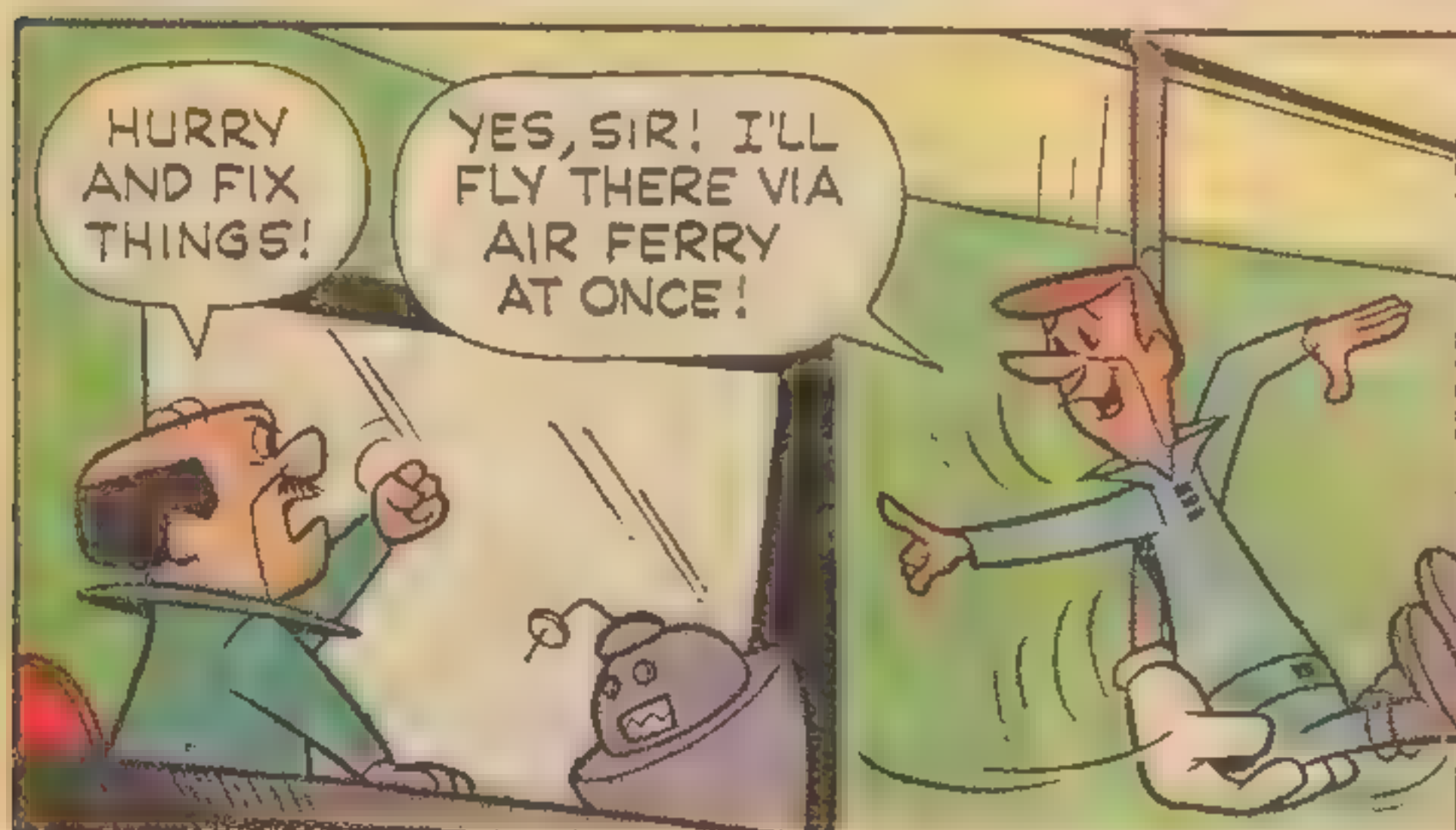
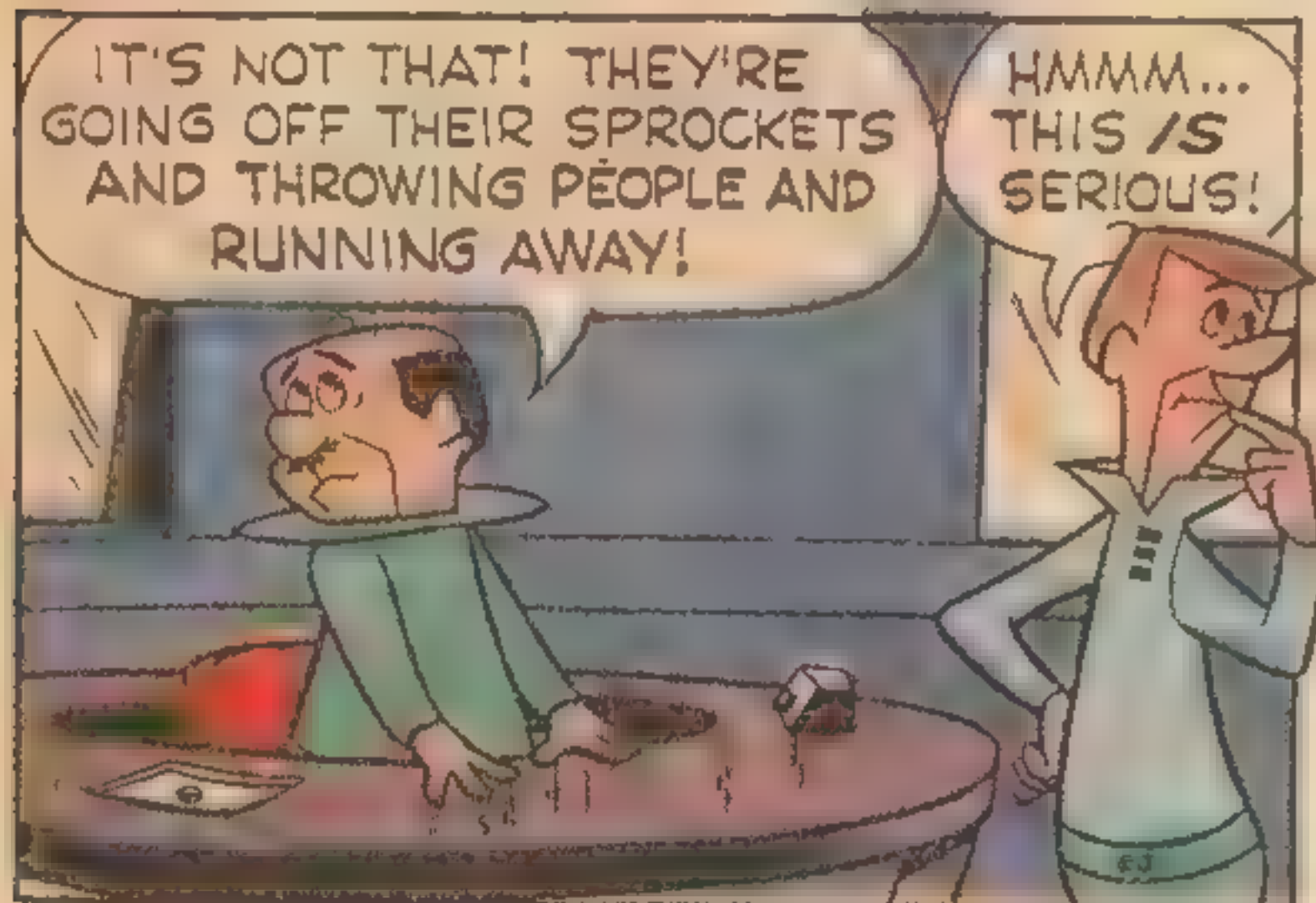
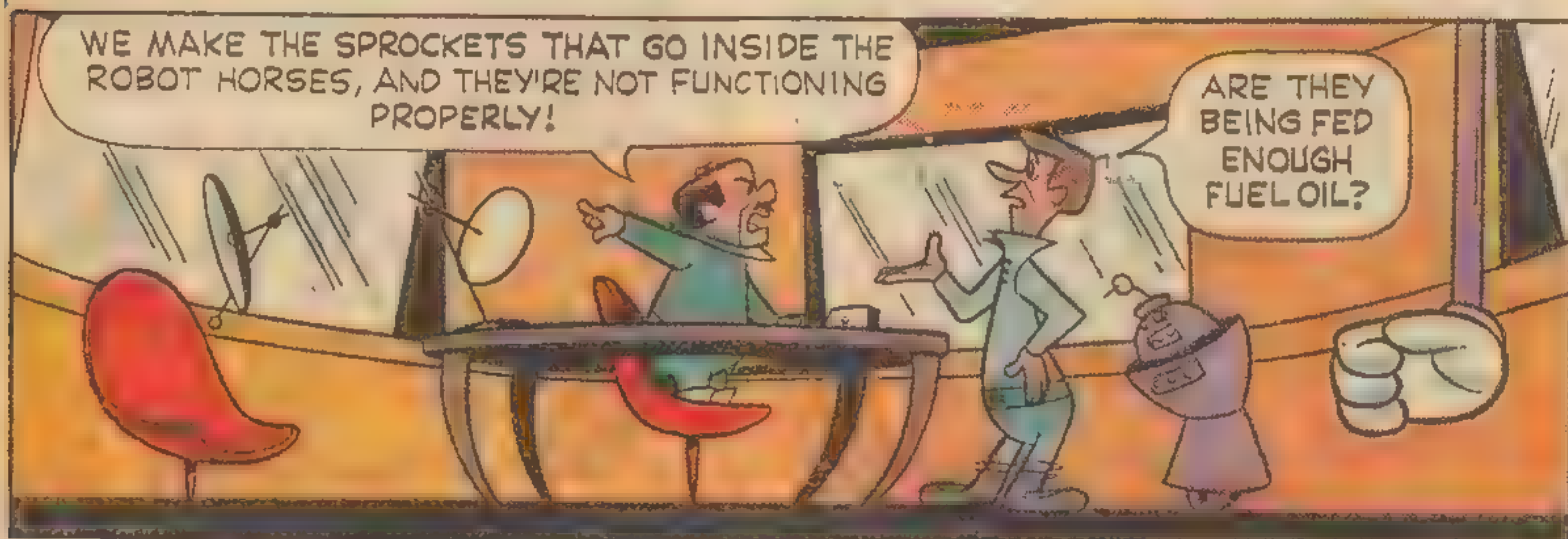
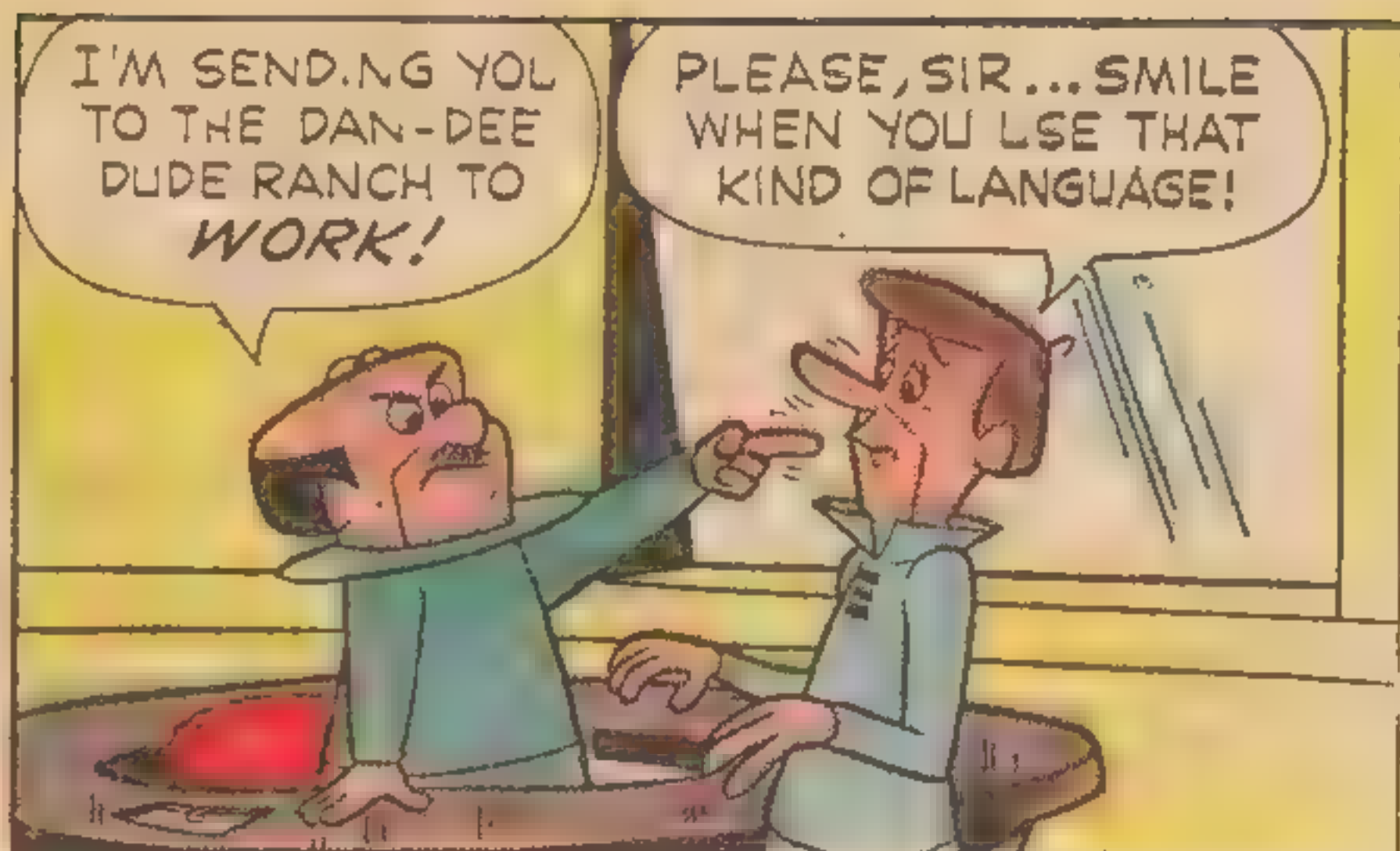
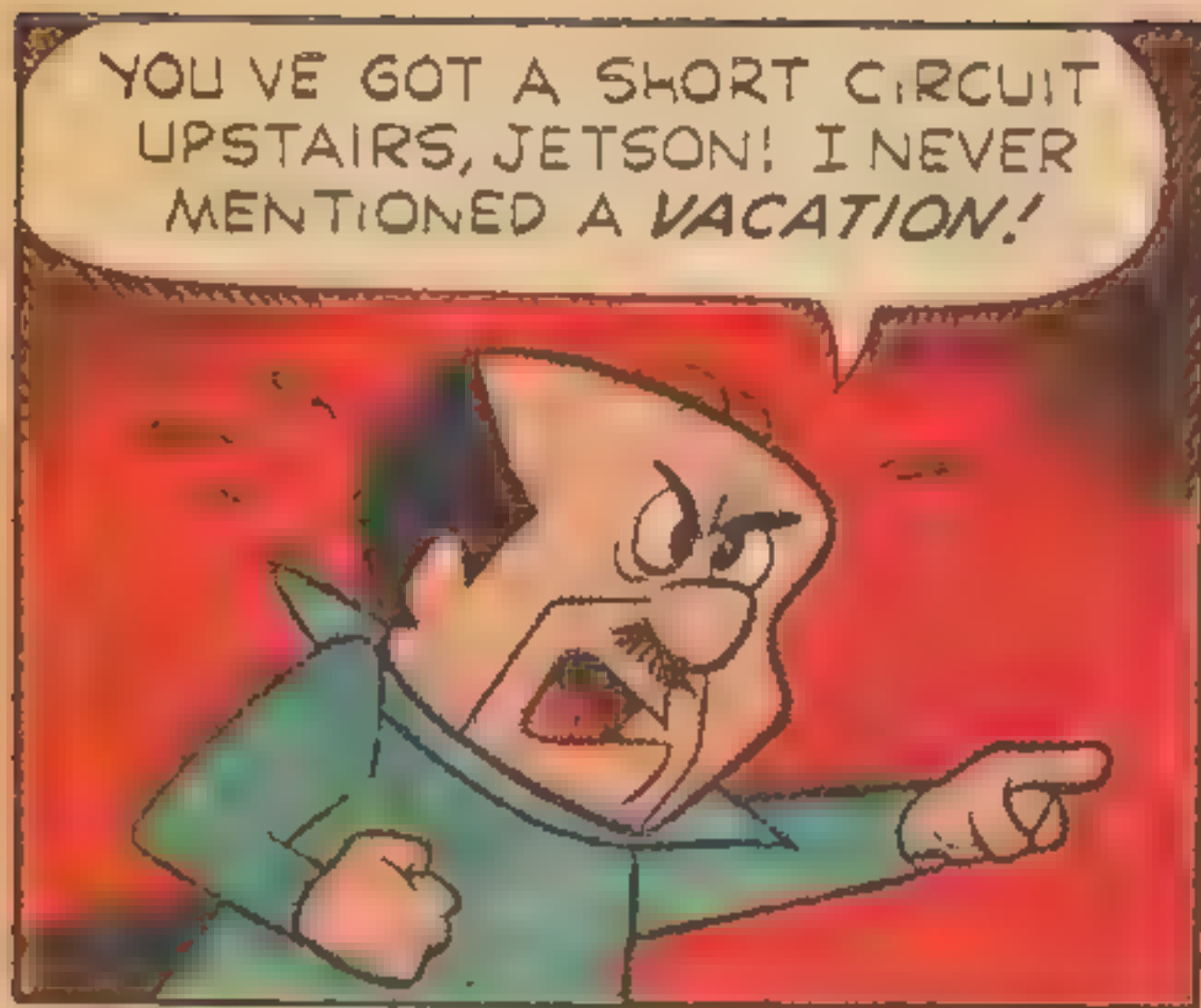
LET'S JUST SAY I'M ON-THE-BALL, SNOOP! TEE-HEE!

The End

Hanna-Barbera The **JETSONS**

HAVING A HORSIE HOLIDAY

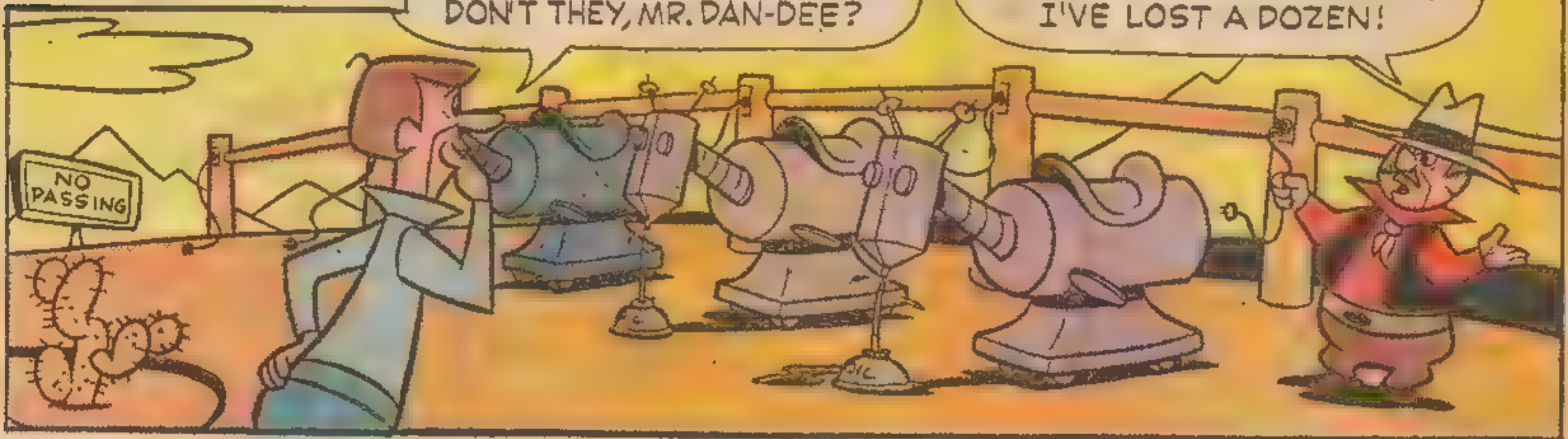




AND SO, DAN-DEE'S
DUDE RANCH...

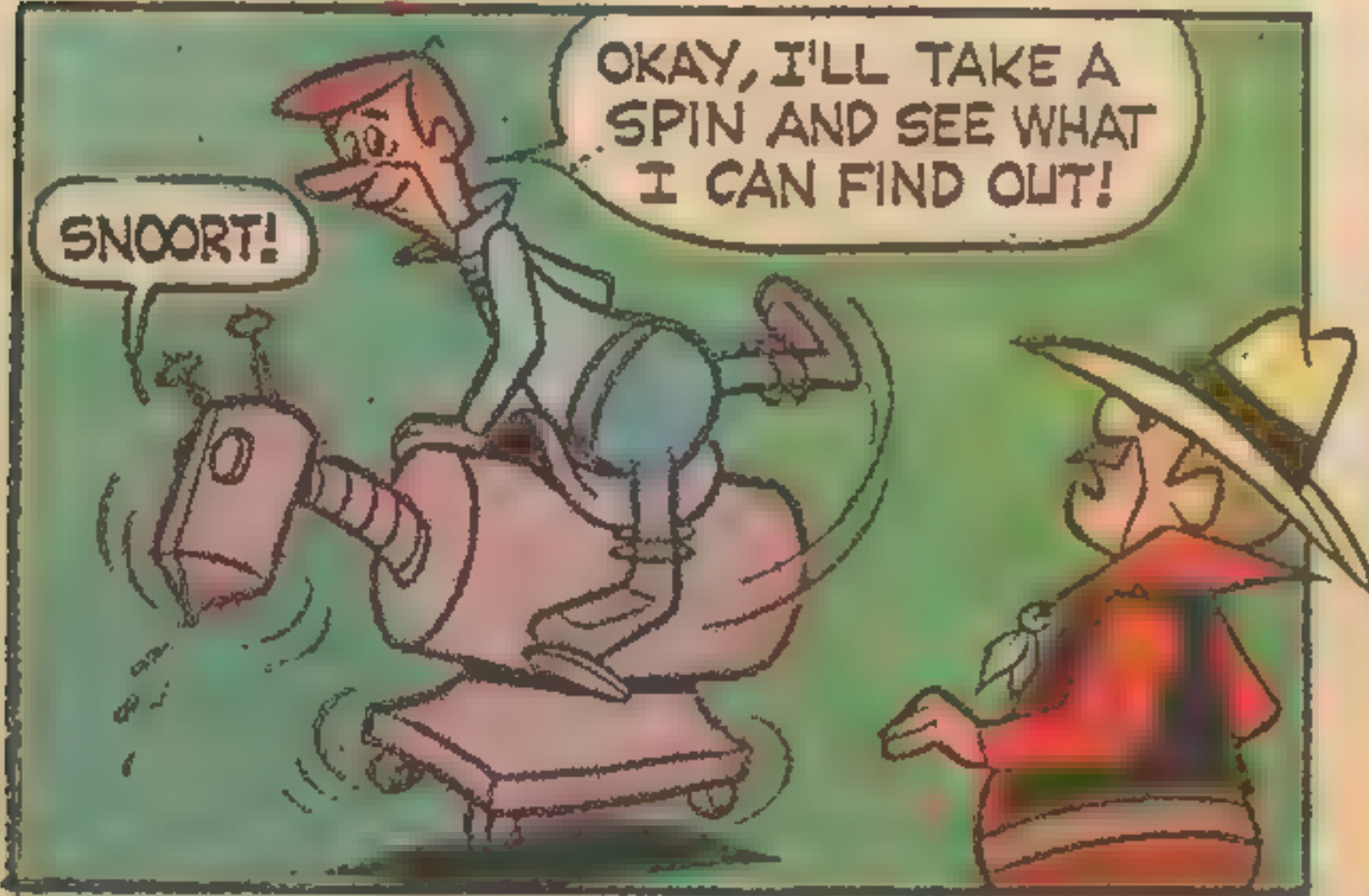
HMM...THEY ACT OKAY
WHILE GETTING RECHARGED,
DON'T THEY, MR. DAN-DEE?

YES, BUT OUT ON THE TRAIL,
THEY RUN AWAY! SO FAR,
I'VE LOST A DOZEN!



OKAY, I'LL TAKE A
SPIN AND SEE WHAT
I CAN FIND OUT!

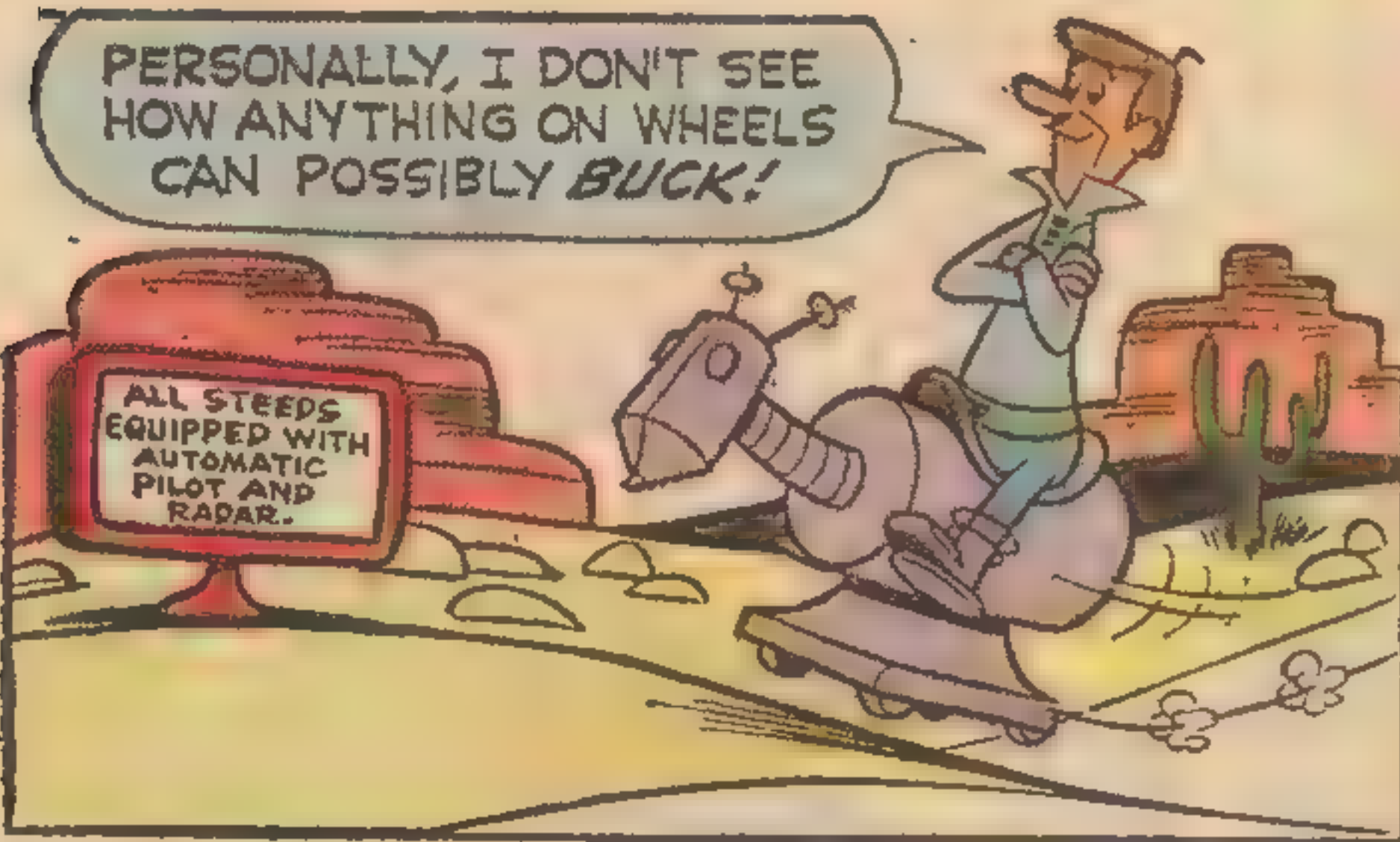
SNOORT!



BE CAREFUL! THEY BUCK
SOMETHING AWFUL!



PERSONALLY, I DON'T SEE
HOW ANYTHING ON WHEELS
CAN POSSIBLY *BUCK*!

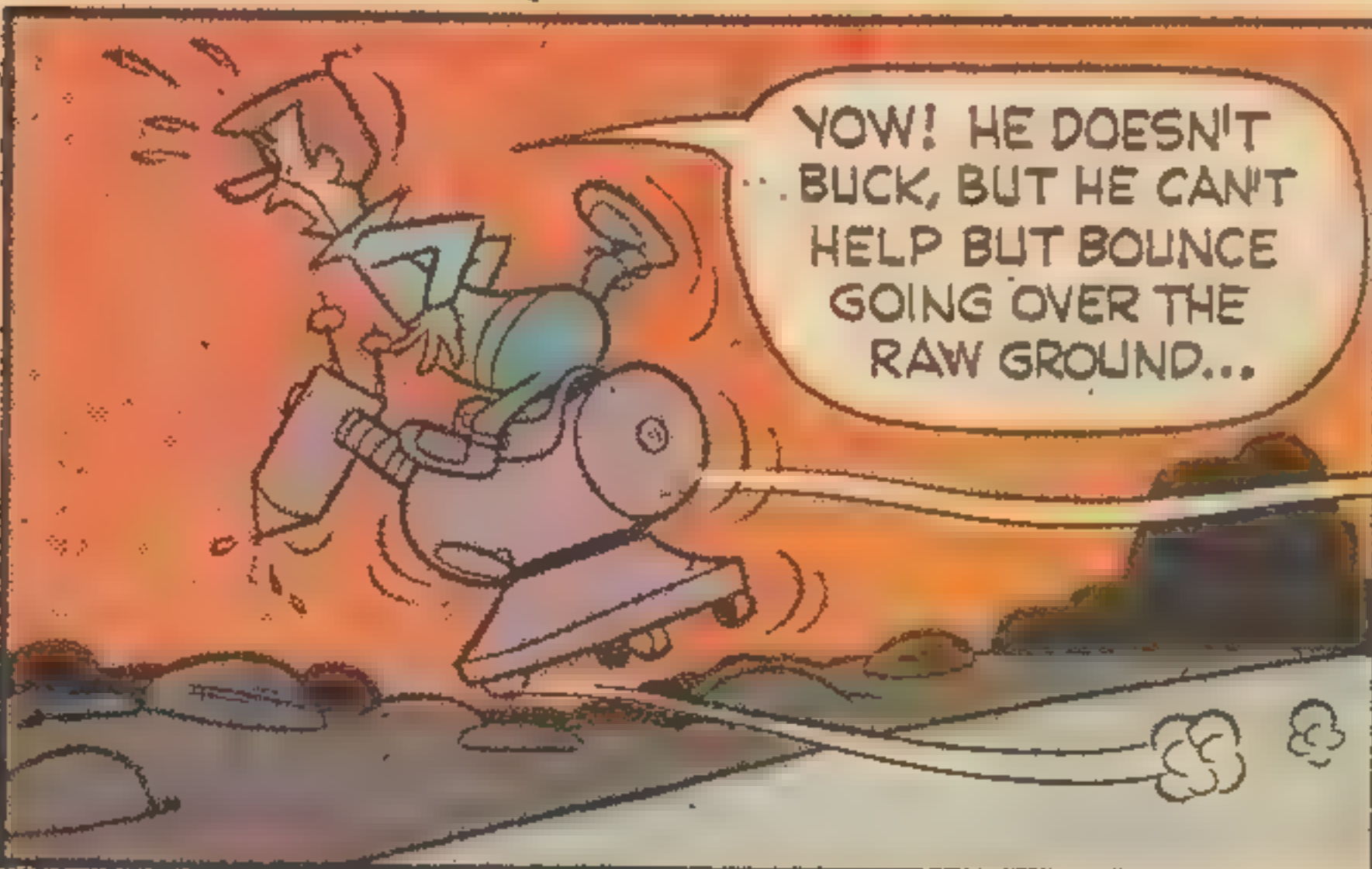


CRACKLE!

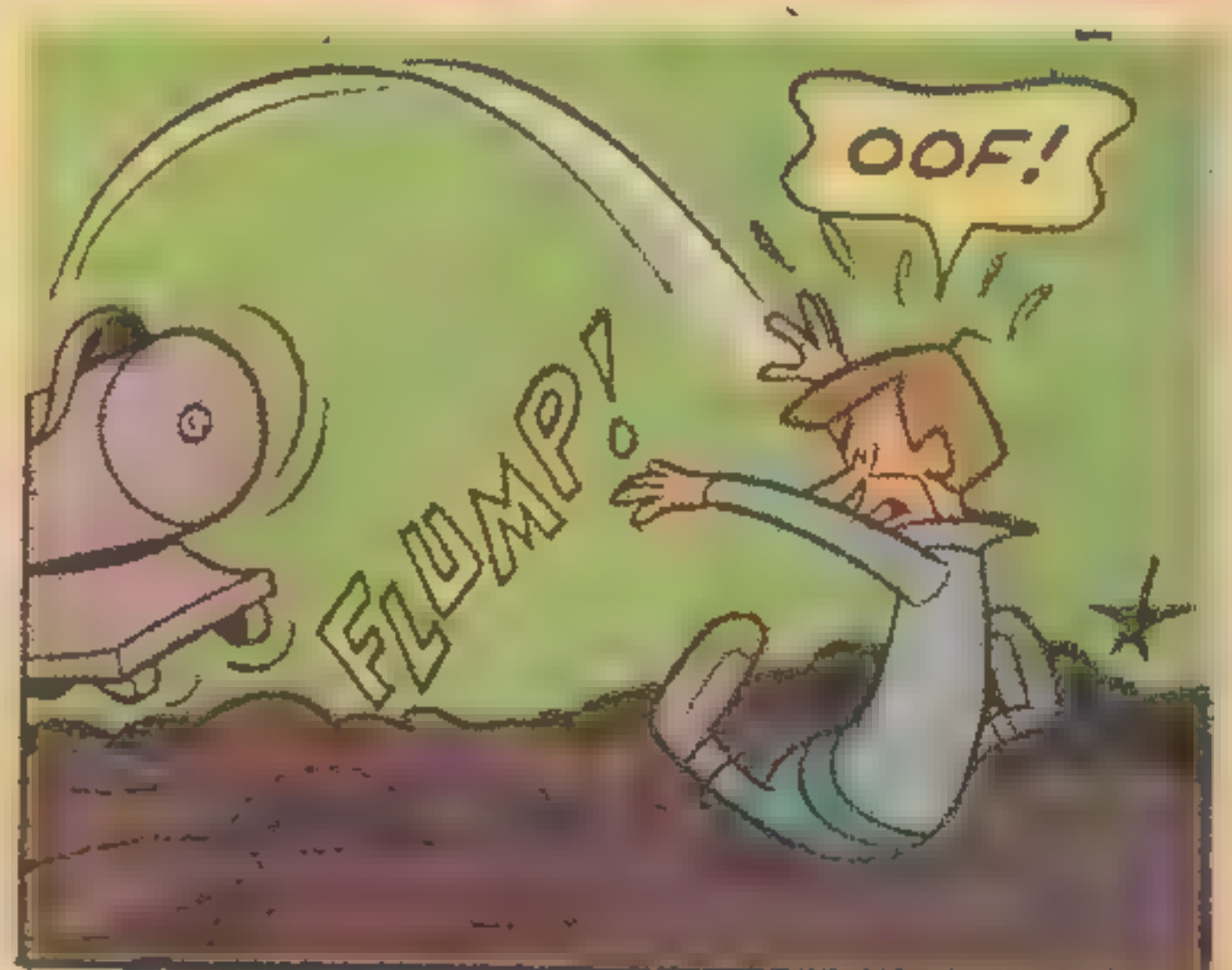
EH?
WHAT
GIVES?

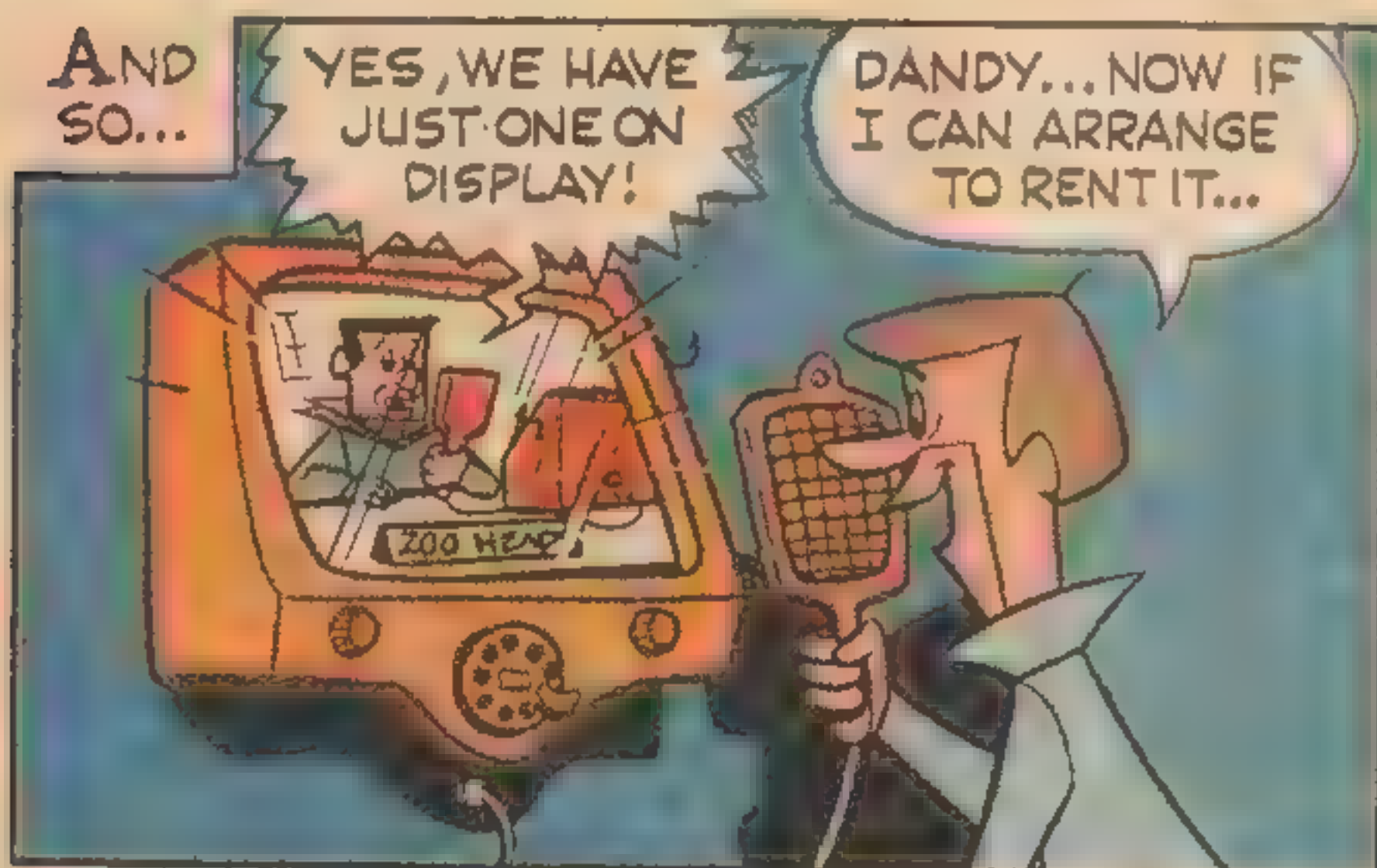
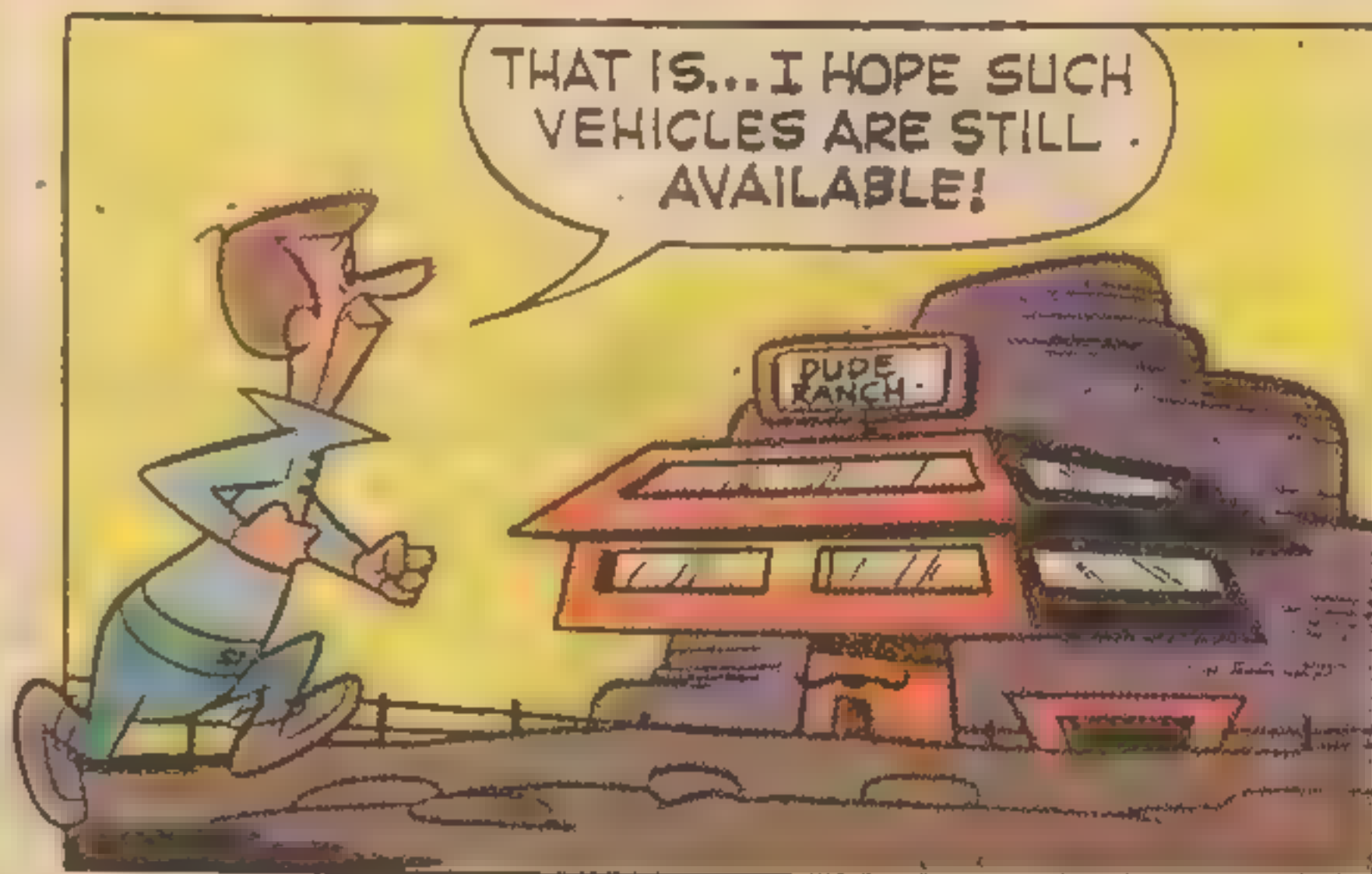
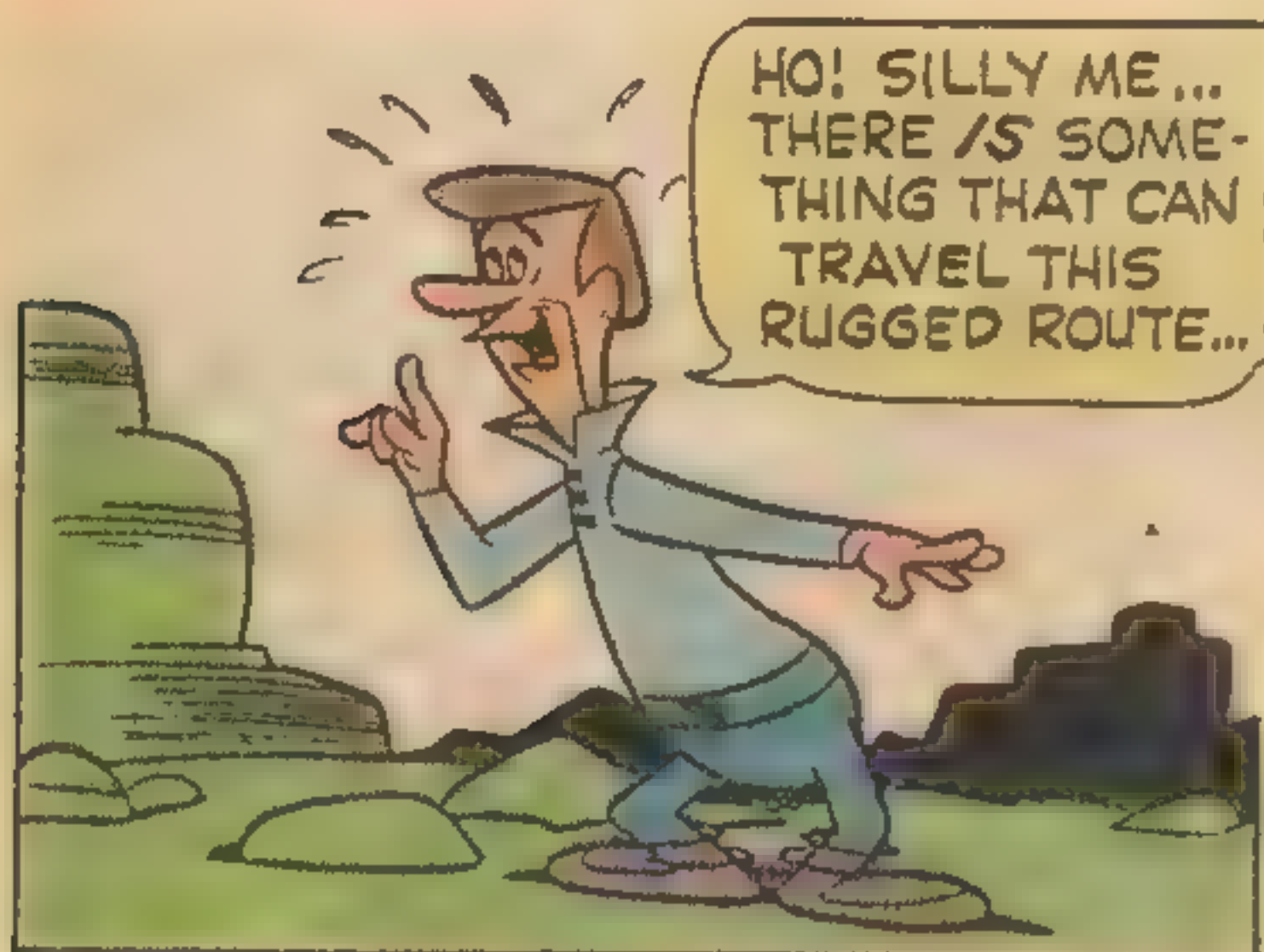
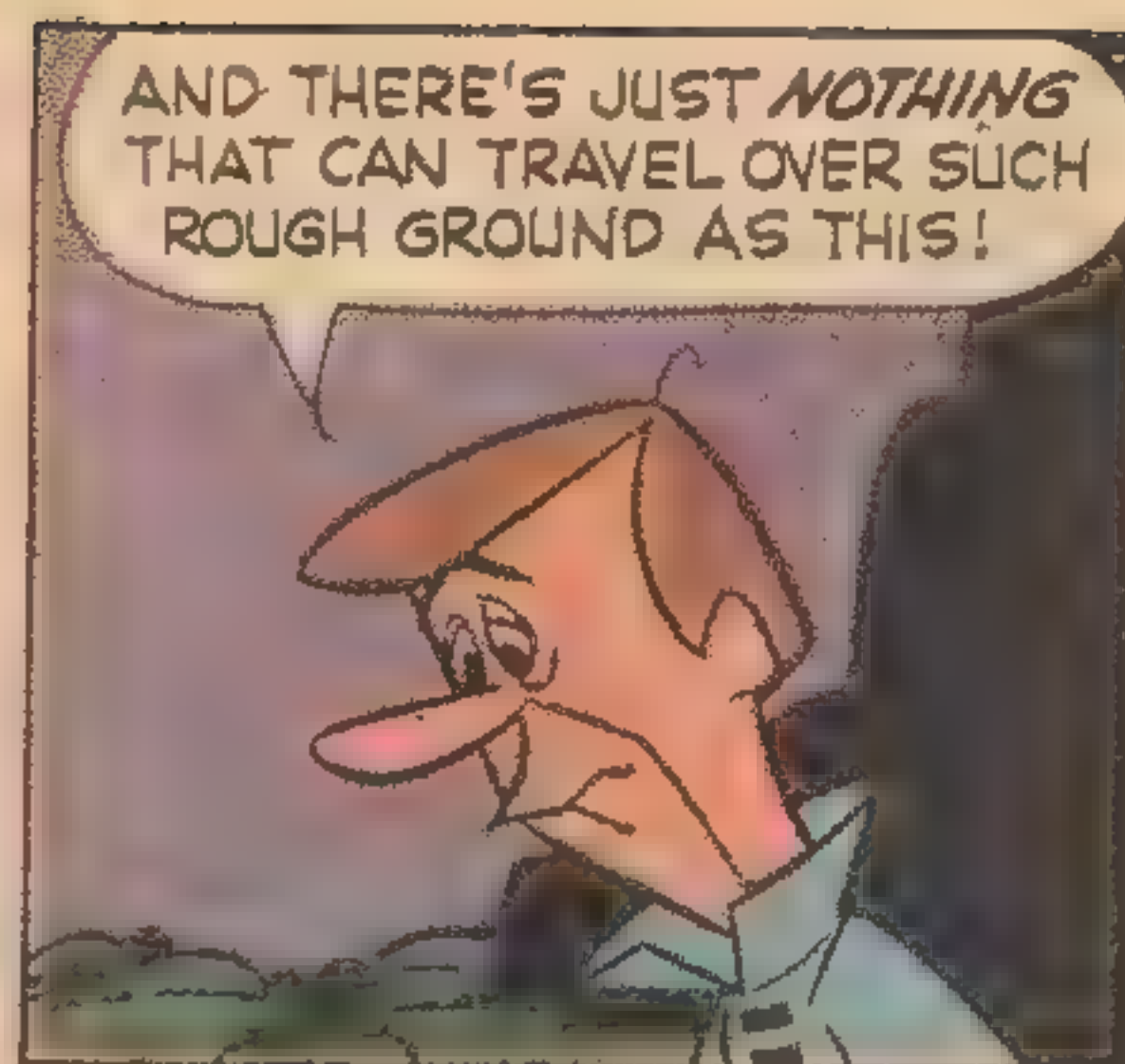
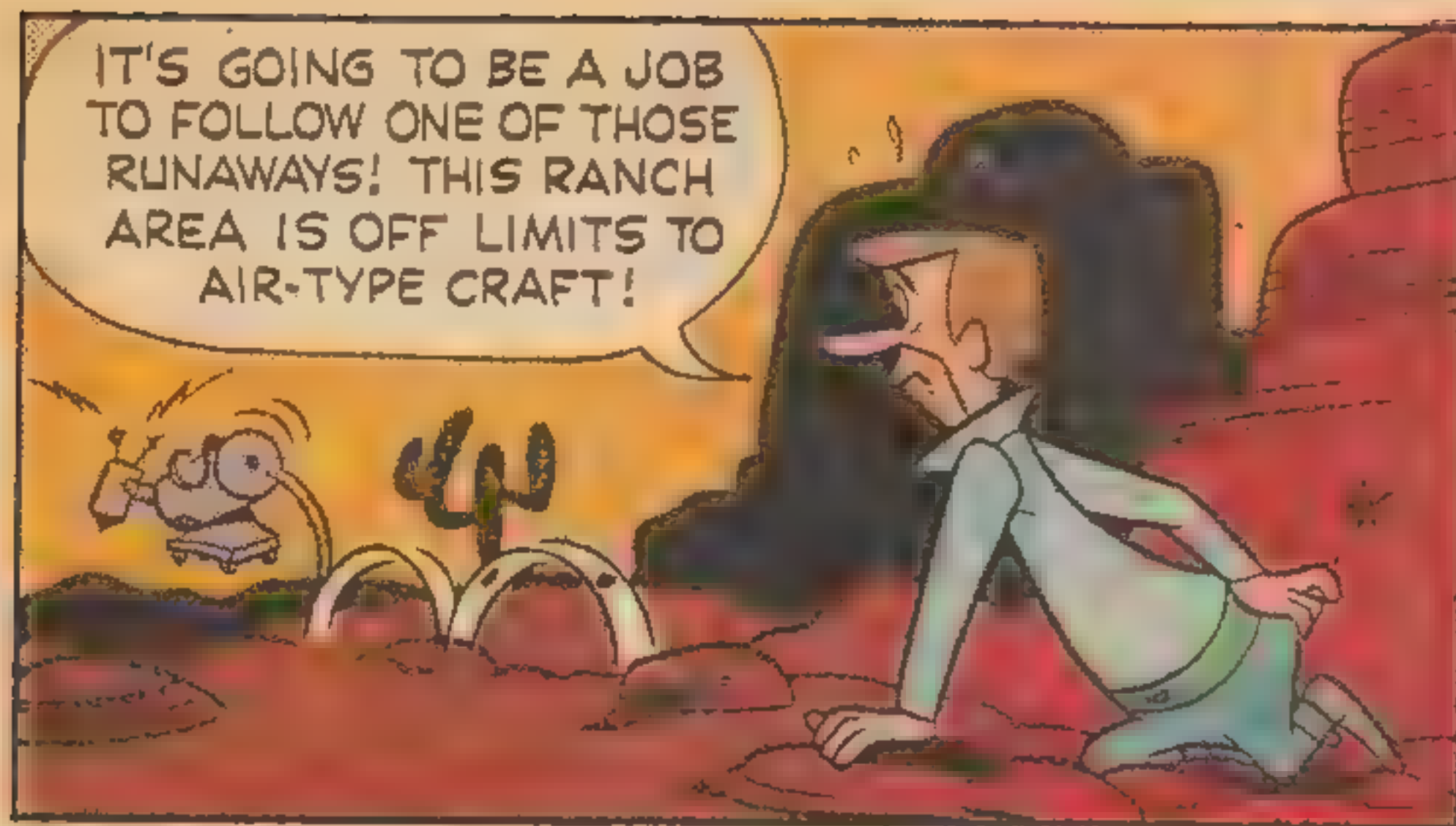


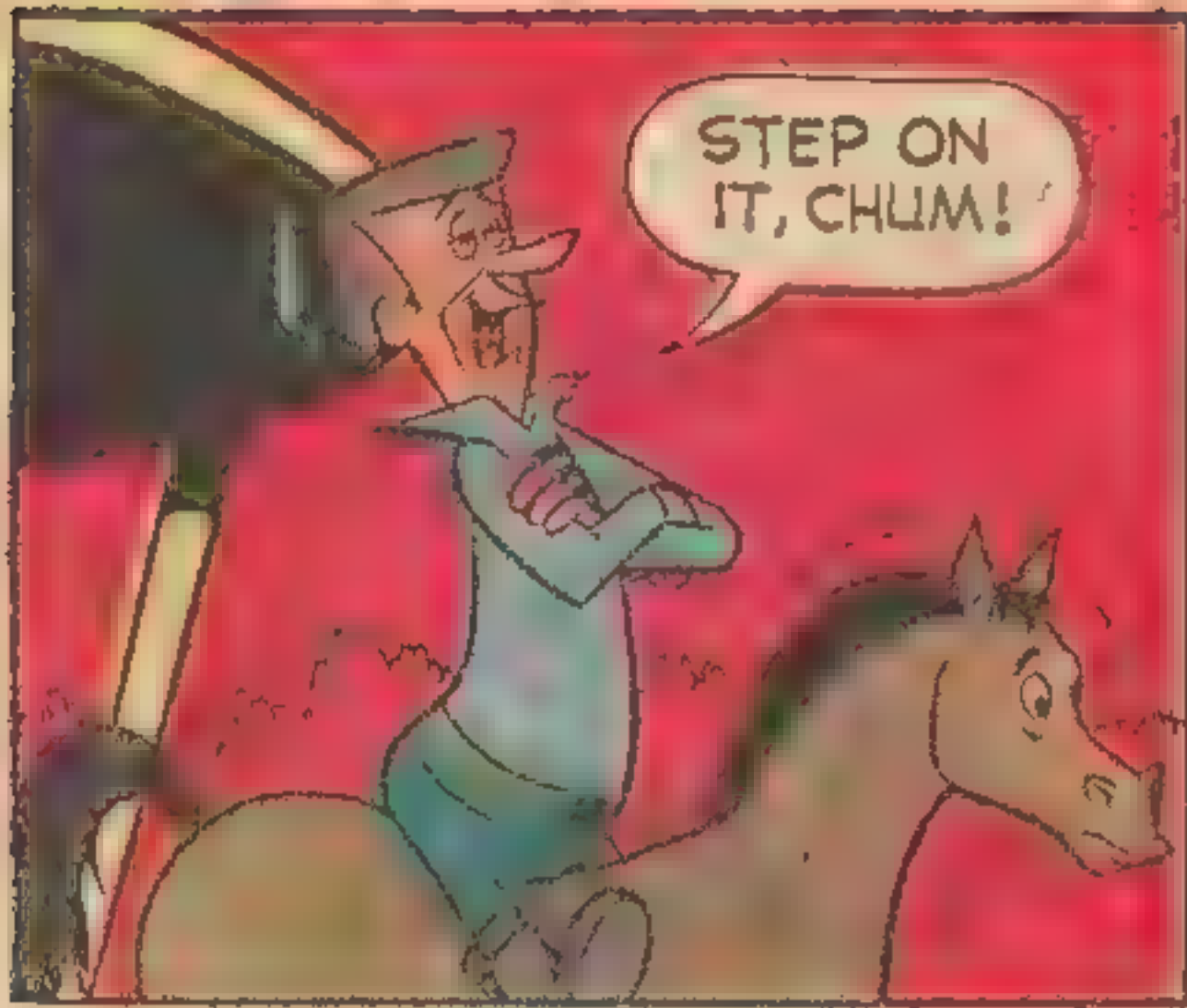
YOW! HE DOESN'T
BUCK, BUT HE CAN'T
HELP BUT BOUNCE
GOING OVER THE
RAW GROUND...



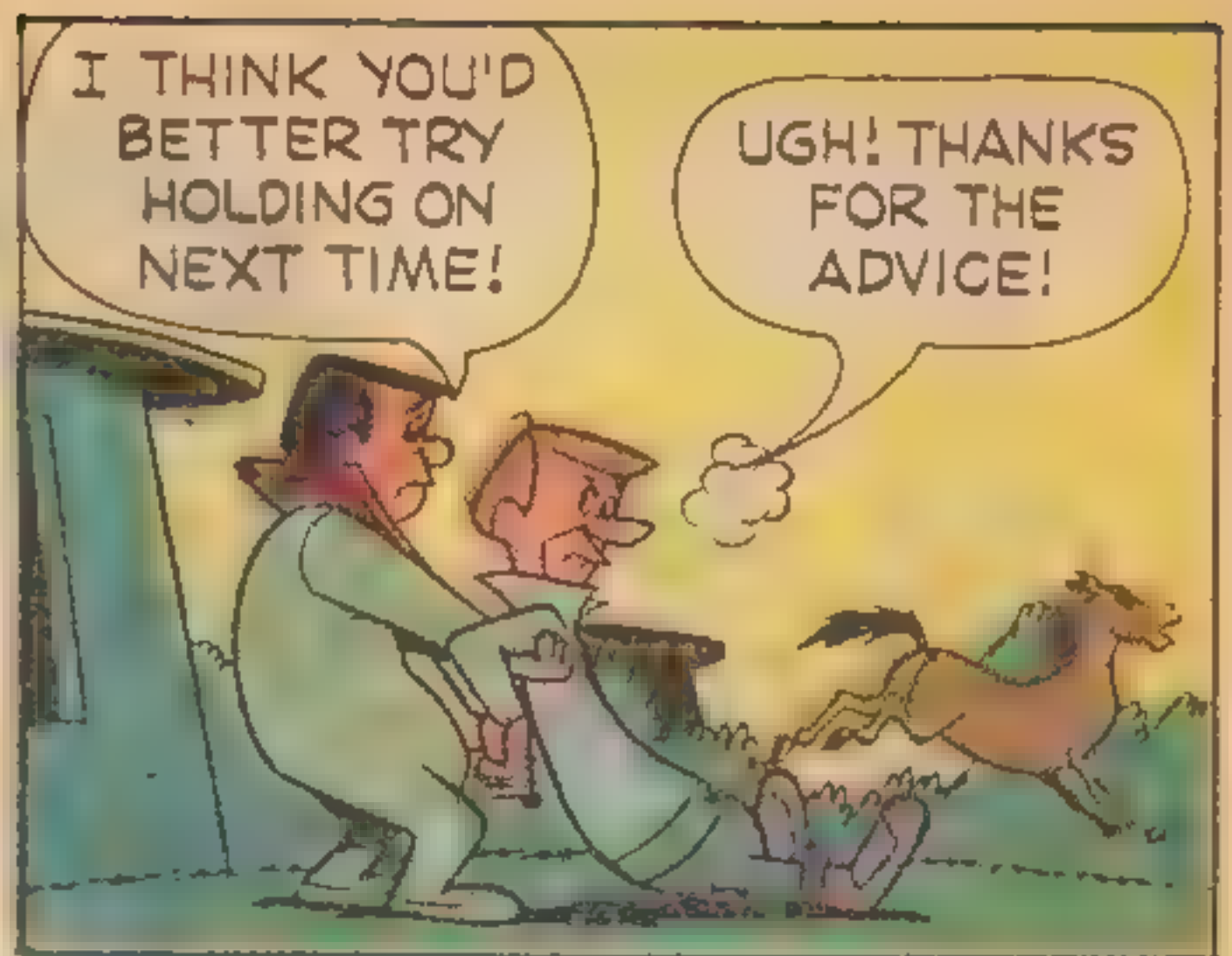
OOF!







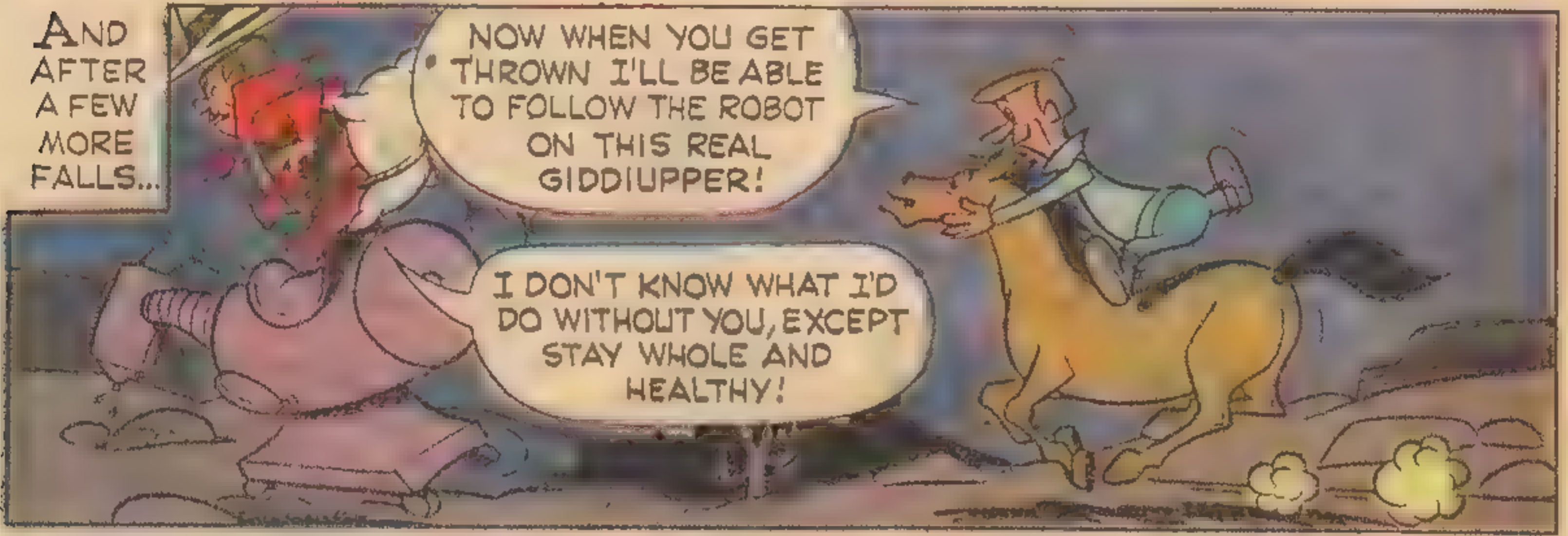
STEP ON IT, CHUM!



I THINK YOU'D BETTER TRY HOLDING ON NEXT TIME!

UGH! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE!

AND AFTER A FEW MORE FALLS...



NOW WHEN YOU GET THROWN I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE ROBOT ON THIS REAL GIDDIUPPER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, EXCEPT STAY WHOLE AND HEALTHY!

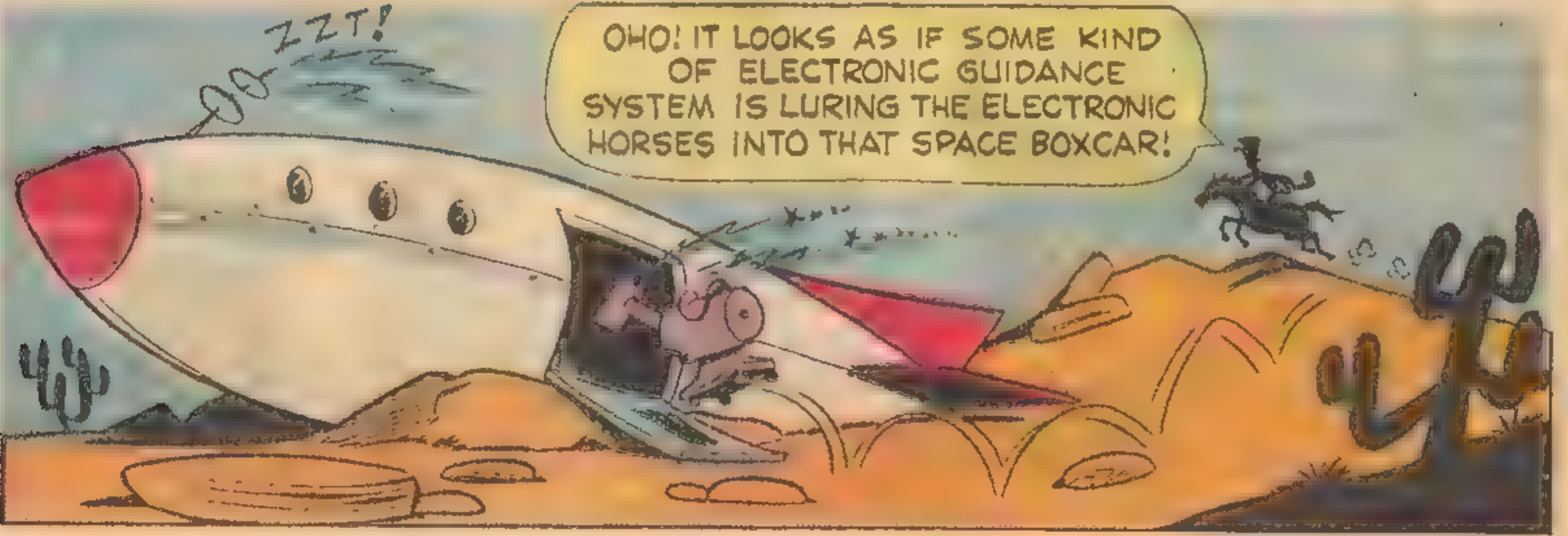


YOW! I'M OFF!

WE'LL SOON GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!

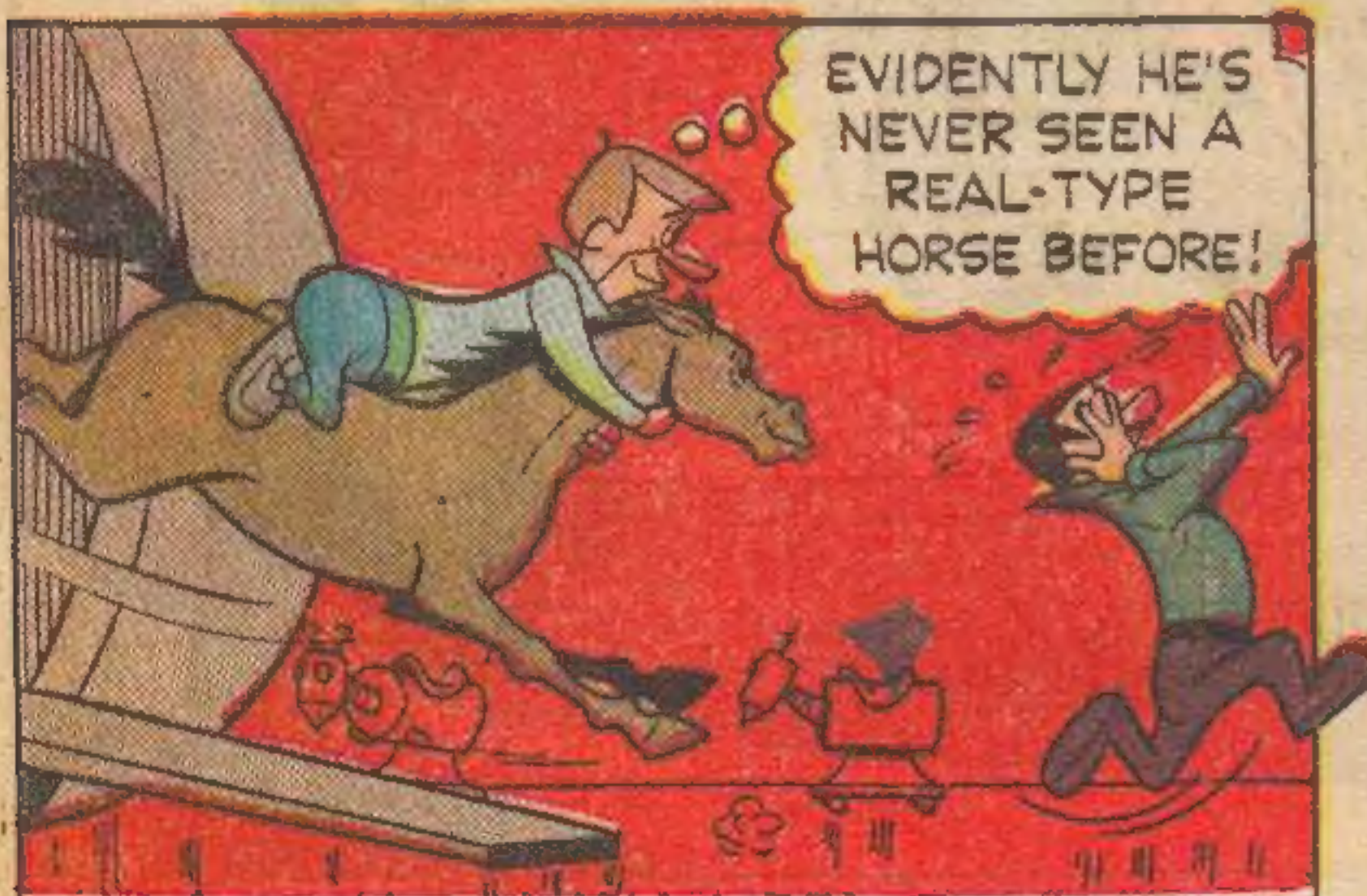
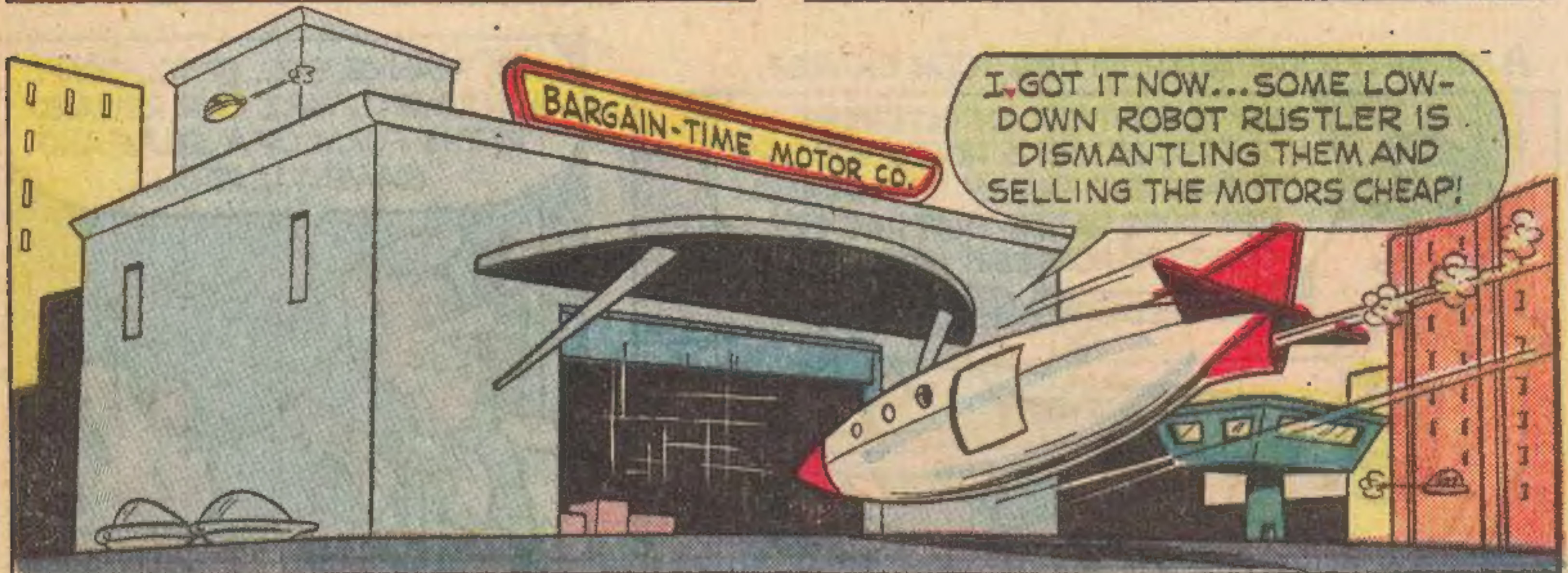
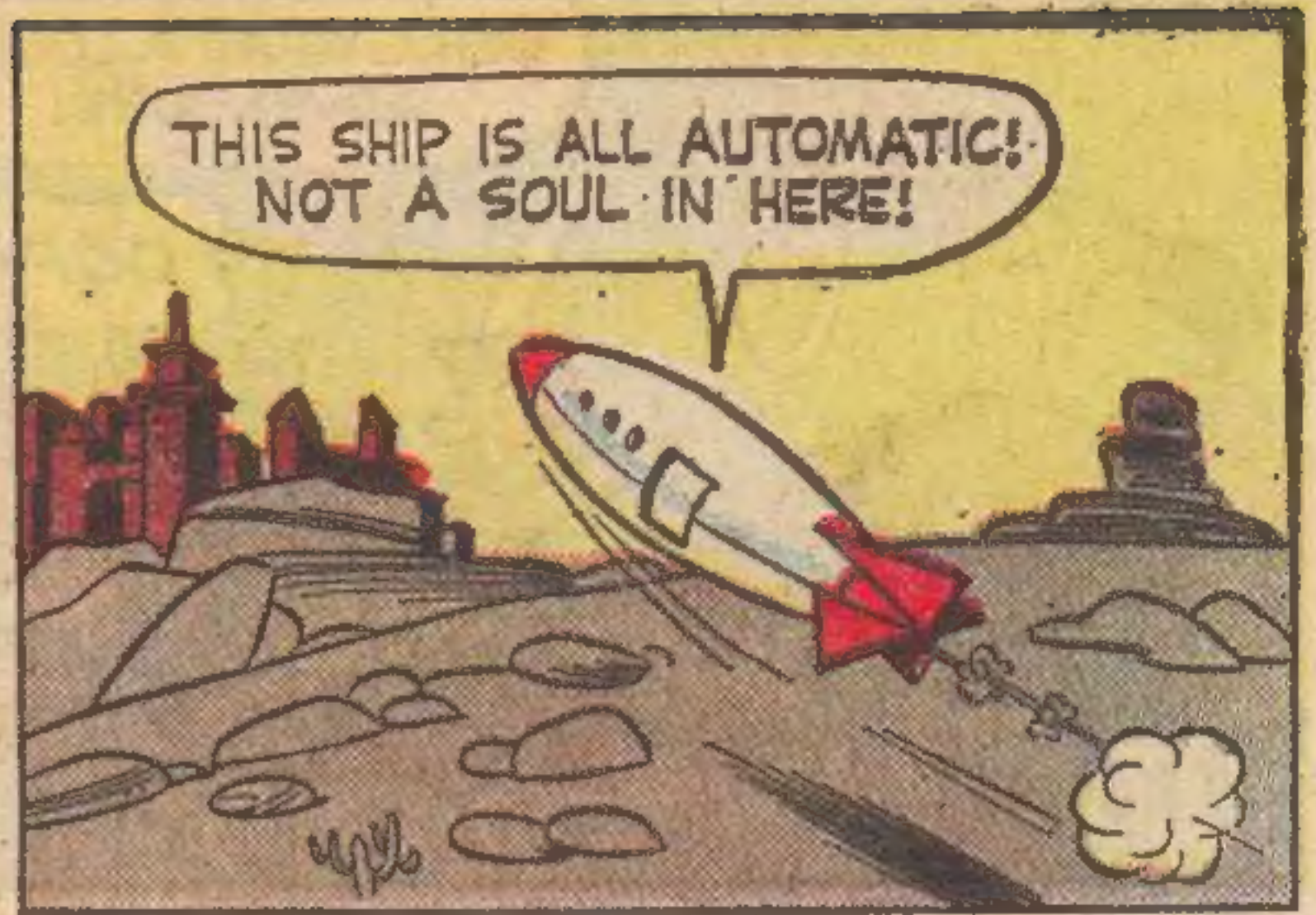
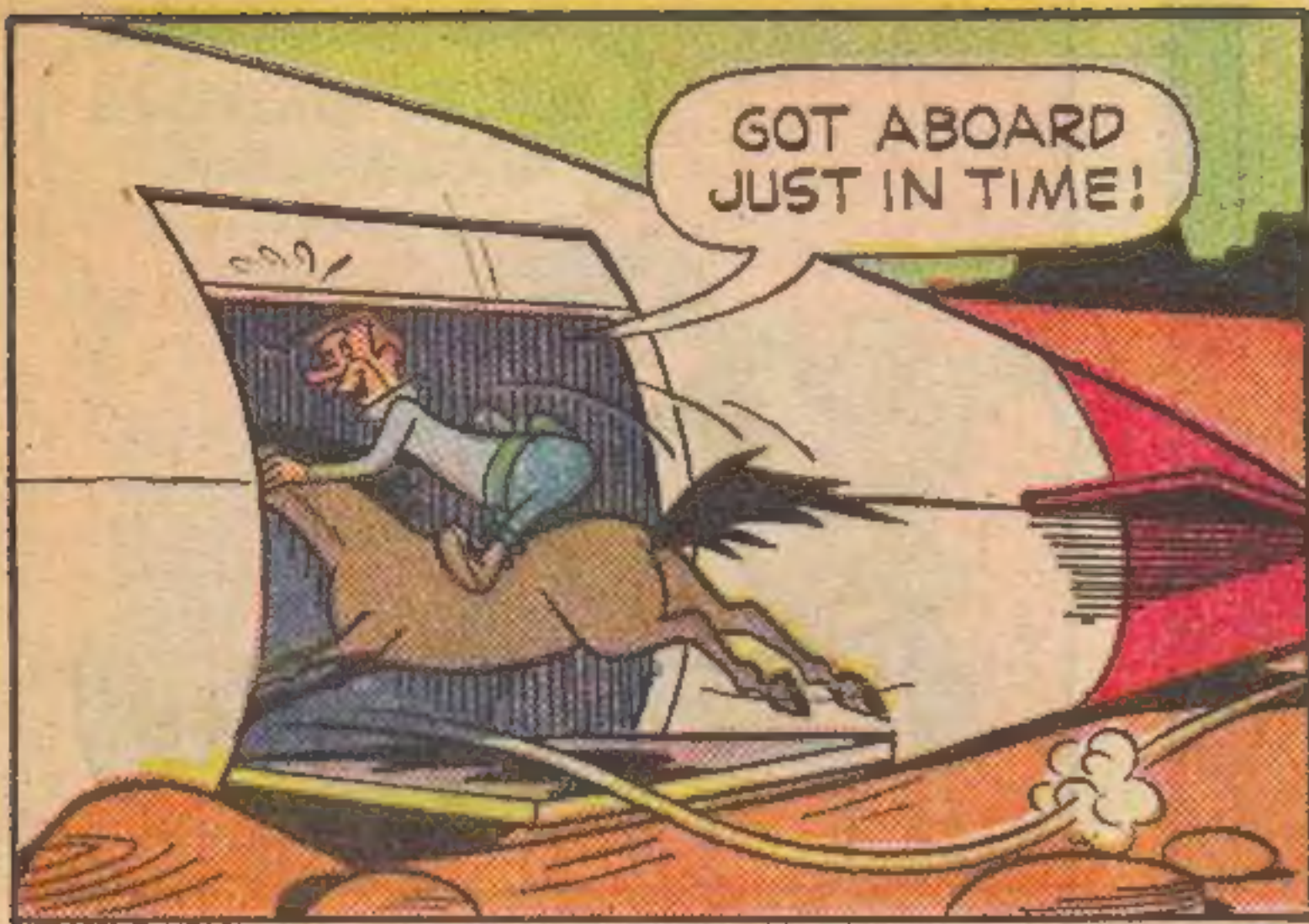


HI HO, AND AWAY I-I-I-I-I GO!



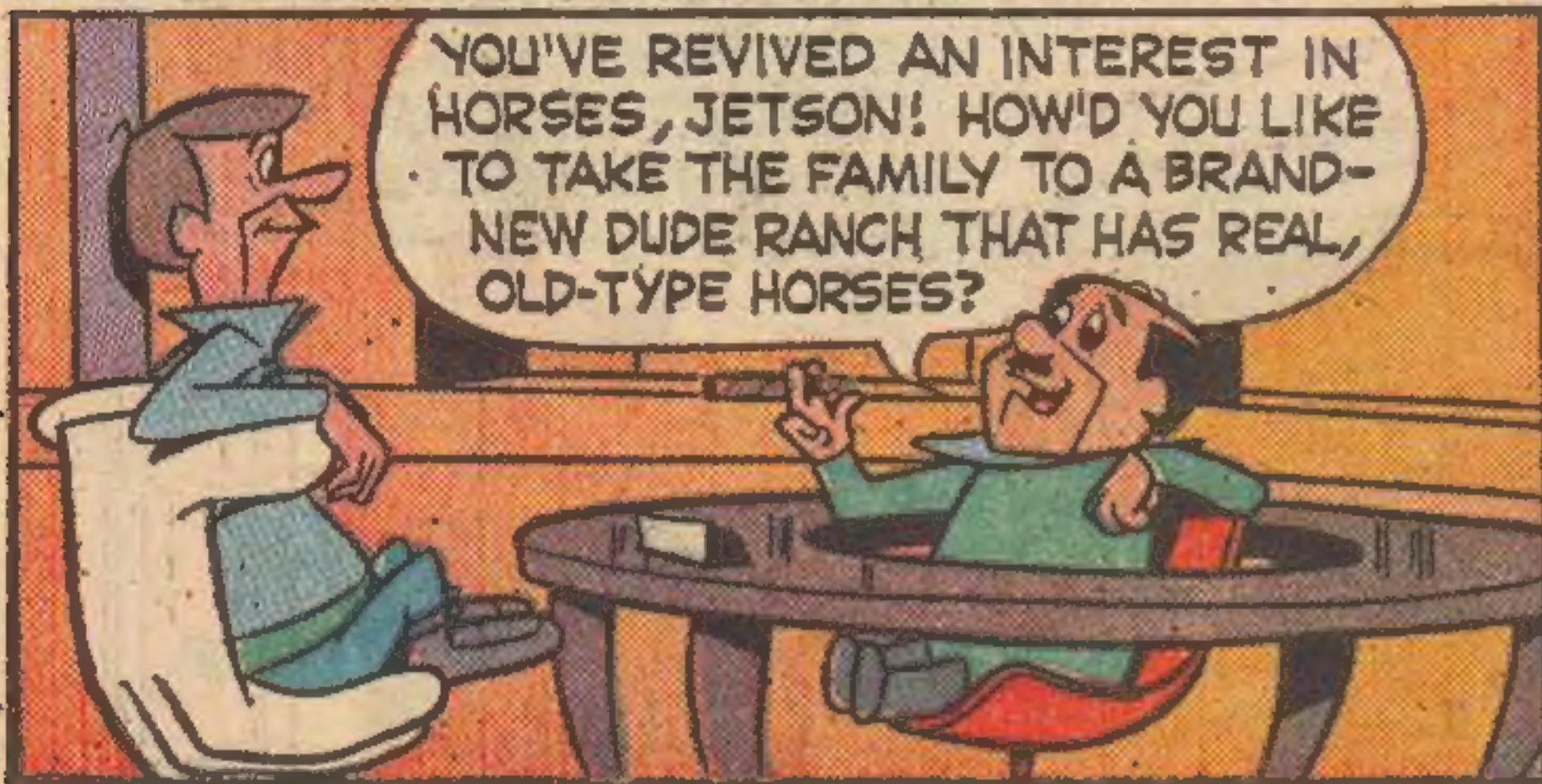
OHO! IT LOOKS AS IF SOME KIND OF ELECTRONIC GUIDANCE SYSTEM IS LURING THE ELECTRONIC HORSES INTO THAT SPACE BOXCAR!

ZZT!

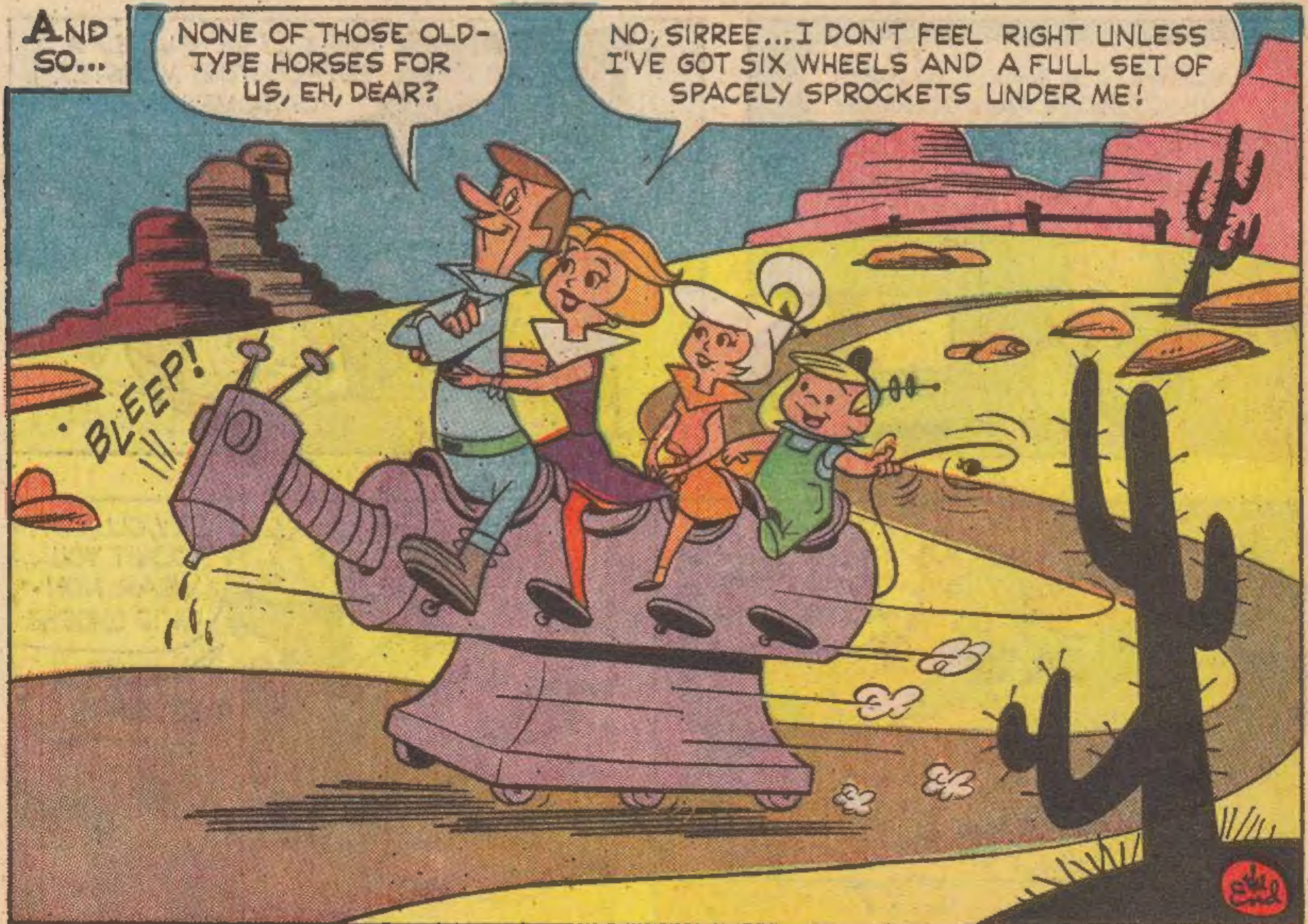


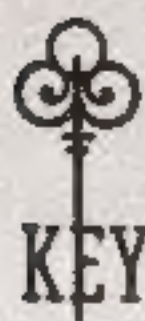


AND AFTER THE AUTHORITIES TOOK CHARGE...



AND SO...





KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ASTRONOMY

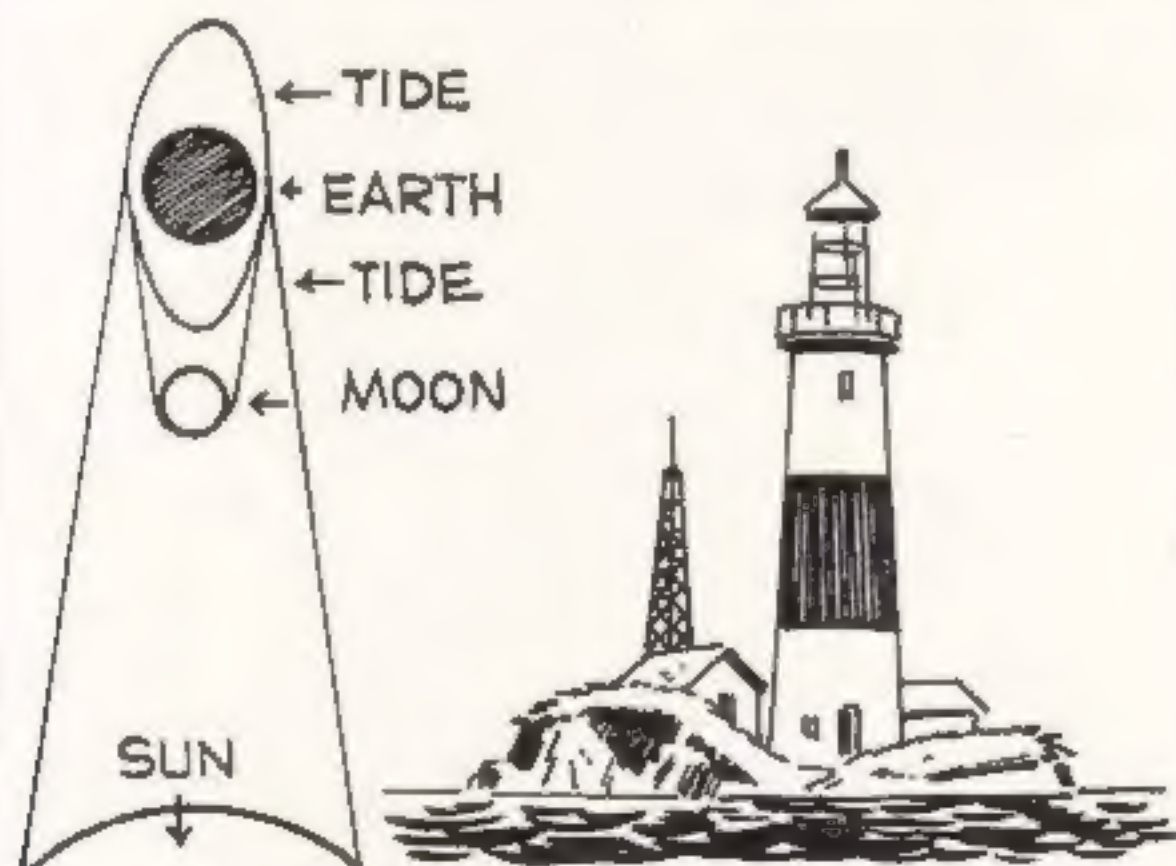
NUMBER 7

The MOON and TIDES

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



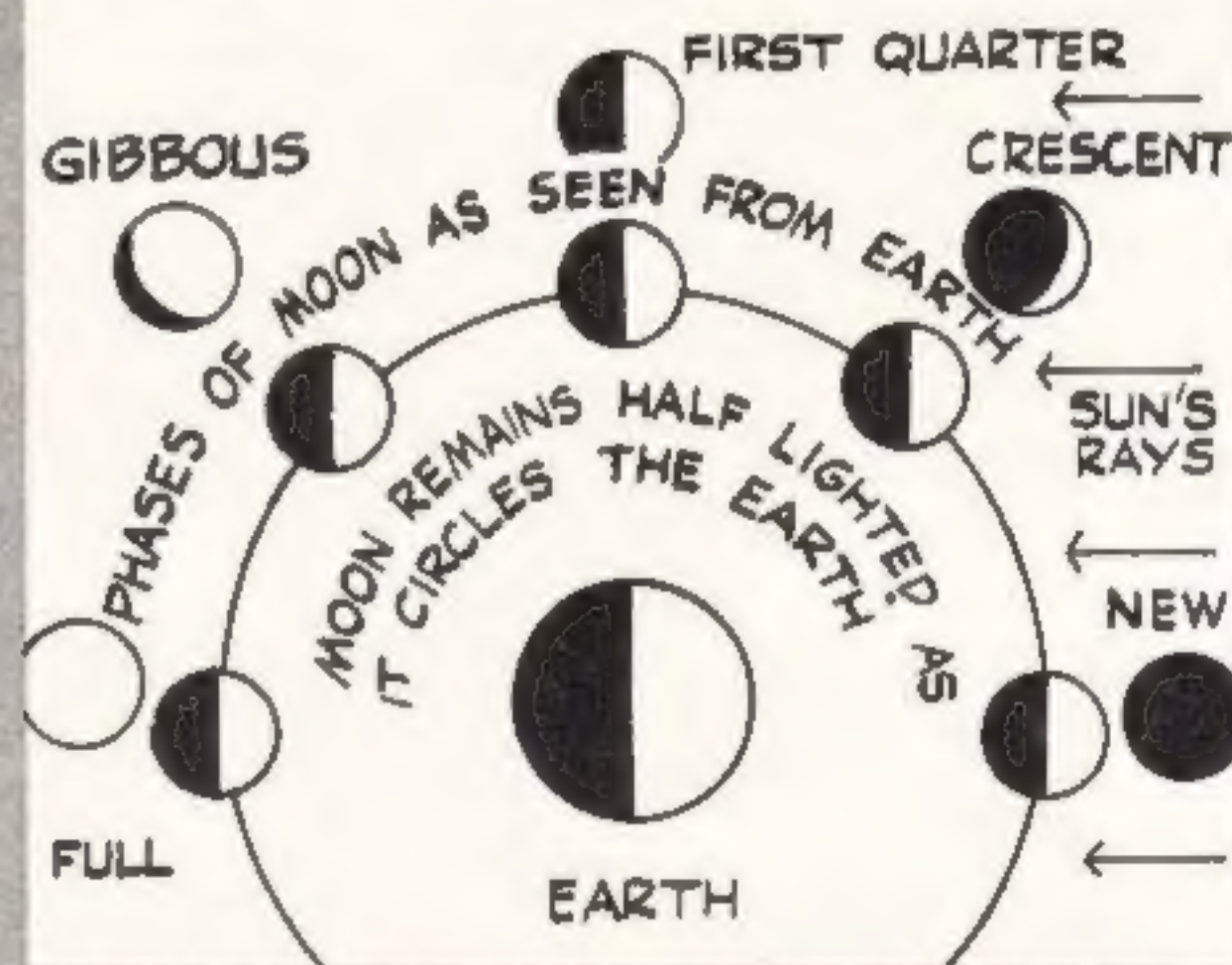
Craters on the pockmarked face of the moon were caused by meteorite blasts exploding with far more force than any man-made bomb.



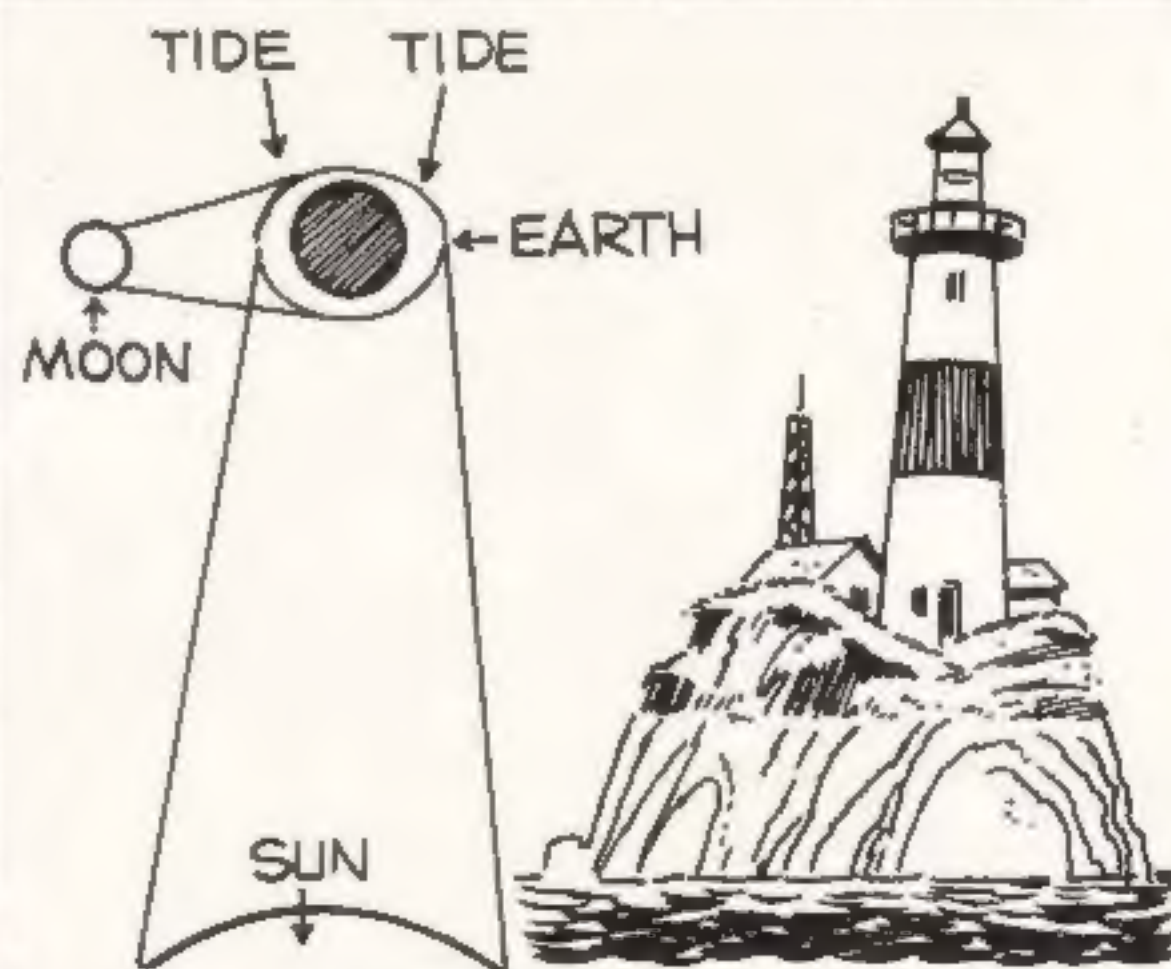
Both sun and moon control ocean tides, but the pull of the moon is stronger. At new and full moons, we have high, or *spring*, tides.



As the earth is a satellite of the sun, the moon is a satellite of the earth. It is a 2160-mile-in-diameter sphere of solid rock.



Moonlight is the reflection of sunlight on the moon's surface. When the moon is between the earth and the sun, it is not visible to us.



At half moon, sun and moon play tug of war with the waters of the seas. Pulling against each other they cause low, or *neap*, tides.

